PHOTOPLAY
combined with
movie MIRROR

now only 10¢

JUNE



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MRS CHAS SLOSBERG
? CLEVELAND RD
BROOKLINE MASS

TWO GREAT MAGAZINES FOR THE PRICE OF ONE

LLYWOOD'S GREATEST LOVE STORY By Adela Rogers St. John



When comfort means so much

- Because poise and serenity depend on comfort, you'll be grateful for the downy softness—and *extra* comfort—of Modess Sanitary Napkins.
- The reason for this extra comfort? It's simple. Modess has a filler as soft and airy as a cloud. We call it "fluff"—and it's very different from the filler found in most other napkins.
- Thanks to this gentle, yielding fluff, there's nothing like Modess for comfort. It's so *safe*, too! Read why, in the pamphlet inside every Modess package. Buy Modess at your favorite store. It costs only 20¢ for a box of twelve napkins.





Even if you never lead a Beauty Parade . . .

YOU CAN WIN..If your Smile is Right!



"A LOVELY SMILE IS YOUR MOST IMPORTANT BEAUTY ASSET!"

say well-known beauty editors of 23 out of 24 leading magazines

In a recent poll made among the beauty editors of 24 leading magazines all but one of these beauty experts agreed that a lovely smile is a woman's most precious asset. They went on to say that "Even a plain girl has charm and personality if she keeps her smile bright, attractive and sparkling."

Smiles gain sparkle when gums are firm and healthy. Help to keep your gums firmer with daily Ipana and Massage.

YOU CAN HAVE dates and dances—admiration and romance. Charm counts as much as beauty. Even the plainest girl has an appealing charm if she keeps her smile at its sparkling best.

Make your smile the real, attractive YOU. But remember, bright teeth and sparkling smiles depend largely upon healthy gums. So help keep your gums firm and your smile more attractive with the aid of Ipana and massage.

If you ever see "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist immediately.* He may say your gums are only lazy—that they need the work denied them by today's soft and creamy foods. And like many dentists, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana Tooth Paste not only cleans your teeth but, with massage, is specially designed to help your gums. Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth.

That special invigorating "tang" means circulation is quickening in the gum tissue—helping gums to new firmness. Make your smile your most important beauty asset with the help of Ipana and massage. Get a tube of Ipana today.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

From the Private Diary of Gloria N---



Broke a date with Jim for tonight. The way my head aches, I don't feel like seeing anybody! Guess I need a laxative, but I dread taking one.



Aunt Helen tipped me off to Ex-Lax. Said I ought to give it a trial. I hate the taste of laxatives - but Ex-Lax was a pleasant surprise. It tasted just like chocolate!



Slept wonderfully all night. Ex-Lax worked fine this morning. No upsets or anything. Headache's all gone, too. Sure hope Jim calls me tonight.

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet *gentle!* No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for *every* member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢







Happy hunting grounds for tourists: A night club (i.e., Ruth Hussey and Raphael Hakim at the Mocambo) . . . and a race track like Santa Anita where you're likely to spot Gable and Lombard and probably many more

CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS



BY RUTH WATERBURY

THIS is the Voice of Hollywood Experience Speaking . . . in case you are planning to come to Glamour Corners for your summer vacation . . . and want to see movie stars and visit a movie studio and see movie people . . . quite right and quite naturally . . . both are a wonderful sight . . . in fact, the ninth wonder of the world . . . but those studio gates are big and high and you don't know how to crash them. . . .

Of course, if you have some way of getting into a studio . . . a letter from your local theater manager who may possibly know a studio head . . . or a letter from a Congressman, or a newspaper man who has a pull, or a letter from a friend to a friend of a friend who knows a movie big-shot . . . why then, you'll see stars everywhere, thicker than the dust on a cowboy's pants . . . but all I'm going to say is addressed to mere regular people, who don't know an insider . . . can't walk inside those big gates . . . but who still want to bag their quota of celebrities, nevertheless . . . you have heard that you can always see stars at Ciro's, the Mocambo, or the Brown Derbys . . . but you are afraid that you can't take the money rap on the first two and you don't know which Brown Derby is which. . . .

So, okay . . . so here is where I come in, a chattery guide book if there ever was one. . . .

It's true what they say about Ciro's and the Mocambo . . . you will see stars, and plenty, there at any time . . . the simplest, cheapest method is to stand outside on the sidewalks before them and catch your favorites as they come in or out . . . but this is tiring, cold and unsatisfactory . . . so you have two choices . . . you can go inside either and have either dinner or drinks at the bar. . . .

The prices in both places are about the same . . . dinner and a couple of drinks will nick you approximately fifteen bucks, not counting the tips to the hat check girl, the head waiter (for not putting you in a far corner), the parking lot attendants and whatever else . . . if you don't go into the main room, but stay out at the bar, you can get your drinks from fifty cents upward to $1.25 (for champagne cocktails) and every star in the place will have to pass you . . . if you can afford either club you will be sure to get a hatful of pleasure as they are both of them beautiful, luxurious, overcrowded and have magnificent bands pouring out hot rhythms. . . .

As for the Derbys, concentrate on the Vine Street Derby on Friday and Sunday nights and on the Beverly Hills Brown Derby on Thursday evenings. . . .

Friday night is "fight" night . . . Thursday night is "cook's night out" and Sunday (*Continued on page* 6)

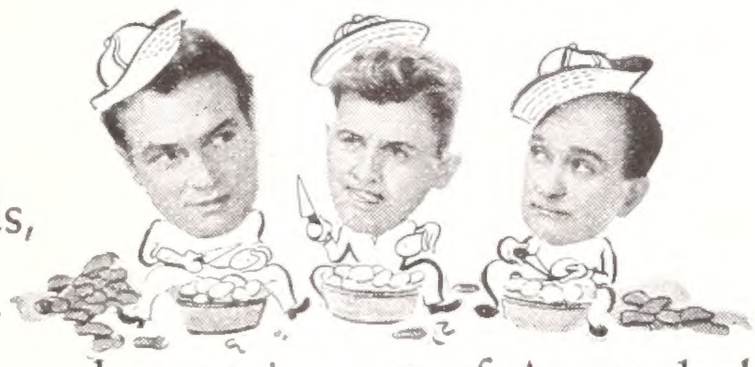
BOB'S "CAUGHT IN THE DRAFT"... and he's singing his new theme song right from the heart!





TANKS for the memory
Of that physical exam
Staged by Uncle Sam
An Army Doc knows how to shock a tender diaphragm
How charming he was! (The big Gazabo!)





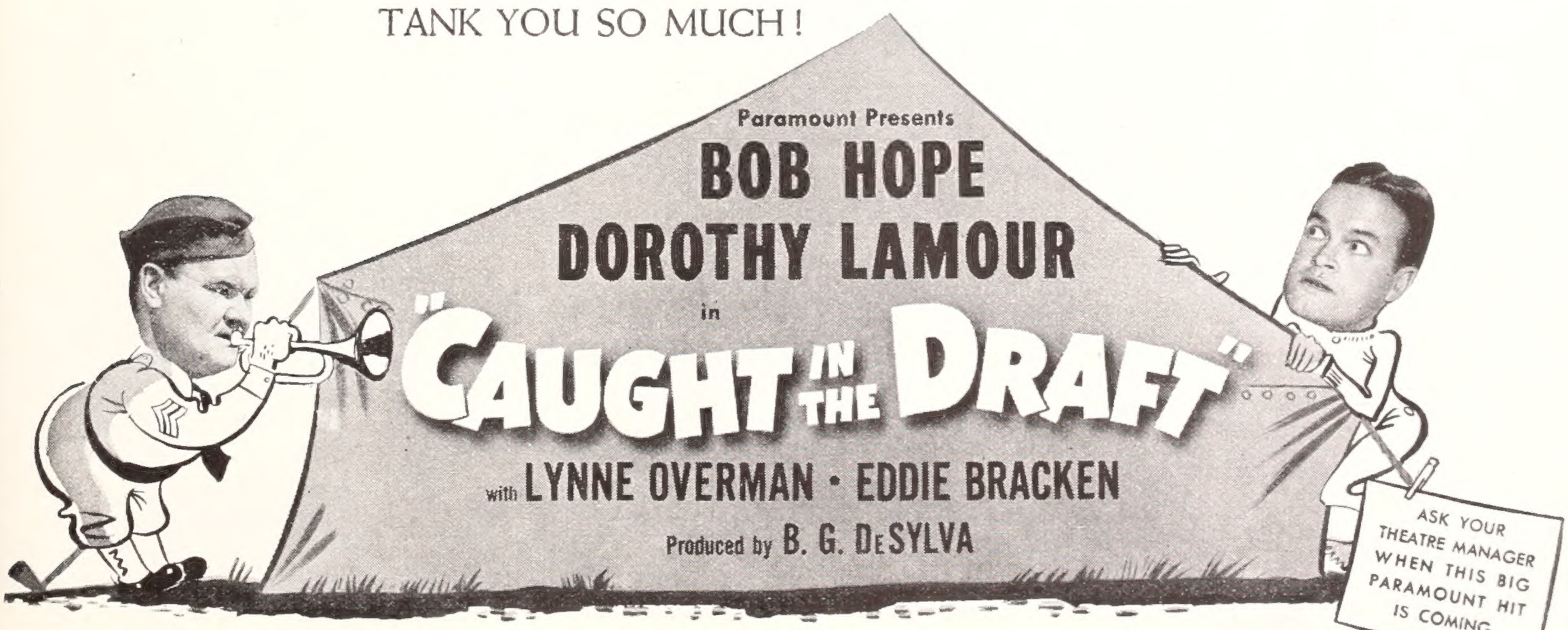
TANKS for the memory
Of hours carving spuds,
The "Sarg" and us are buds.
We'd like to meet that bozo when we're out of Army duds...
How lovely he is! (The big Palooka!)



We've even got blisters from sittin'
For many's the TANK that we've ridden
And Parachute landing ain't kiddin'
Just nice clean play at a buck a day!



And TANKS for the memory
Of meeting up with Dot
A little gal who's got
What a Colonel's daughter oughter have to make this Army hot
TANK YOU SO MUCH!



Directed by DAVID BUTLER • Original Story and Screen Play by HARRY TUGEND • Additional Dialogue by WILKIE C. MAHONEY



did he mean doggy legs . .

or doggie legs?

If his voice inflection was downward, then look to your legs, lady!

True, there may only be a hair separating his compliment or disapproval; but, if it's there you had better get NEET, today!

This cosmetic cream hair remover will in a few minutes literally wash away unsightly hair from legs, arm pits, and forearms. Leaves the skin smooth, white, and pleasantly scented. No sharp edges or razor stubble when NEET is used. Nor will NEET encourage hair growth. Buy a tube of NEET at your favorite department, drug, or ten cent store.

Better Get neet today

(*Continued from page 4*)

is quite often "personal appearance on the radio" night . . . all of which bring the stars out of their homes and into the public limelight . . . if you are in Hollywood over a week end and like fights at all, you'd be smart to go over to the Hollywood American Legion arena, get your fight tickets and then dine at the Hollywood Brown Derby before the battle actually begins (the arena is just around the corner from the Derby) . . . get to the Derby by six or you will find all the tables gone . . . dinner here, if you order the "regular dinner," will cost from $1.75 to $2.25 apiece . . . but you can order à la carte for smaller sums . . . and drinks run from a quarter to a dollar . . . there is also a Brown Derby bar if you merely want to drink and as it connects with the Derby parking lot, most of the stars will pass you entering the main dining room . . . there, before the fights (and usually after) and certainly at the fights themselves, you can be sure of seeing Jack Benny, Lupe Velez, Mae West, Brian Donlevy, George Raft, at least, and you will usually see some two dozen others, mostly male. . . .

The Beverly Derby, where the prices are the same as the Vine Street . . . but the bar, in his case, is not connected with the parking lot so don't get hidden away in it, if you want to see anything . . . gets the Thursday night play . . . you will almost always find the Don Ameches there and the Stu Erwins, Joan Bennett and Walter Wanger, Irene Dunne and Dr. Griffin and almost any others of the Beverly Hills "married set". . . .

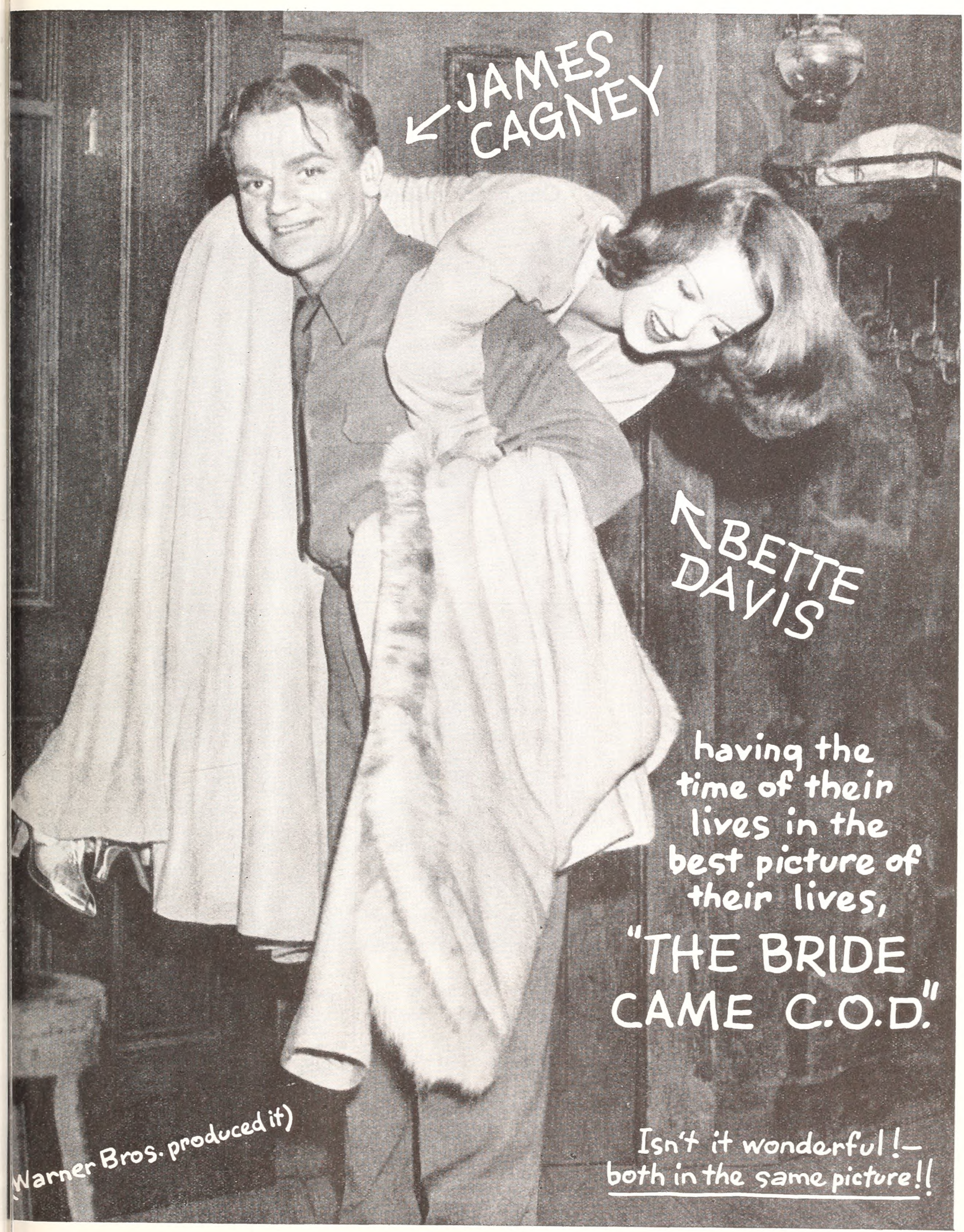
YOU will find an amazing lot of stars at Dave Chasen's on Beverly Boulevard near Doheny Drive . . . but you will pay and pay for the sight of them . . . Chasen's is a very "inside" Hollywood spot . . . "everybody" goes there and it is nothing at all to catch the Doug Fairbanks Jr., Cary Grant and Barbara Hutton, the Ronald Colmans, the Ernst Lubitsches, Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow, the Bob Montgomerys, the Ralph Bellamys, the Fred Astaires, all dining there at the same time . . . you can't miss seeing whoever is at Chasen's as the room is very small . . . but the prices are high as the Empire State Building . . . as high as Ciro's and the Mocambo . . . and not offering you any floor show, any music, any anything except fine food and glitter patronage. . . .

But suppose you don't want to eat . . . suppose you brought your own food along in a bag or something . . . okay . . . there are other ways of seeing stars . . . and the second surest hunting ground next to restaurants is the sports centers . . . as, for instance, Gilmore Field, which is a baseball park on Fairfax Boulevard, when the Hollywood Stars outfit is playing . . . the West Side Tennis Club, just off Melrose Boulevard, when the Pacific-Southwest Tennis Matches are being played . . . Hollywood Park when the races are being run there . . . or better yet, Delmar, Bing Crosby's track just outside of San Diego, when the races are being run there (Delmar is better for star-hunting than Hollywood Park simply because it is so much smaller . . . both tracks, like Santa Anita in winter, are always infested with stars . . . admission is the same at all three . . . $1.10 per person . . . Delmar, be warned, is about a hundred miles outside of Hollywood . . . Hollywood Park is a mere eight). . . .

BUT you hate sports, you say . . . you want something simpler served with your stars . . . okay, I can answer that one, too . . . how's for going down to the amusement parks at Venice or Ocean Park some fifteen miles out of town as your jallopy flies? . . . it won't cost you a dime to see Madeleine Carroll, Bob Preston and his bride, Catherine Craig, or a whole cluster of the younger crowd like Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville and Mickey Rooney and Linda Darnell . . . but while these parks are "beach stuff" don't get misled and think that you will see any stars swimming from any public beaches . . . Hollywood is strictly a private swimming pool place . . . however, if you insist upon having your headliners near water, go to San Pedro and look at the yachts . . . any Sunday down there you will undoubtedly encounter Preston Foster and boat . . . ditto Errol Flynn . . . George Brent . . . Jimmy Cagney . . . Cecil B. De Mille . . . Stirling Hayden . . . Paulette Goddard . . . San Pedro is about twenty-five miles from Hollywood, but all this expedition will cost you is the price of gas. . . .

Finally, however, supposing you haven't got a car, can't afford a meal or the price of a ticket to anything but still want to see a dream walking . . . you can still do it . . . you can go to the parking lot on the Vine Street side of NBC . . . choose NBC rather than CBS right around the corner . . . because the NBC parking lot has only one entrance and exit as opposed to the CBS one which has several . . . the NBC one faces on the "artists' entrance" . . . and through it, eventually, passes every star in Hollywood . . . and all yours to look at for free and for thrills. . . .

Fun? . . . you bet . . . at least I hope you will think it's fun when you get there . . . and I hope that you have a wonderful time. . . . in this crazy, sprawling, beautiful, mad town dedicated to dreams and laughter.



with STUART ERWIN • EUGENE PALLETTE • JACK CARSON • GEORGE TOBIAS • HARRY DAVENPORT • Directed by WILLIAM KEIGHLEY

Screen Play by Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein • From the Story by Kenneth Earl and M. M. Musselman

THE SHADOW STAGE

REVIEWING MOVIES OF THE MONTH

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, outstanding



Powerful story of a great love: Laurence Olivier, Vivien Leigh in "That Hamilton Woman!"



A smash thriller about young flyers: Veronica Lake and William Holden in "I Wanted Wings"

✓✓ That Hamilton Woman (Korda U. A.)

It's About: *The love story of Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton.*

POWERFULLY wrought and beautifully executed is this historical picture of a great love. This is the film left behind by Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier who have now returned to their native England for the duration. They could have left no finer symbol of their artistry.

At the turn of the Nineteenth Century we find the notorious Lady Hamilton, wife of England's ambassador to Italy, engaged in a violent love affair with England's naval hero, Lord Nelson. Back to England goes the pair to receive the homage paid to the man who saved them from Napoleon. But Nelson's wife awaits them and the disapproval of society sends the pair into exile from which Nelson finally emerges to render the final blow to Napoleon.

Sara Allgood plays Vivien's mother with a genius for commonness. The entire production is a tall and gallant feather in the cap of Mr. Korda.

Your Reviewer Says: A great film.

The Best Pictures of the Month

That Hamilton Woman!
Meet John Doe
I Wanted Wings
That Night in Rio

Best Performances

Robert Montgomery in "Rage in Heaven"
Carmen Miranda in "That Night in Rio"
Don Ameche in "That Night in Rio"
Gary Cooper in "Meet John Doe"
Barbara Stanwyck in "Meet John Doe"
Judy Canova in "Sis Hopkins"
Vivien Leigh in "That Hamilton Woman!"
Laurence Olivier in "That Hamilton Woman!"
Ray Milland in "I Wanted Wings"
Wayne Morris in "I Wanted Wings"
William Holden in "I Wanted Wings"

✓✓ I Wanted Wings (Paramount)

It's About: *The training of young recruits to become fliers.*

A SMASHING, thrilling story laid against the background of America's own flying fields is this story of men and planes.

Ray Milland, scion of a wealthy family; Wayne Morris, a likable young football star; and William Holden, a garage mechanic, arrive at a training camp together. Above all else, they wanted wings. They made mistakes, proved themselves heroic and, occasionally, untrustworthy, but emerged —or two of them did—with wings.

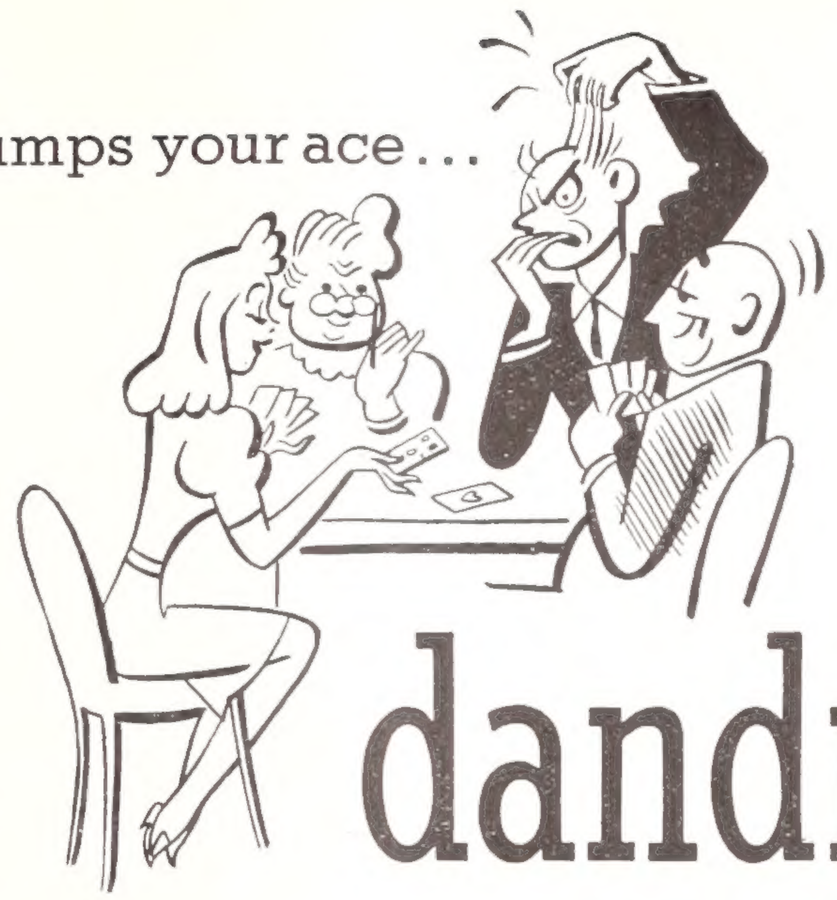
The planes in action against cloud-banked skies are a sight to stir the pulses. The story is strong, the action beautifully sustained and the acting right on the beam. Veronica Lake makes her screen debut as a siren. You'll either hate her or be enthusiastic over her work. Constance Moore is a beautiful and capable actress, but the honors in the acting field go to those three boys, who, along with Brian Donlevy, turn in their best work.

Your Reviewer Says: A smash hit.

(*Continued on page* 115)

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 121

It's annoying when your partner trumps your ace . . .



but not half so annoying as

infectious dandruff



THE TREATMENT

MEN: Douse full strength Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp morning and night. **WOMEN:** Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic right along the part with a medicine dropper, to avoid wetting the hair excessively.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage with fingers or a good hairbrush. Continue the treatment so long as dandruff is in evidence. And even though you're free from dandruff, enjoy a Listerine Antiseptic massage once a week to guard against infection. Listerine is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 50 years as a mouth wash and gargle.

Accepted — Approved — Good Housekeeping Bureau

At the first sign of trouble

GET BUSY **with**

LISTERINE

WHAT makes the infectious type of dandruff so annoying, so distressing, are those troublesome flakes on collar or dress . . . and the scalp irritation and itching . . . that so often accompany the condition.

If you've got the slightest evidence of this common form of dandruff, act now before it gets worse.

Has Helped Thousands

Start right in with Listerine Antiseptic and massage. This is the medical treatment that has shown such amazing results in a substantial majority of clinical test cases . . . the treatment that has also helped thousands of other people.

You, too, may find it as helpful as it is delightful. Listerine is so easy, so simple to use, and so stimulating! You simply douse it on the scalp morning and night and follow with vigorous and persistent massage.

Thousands of users have marvelled at how flakes and scales begin to disappear, how much cleaner and healthier their scalps appear. And remember:

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of germs on scalp and hair, including Pityrosporum Ovale, the strange "Bottle Bacillus" recognized by outstanding dandruff specialists as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

This germ-killing action, we believe, helps to explain why, in a clinical test, 76% of dandruff patients showed either complete disappearance of or marked improvement in the symptoms of dandruff within a month.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

the delightful treatment

A present-arms picture: Linda Darnell congratulates Gary Cooper on "Meet John Doe" in the middle of the Ciro dance floor



Baby talk: Errol Flynn gives to Cedric Adams—with gestures—in a Mocambo corner on the subject of the expected heir



If you'd like to drop a few bombshells into the conversation, just repeat this undercover news about Hollywood

BY CAL YORK

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

Inside Stuff

CAL Plays "If" (with a bow to Walter Winchell): If they sit quietly together in a cafe without speaking more than ten words all evening—it's Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck.

If they stop all traffic on the Mocambo dance floor with their fandangoes and their own original style of dancing—it's (of all people) Brian Aherne and Joan Fontaine.

If she looks wan and emaciated with her youth and verve lost in the strenuous dieting for her role in "Ziegfeld Girl"—it's Judy Garland.

If the spoken words, "I love you so much," reverberate through the night club as the music and clatter suddenly cease—it's Betty Grable speaking to George Raft.

If he looks as bashful and out of "sync" on the dance floor as he does in his movie scenes—it's Gary Cooper.

If they're having the best time everywhere they're together of any young people anywhere—it's John Payne and Anne Shirley.

If it's one girl that changed overnight from a sad and fretful woman to a completely happy one—it's Myrna Loy, now reconciled with husband Arthur Hornblow.

If it's one girl who is trying to recapture the love that was once hers—it's Alice Faye since her divorce from Tony Martin.

If it's one lad who can horn in on a man's girl and dance every dance hour after hour and get away with it—it's Errol Flynn.

If it's one man who is winning Hollywood (*Continued on page* 12)



... and take off

to the beach...to glamour...to a wonderful summer!

You can't beat this thrilling new Jantzen...the line is so smooth... the fabric is lush Water-Velva interknit with "Lastex" yarn, to take off your bumps...the wonderful Jantzen anatomists are at the controls and that means actual foundation fit and a delightfully elevating Beauty-lift Bra...the colors are South Sea-ish and therefore romantic and the neckline is very new and very exciting—6.95. Others 4.95 to 10.95.

At leading stores...or write for illustrated style folder
JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS, PORTLAND ORE.; VANCOUVER, CANADA

Jantzen



Study in style: Rita Hayworth, and Elyse Knox make John Garfield stop, look and talk at a South American party for Bette Davis

Marry in haste, rejoice at leisure: Nancy Kelly and Edmond O'Brien have an all-trimmings celebration of their elopement

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

The importance of being hilarious: Deanna Durbin, Joe Pasternak and Robert Stack have their fling at a Universal party

(Continued from page 10)

ght and left on his own with sense of humor—it's Bette husband. Arthur Farns-

Quick, Girls! Now, after an era of blondes, the old siren is to the screen. So, if you on the beam, you'd few tricks

First -be indolently alluring. Wear ings, make up the eyes and leaving the cheeks talk-white, wear black that circles it the throat, keep the hair and perfumed and go in for scents.

Go to it, gals, be first in the swim,

Another Offspring Giggle: These parents are constantly Cal's ready ears the dren. Some are his one about Joan for instance.

who is just six, was taken by Joan and her husband, Dick Powell, to see the colorful film, "The Thief of Bagdad."

During the movie Dick pointed out the genii. Norman thought a minute and then cracked, "Oh, is *that* Jeanie with the light brown hair?"

Jottings: The bareness of John Barrymore's life would plunge many an actor into despair . . .

Victor Orsatti, the agent, has finally got round to Linda Darnell. Hollywood is wondering what happens now, when an irresistible force (Orsatti) meets an irresistible charmer . . .

Those South American lads who will go for blonde Ilona Massey on her appearance tour will undoubtedly resent that new husband, Alan Curtis . . .

George Sanders' theory about marriage is upsetting the girls no end. George claims he didn't like the same people at twenty-five that he did at twenty, nor the same people at thirty he liked at twenty-five. So when he's positive he won't like the same people five years from now—why marry?

Ain't you (*Continued on page* 14)

TROPICAL Whites

Your feet will be "photogenic" in lovely PARIS FASHION whites of *doeskin, kid, maracain, linen* . . . lined with BURG LASTEX to enhance every foot curve, diminish foot-size to "camera eye" proportions! Choose these Hollywood inspired styles so *magically* priced for you. Widths AAA to C. Write Dept. P-12 for style booklet and your dealer's name.

WOHL SHOE COMPANY • SAINT LOUIS

$3 to $4



White elasticized Suede with patent.



White Kid, high-heel sandal.

BURG *Lastex* LINED



"Pin-perforated" white elasticized Suede.



White Maracain with elasticized straps.

White elasticized Maracain. Mid-high heel.

Paris Fashion SHOES
FIFTH AVENUE STYLES

Free! LEARN HOLLYWOOD'S SMARTEST DANCE STEPS AT HOME—
The Conga—The Rumba. Send for free illustrated booklet today.

HOLLYWOOD FLASH
about a
BIG PICTURE



"SIS HOPKINS" is 1941's BIG COMEDY hit WITH music! WATCH for it! YOU'LL recognize it by JUDY CANOVA'S UPROARIOUS antics .. BY ITS gigantic cast of STARS . . . including such POPULAR personalities as BOB CROSBY and HIS swingin', singin' Bobcats, HILARIOUS Charles Butterworth, GOOFY Jerry Colonna, LOVELY Susan Hayward, CHARMING Katharine Alexander,



AND scores of Hollywood's most GORGEOUS girls! And you'll know "SIS HOPKINS", too, by its LIGHTHEARTED romance...its 8 LILTING song hits . . . its SUMPTUOUS settings and SPECTACLE...And through it all RUNS one of the most human, HEARTY, happy stories you EVER lived through! It's ALL up-to-the-minute, STREAMLINED as the 20th CENTURY LIMITED, and PACKED with solid ENTERTAINMENT! WATCH for "SIS HOPKINS" WHEN it plays at YOUR local theatre IT'S . . .



A REPUBLIC PICTURE

COL YORK'S Inside Stuff



Above: $3200 worth of hat. Tossed into the ring by Mr. Roosevelt three times, it was given by him to Jean Hersholt (right) and auctioned off at the Screen Actors' Guild charity fete at the Cocoanut Grove. Biggest bidders were Edward G. Robinson and Melvyn Douglas, who bought it jointly; shrewdest auctioneers were Edward Arnold, Ken Carpenter (back row); prize master of ceremonies was grinning George Murphy (at left)

(*Continued from page* 12)

kinda cynical, Georgie Porgie? . . .

The happiest lad in town is Billy Halop (chief Dead Ender) because his lawyer pa and his ma have become reconciled . . .

The colored actors' vote went to Jack Oakie in the Academy balloting. One colored actor was consoling Jack on not winning the Oscar.

"We're all for you," he said.

"You should be." Jack said. "After all, I'm the white-faced Hattie McDaniels". . .

'Tis rumored a new romance, even warmer than the George Raft one, detained Norma Shearer in Sun Valley so long.

Bucketitis: A body finally gets used to everything in this town. In fact, we didn't even bat an eyelash when Joan Davis' familiar voice said over the phone, "Come on over on the set. I'm getting measured for a bucket."

This was too much for old Cal's curiosity and, despite the pouring rain (yes, ma'm, it rained and rained out this way), we swam out to Universal and onto the Abbott and Costello set of "Oh Charlie." Believe it or not, Joan was getting her—er—posterior measured for a bucket. It seems the star had to fall backwards in a scene into a bucket and the fit had to be exact

Anyway, when we got through howling at Joan's bucket falls, the actress told us a cute story on her comical offspring, "Joanie Wills of Beverly Hills," as she calls herself.



Two headliners in the high-light audience: Clarence Muse and Academy Award winner Hattie McDaniels

It seems Joan Sr. and her husband, Si Wills, were starting out, each wearing slacks, on an errand. "Let's stop in Ciro's for a snack," Joan said facetiously, "we look like Ciro's."

"Yeah," said little Joanie, glancing up, "like Ciro's-Roebucks."

This Romance Merry-Go-Round: Old Cal is dizzy and it's not his liver, either, so take away that sulphur and molasses. What has us down are all

(*Continued on page* 16)

She's Famous—Adored—
she has a Beauty Tip for YOU



TRY ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS for 30 days. Give your skin, right in your own home, the gentle care that protects Hollywood's million-dollar complexions. Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather removes dust, dirt, stale cosmetics *thoroughly*—leaves skin smooth and soft. You'll find these facials a wonderful beauty aid—a great help in keeping skin lovely.

9 out of 10 Hollywood Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

IRRESISTIBLE
Romance



YOURS WITH
Irresistible
PINK ROSE
MATCHED MAKE-UP

You'll look lovely in Irresistible's enchanting new lipstick . . . for "Pink Rose" is a rich, rosy red . . . the season's smartest, most flattering shade. Blends brilliantly with all the new fashionable clothes colors. It's a creamy-soft, non-drying lipstick that goes on easily and stays on longer, because it's Whip-Text, the secret Irresistible way! Try other Irresistible favorites . . . the ever-popular Candy Stripe, a true red . . . or, vibrant School House Red, the brightest red of them all. Matching Rouge, Powder and Foundation.

IT'S Whip-Text
STAYS LONGER...
SMOOTHER



10c AT ALL
5 & 10¢ STORES

Mother's Day PERFUME SURPRISE!



IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME 10¢

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



Inhibitions fall down and go boom: John Garfield and Kay Aldridge were posing prettily for their picture against the deck tennis net aboard the S.S. America when . . .

. . . the net suddenly broke and Mr. Garfield and Miss Aldridge hit the deck. They tried to get up again and missed connections, which all made for a lot of fun for Fink



(*Continued from page* 14)

these here-tonight-and-with-someone-else-tomorrow-night romances that seem to be the vogue in the village.

Now, for instance, once upon a time Virginia Field was the hotcha steady of George Raft—after the Norma Shearer interlude, of course—and Betty Grable was making eyes at Alfred Vanderbilt.

So what happens? Cal no sooner makes a leap for his typewriter than George switches to Betty and Alfred becomes enamoured of Virginia. Now where are we?

June Duprez was *the* girl in Randy Scott's life, we decided, and carefully filed away the item under the U's—for unfinished business. Then up pops Reggie Gardiner as June's steady beau, which is all right—except Randy keeps tagging along with Liz Whitney.

Mary Beth Hughes leaps—well runs, then—from Bob Stack to Harry Ritz and Bob goes back to his former girl, Cobina Wright Jr., while Nancy Kelly throws us into a long-needed coma by turning from her fiance, Irving Cummings Jr., to *marry* her erstwhile boy friend, Edmond O'Brien.

Linda Darnell, whom Mickey Rooney adores, openly confesses her constancy to her schooldays sweetheart, Jaime Jorba. Mickey turns back to Gene Tierney for comfort, only to have Gene almost elope with actor Robert Sterling. Mickey is catching his breath.

To top off the whole confused mess that has practically made an old man out of Cal, Jimmy Stewart goes back to his old flame, Ginger Rogers, just before he leaves on his draft call.

It's too much for us, all of it.

Now-Wait-a-Minute Department: Out on the "Sergeant York" set we ran into Donoho Hall, the Tennessee mountaineer technical adviser. Donoho, who is full of tall yarns, related us this story of his first trip on the "steam cars" when he was just seventeen.

"Are you having a berth?" the ticket agent asked him.

The young mountaineer knew only one meaning for that word.

"Sir," he said with icy dignity, "I ain't the kind of man to run away from such things."

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

Do You Remember—When Mary Pickford was the social leader of Hollywood?

Now it's Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks Jr.

When Bill Hart was the Western idol of all the boys and girls?

Now it's Gene Autry.

When the romances and marriages of Joan Crawford were the most discussed and written about in town?

Now it's Lana Turner.

When the Gish girls were considered the nicest sisters in Hollywood?

Now it's Joan Fontaine and Olivia de Havilland.

When Valentino was the handsome idol of the feminine world?

Now it's Charles Boyer.

When Garbo was considered Sweden's gift to movies?

Now it's Ingrid Bergman.

When Laurel and Hardy rocked the theaters with laughter?

Now it's Abbott and Costello.

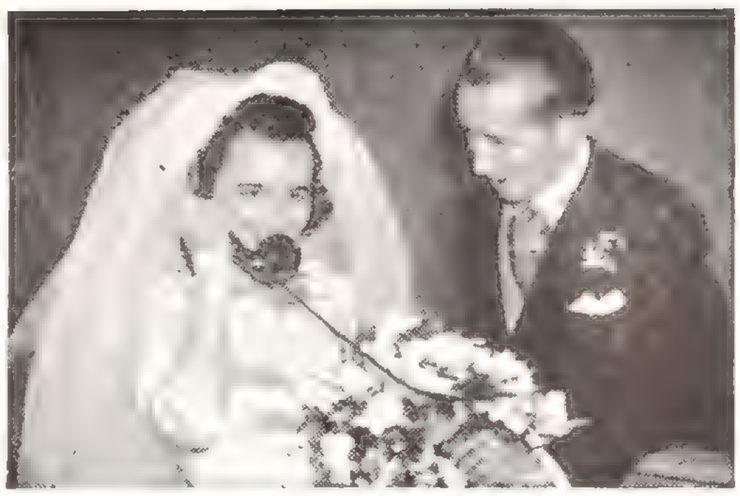
When Clara Bow was the college boys' delight?

Now it's Betty Grable.

(*Continued on page* 18)

Congratulations - are - in - order dept. Seeing double (down the stairs): The new Mr. and Mrs. Lee Bowman; the new Mr. and Mrs. Edmond O'Brien (Nancy Kelly); the new Mr. and Mrs. Dennis O'Keefe (Steffi Duna); the new Mr. and Mrs. Desi Arnaz (Lucille Ball); and the not-so-new Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Maschio (Constance Moore), host and hostess to brides and grooms





Mr. and Mrs. Leggatt receiving congratulations after the wedding. Mrs. Leggatt says of Camay, "I prefer Camay because of its outstanding mildness. It really is wonderful for delicate skins like mine."



Mr. and Mrs. Leggatt have fun cutting the wedding cake. The reception was held in the Embassy Suite of the Ambassador, famous New York hotel. Then the happy couple left for a honeymoon in the South.

"On my wedding day, my skin looked lovely —and the mildness of Camay helped!"

—Says Mrs. George H. Leggatt, Jr.



Photographs by David Berns

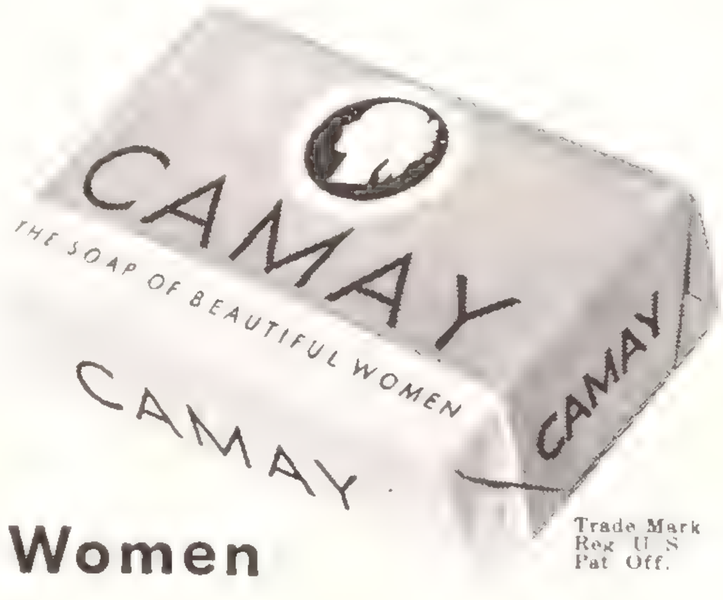
Lovely women welcome Camay's greater mildness—even many with dry and delicate skin.

MRS. GEORGE H. LEGGATT, JR., has a dark, vivacious beauty that makes her the center of interest wherever she goes. Her loveliness is emphasized by a lively, lovely skin.

Of course Mrs. Leggatt takes the very utmost care of her skin. And for her beauty soap she has chosen Camay. Women everywhere echo this lovely bride's enthusiasm for Camay—even many women who feel they have a delicate or dry skin.

For a great new improvement has made Camay milder than other famous beauty soaps tested. We proved this by tests against dozens and dozens of them. Time after time Camay was proved milder . . . milder than these dozens of famous beauty soaps of other makers!

Get 3 cakes of Camay from your dealer today! Put this milder beauty soap to work for your complexion right away!



Trade Mark Reg U S Pat Off.

The Soap of Beautiful Women

MAKE UP YOUR
MIND TO

Be Yourself..
Be Natural!



TAKE THIS silent marriage vow—that you'll *always* Be Yourself, Be Natural. When you make-up, wear Tangee NATURAL ...the lipstick that enhances your *own* individual lip beauty.

As you apply Tangee NATURAL ... see how it changes from orange in the stick until your most flattering shade of tempting blush rose is produced. Then, complete your make-up with Tangee's matching Rouge and Face Powder.

Made with a pure cream base, Tangee NATURAL helps end that dry, "drawn" feeling and helps prevent chapping. Wear this famous lipstick for soft and youthfully beautiful lips that stay fresh for hours on end.



TANGEE
Natural

"WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS LIPSTICK"

SEND FOR COMPLETE
MAKE-UP KIT

M461

CAL YORK'S *Inside Stuff*



Honoring an honor man: Quentin Reynolds (right), crack gentleman of the press, gets a hand in Hollywood at the Mocambo. Cream-of-the-crop guests: David Selznick and Claudette Colbert

(*Continued from page 17*)

When Mabel Normand romped her way through a vale of loneliness?

Now it's Alice Faye.

When Milton Sills was *the* he-man of the screen?

Now it's Gable.

When Wally Reid was the flippant young comedian in pictures?

Now it's Bob Hope.

When Jack Pickford was the smartest young blade about town?

Now it's Rooney.

When Charlie Ray was the shy hero everyone loved?

Now it's Jimmy Stewart.

When the romances of Jack Gilbert were the talk of the town?

Now it's George Raft.

When Loretta Young was a dewy-eyed young leading lady in her teens?

Now it's Linda Darnell.

When Norma Shearer was the exclusive first lady of the colony?

Now it's Barbara Hutton.

When mile-long top-down sport cars were owned by every star?

Now it's station wagons.

Courage—Salute! No matter how deep the trouble, distress, or despair, there *is* a way out. No place emphasizes this hope as Hollywood.

Six years seems a long time for one man to wait, hope and to try, to travel, to go away, to attain a new perspective and then come back to try again.

On the eve of his last futile attempt to regain his lost place in the movies, handsome Nils Asther was packed and ready to leave again for his home in Sweden.

On the eve of his departure came the call to Universal for "The Man Who Lost Himself" and then to a role in "The Night of January 16." From that he was signed for still another film, "Forced Landing."

Now, once again, he's on his way to success.

Regis Toomey, who waited patiently

Party decoration was Annabella, who combed her hair back straight, wore no flowers and came to rally round Reynolds with husband Ty Power



Mothers' night out: Motion Picture Mothers, Inc. gives a charity dance. Below: Melita MacMurray, son Fred





Madame President—and son: Mrs. Marie Brown and Tom. Organization finds jobs—and buys tickets back home

Madame Second Vice-President is Lela Rogers, mother of Ginger. Below: Mrs. Rogers with Linda Darnell



year after year for his break, found it in "Meet John Doe" and now reaps a featured role with Errol Flynn and Fred MacMurray in "Dive Bomber."

Take the tragic case of beautiful Veda Ann Borg, whose work in "The Penalty" is bringing her raves.

A year ago Veda Ann lay in a hospital in a cast, her face and body horribly cut and disfigured, the result of an automobile accident. Even the doctors agreed she would never look the same. But, as she slowly gained strength, the doctors found a way to remove the scar from forehead to chin that had almost severed her face and to reconstruct her crushed nose. She emerged as good as new—only Hollywood, it seemed, had forgotten.

Despairing of all hope of going on with her career, she applied for work as a salesgirl and was ready to begin when M-G-M remembered and called her back to work.

Yes, there is a way out for those who have the courage to hope, to wait and to go on trying.

Now Whose Face Is Red? On the "Blood and Sand" set Tyrone Power, the star, turned to greet a new actor, Thornton Edwards, a former police officer. A grin broke suddenly over Ty's face—he recalled that this selfsame cop had once given him a ticket for speeding in bygone days.

"Hope there's no hard feelings," said Edwards.

"No," grinned Ty. "No hard feelings. But isn't it a coincidence that in this first scene we have together I'm supposed to give you the licking of your life?"

Overseas News: Our friends in England are still carrying on, each in his respective place. Hollywood gets news

NOW! GET LONGER STOCKING WEAR WITH NEW COOL-WATER IVORY SNOW!



Get 2 Safety Advantages in One Speedy Soap!
COOL Suds, PURE Suds in 3 Seconds!

YES—STOCKINGS CAN WEAR LONGER when you treat 'em to a nightly bath in cool-water Ivory Snow.

Fact is, Ivory Snow has 2 safety elements. *First, purity*—gentle *Ivory* purity! And *second, cool-water suds*—it piles up suds in cool water—in 3 seconds! Remember—hot water and strong soap weaken delicate silk threads! And when a thread weakens, beware! That's the way many a run begins! So wash your stockings every night in cool-water Ivory Snow!



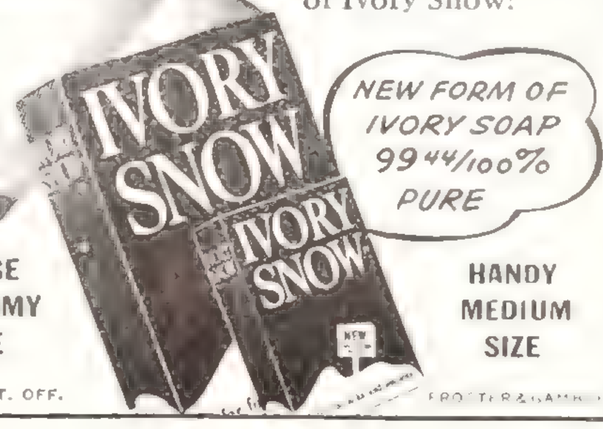
NOT A RUN IN SIGHT!

Moral: Wash your stockings *every* night with cool, pure suds of Ivory Snow!



COOL SUDS IN 1-2-3

Yes—in 3 seconds Ivory Snow gives glorious suds in cool water. Nightly stocking washing takes only 2 minutes!



LARGE ECONOMY SIZE

HANDY MEDIUM SIZE

HERE'S TEAMWORK FOR STOCKINGS!
Cool suds, pure suds—that's Ivory Snow's safety team that helps stockings w-e-a-r!

TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

News Round-up
about a
BIG PICTURE



THE most
WELCOME
ENTERTAINMENT
NEWS in many a day
IS that America's most
COLORFUL star,
GENE AUTRY, is
BACK in the Saddle!
"BACK IN THE SADDLE"
IS the title of Gene's newest hit—
AND millions of Autry fans



THROUGHOUT
THE nation are waiting
ANXIOUSLY for it to reach their
LOCAL screens...They want to see
GENE riding the range again...
THEY'RE looking forward
EAGERLY to hearing him sing his



NEW hit tunes
(WAIT till you
HEAR Gene sing
"BACK in the
SADDLE"!) ... they're waiting to
WELCOME SMILEY BURNETTE
(HE'S funnier than ever!) ...
CHARMING little **MARY LEE,**
REPUBLIC'S talented young singing
DISCOVERY... and lovely
JACQUELINE WELLS... A thrilling
SCREENFUL of new adventure,
NEW action, new romance and
NEW music is coming your
WAY... so watch for the
TOP-RANKING song-and-action
STAR of screen and radio,
GENE AUTRY, in his newest
HIT... It's

A REPUBLIC PICTURE

COL. YORK'S *Inside Stuff*



Two targets for the lorgnettes at the Screen Actors' Guild Party: Livvie de Havilland, who looks pretty by being plain in clothes and make-up these days, with millionaire Jock Whitney



Pretty nose to a grindstone: Rosalind Russell, now working shoulder to shoulder with Clark Gable in M-G-M's "The Uniform." Hedy Lamarr was mentioned once for the role; Miss Russell was mentioned twice—and won the prize

of them from time to time. For instance, a friend tells of making the rounds of London after a raid with Hollywood's erstwhile Puck, one Davey Niven, now in the British army.

Together they viewed the ruins of a famous West End club where David was a member. He took it calmly in true British fashion until they came to a battered chair. Then he let fly with, "Look what those dirty blackguards did! They knocked the bottom out of my chair."

Stowe Maries, the Leslie Howard home about thirty miles out of London, has been "knocked about a bit," Howard writes his friends, but it still stands. Leslie himself is actively engaged in British propaganda work with two radio programs a week. His daughter Ruth is with a Red Cross unit and his son has been transferred from the mine sweepers to a post in London. Mrs. Howard is taking care of thirty city children at Stowe Maries.

Director John Farrow, Maureen O'Sullivan's husband, is reported to be on submarine duty between Canada and England.

A letter from Richard Greene, still mourned by his many fans, has the actor in good spirits and carrying on for dear old England. A humorous touch was added when Dick explained that most of his Hollywood mail is for bills he had no time to take care of before leaving Hollywood.

'Tis said the Virginia Field romance is ebbing a bit. And, oh yes, Dick is about to make a picture based on England's defense work. God keep them all and bless them, we say.

Beauty Hints and for Free: Well, we don't know much about this department but Perc Westmore, Hollywood's famous beauty expert, assures us the girls place too much emphasis on eyes and not enough on eyebrows.

"Eyebrows are the most expressive part of the face. The eyes get credit for what the eyebrows really do," he says.

"Most actors and actresses use their eyebrows to express emotions. Watch the faces of Thomas Mitchell, Jimmy Cagney, Spencer Tracy or Clark Gable and you'll see eyebrow actors.

"The girls, too, including Irene Dunne and Bette Davis, express emotions with their eyebrows. So does every girl in all walks of life. Therefore," he says, "more care should be given eyebrows. They should be well brushed, not plucked too fine, or a natural expression is lost."

Well, anyway, gals, there it is. Sounds sensible to the likes of us.

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

Cupid's Notes: Universal really agreed to Deanna's wedding to Vaughn Paul taking place in April (on her parents' anniversary) instead of June, so she could keep her mind off her trousseau, bridesmaids and wedding gifts during her next picture.

Ellen Drew will wed writer Sy Bartlett (Alice White's ex-husband) very shortly.

Guess Who! Let's play our newest Quiz game. See how many of the following clues you have to read to guess the name of this star. If you can call out the name after four clues, you're tops.

All right, here we go—

1. His ambition was to become an artist but necessity made him a runner on the New York curb exchange.
2. He made his debut in the entertainment world as a hoofer in vaudeville.
3. That aroused in him a love for the theater and he secured a chorus boy job in the musical comedy "Pitter Patter."
4. When the show went on tour, he met and married his one and only wife, Frances Vernon, then worked in vaudeville.
5. He became a Broadway success in "Outside Looking In." Teamed with Joan Blondell in "Penny Arcade" and the two were signed by Warner Brothers to make a film version of the show.
6. In one year he was a star, with the aid of a grapefruit, in "Public Enemy."
7. He is filmdom's prize-fight champion, having won fifty-one movie fights. He lost one in "City For Conquest."
8. He is now starring opposite Bette Davis in "The Bride Came C.O.D.," his first comedy in several years.

If you still haven't guessed his name, it's—James Cagney.

A shot in the dark that turned out to be exclusive: Constance Moore premieres with Barbara Hutton, whose million-dollar heart is Cary Grant's



All week, all summer,-wear MTWTFSS* shoes!




BERWYN


CHARMING

DORINDA

Don't start summer with shoes that are just "all right." No! Begin your rounds of vacation, travel, fun...with a wardrobe of Heel Latch Shoes...shoes that you step into every morning of the week... **Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday**...with renewed satisfaction...confident that they are the last word in smartness, in comfort...and because, simply, you *love* to wear them!



"THE SHOES YOU LOVE TO WEAR"

Heel Latch

$5 to $6

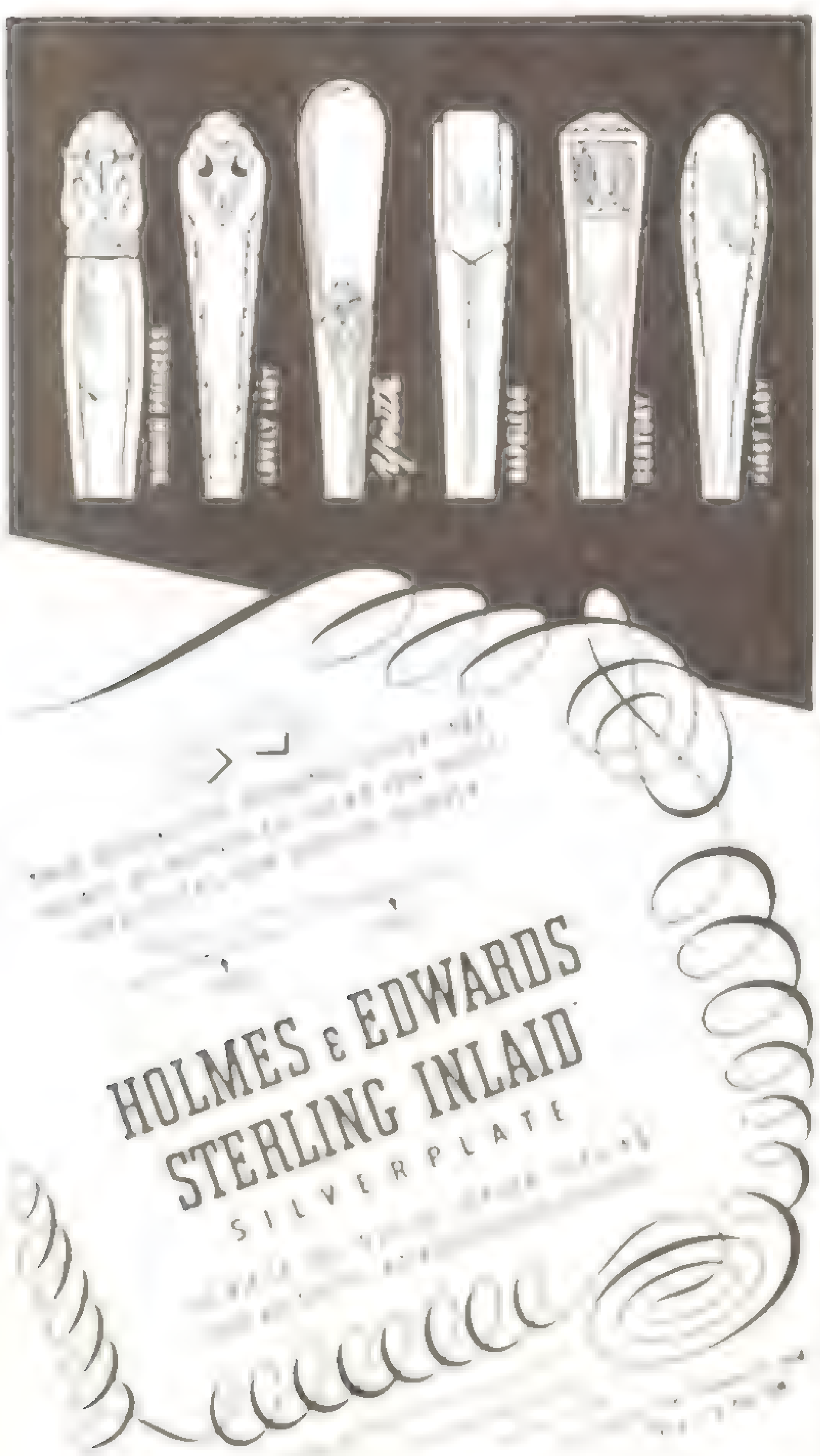
Slightly higher at distant points

ROBERTS, JOHNSON & RAND • BRANCH: INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY • ST. LOUIS



• I have created a new and better hair remover; a toiletry that is far superior to old-time depilatories; a cream which can be used without offense to others in your household. ZiP Depilatory Cream instantly removes every trace of hair; keeps your skin satin-smooth. You simply spread it on and rinse off. Quick. Sure. At all Good Stores.
MADAME BERTHE Specialist, 608 5th Ave., N.Y.

Switch to ZiP CREAM DEODORANT
STOPS PERSPIRATION
A dainty snow-white cream. Simple to use. Destroys body odors. Harmless to clothing. Delightfully refreshing. Large jars 19c & 33c. Also 10c size.



Brief Reviews

✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED
✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED

✓ [illegible]

[illegible] *IN LIFE WITH HENRY, THE*—Paramount: [illegible] Jackie Cooper causes [illegible] grief in his efforts to [illegible] Bracken is Jackie's [illegible] Fred Niblo his parents. (Mar.)

✓ [illegible]—M-G-M: [illegible] Kathryn Gra[illegible] Rooney's secretary [illegible] week. Her [illegible] voice, good looks and acting ability make her a sure bet. Mickey fails [illegible] examinations and gets into plenty of trouble. It's a hundred [illegible] entertainment. (May)

ARKANSAS JUDGE, THE—Republic: The Weaver family play straight in this story of a small town [illegible] factions by vicious [illegible] The Weavers [illegible] and Roy Rogers is a fine [illegible]. (Apr.)

✓✓ [illegible] the woman who [illegible] few [illegible] moments with her lover, [illegible] (Mar.)

BANK DICK, THE—[illegible] It's packed with [illegible] and he's the whole picture. (Mar.)

[illegible]—Republic: [illegible] a bit of entertainment [illegible] orphans who try to [illegible] on a benefit show. [illegible] Davis and Ralph [illegible] the songs are [illegible]

✓ *BEHIND THE NEWS*—Republic: [illegible] convincing [illegible] Doris Da[illegible] (Mar.)

BLONDIE GOES LATIN—Columbia: [illegible] boss decides to take the *Bumsteads* on a vacation to South America, with much fun and havoc as the result. Penny Singleton, Arthur Lake and [illegible] Guizar sings beautifully. (May)

[illegible]—Republic: If you're a Western fan [illegible], this rootin', tootin', shootin' [illegible] Roy Rogers joins the Border [illegible] notorious bandits, and finally [illegible] to justice—with violent [illegible] (Mar.)

[illegible] *BOY*—Republic: Strictly routine is this story of an underprivileged boy, Jimmy [illegible] teers, but is saved by ideal [illegible] Dennis O'Keefe and Louise Campbell (Mar.)

✓ [illegible] contribute plenty of songs. (Mar.)

✓ *CHAD HANNA*—20th Century-Fox: There is little coherence to this story of a 19th century circus and it's mostly a parade of [illegible] but the [illegible] performances outshadow the story. [illegible] falls in love with [illegible] joins the circus. [illegible] with the show. [illegible] (Mar.)



Repeat romance: Fred MacMurray and Madeleine Carroll, the team that made time in "Virginia," get together again for the forthcoming "One Night in Lisbon"

✓✓ *CHEERS FOR MISS BISHOP*—United Artists: Beautifully told [illegible] the young students [illegible] is wonderful in her [illegible] to age, and William Gargan [illegible] actor is perfect in his role. It's a [illegible] a triumph. (Apr.)

✓✓ *COME LIVE WITH ME*—M-G-M: [illegible] Hedy Lamarr, who [illegible] in order to [illegible] (Mar.)

✓ *COMRADE X*—M-G-M: Take Gable as a newspaper reporter smuggling uncensored news out of Russia, add Hedy Lamarr as a streetcar conductor with whom he's forced to flee Russia, mix up with a chase consisting of Lamarr and Gable in one tank against an army of tanks and you have riotous slapstick entertainment. (Mar.)

ELLERY QUEEN'S PENTHOUSE MYSTERY—Columbia: Ralph Bellamy is the famous detective who wades through danger and [illegible] intrigue to solve the murder of a ventriloquist on a secret governmental mission. Margaret Lindsay is his pretty secretary. (May)

✓✓ *FLIGHT COMMAND*—M-G-M: [illegible] picture of flyers trained in the [illegible] school of naval aeronautics is thrilling [illegible] inspiring, and Bob Taylor takes advantage of the best opportunity he's had in years. Ruth [illegible] *Commander* Walter Pidgeon's wife [illegible] performances. We cannot [illegible] (Mar.)

✓✓ *FLIGHT FROM DESTINY*—Warners: We nominate this as the surprise picture of the year for its brilliance in theme, dialogue and acting. Professor Thomas Mitchell is given six months to live, so, as a philanthropic act, he decides to kill unscrupulous Mona Maris, who has wrecked the marriage of Jeffrey Lynn and Geraldine Fitzgerald. Mitchell gives a magnificent performance. (Mar.)

FOUR MOTHERS—Warners: Homey, cozy little tale of the *Lemp* family, who lose their money and struggle to regain it. It has the same familiar characters, the Lane sisters, Jeffrey Lynn, Eddie Albert, Gale Page, Claude Rains and May Robson,

but it doesn't measure up to its predecessors in entertainment. (Mar.)

GOLDEN HOOFS—20th Century-Fox: Jane Withers falls in love with Buddy Rogers, helps her grandfather establish a local hospital and saves her homelands for the breeding of trotting horses, and does it all with the greatest of ease in this Withers specialty. With Buddy Rogers, Katherine Aldridge and Buddy Pepper. (May)

✓ *GO WEST*—M-G-M: The zaney Marx Brothers thoroughly indulge their appetite for hilarious clowning in this, one of their funniest pictures, with scarcely a minute's letdown in the fun. It's about their efforts to secure a deed to Dead Man's Gulch so they can sell it to a railroad and permit John Carroll to marry Diana Lewis. But you won't pay much attention to the story on account of all the laughs. (Mar.)

✓ *HARD-BOILED CANARY, THE*—Paramount: A grand musical treat is this film with Allan Jones, as the son of the head of Camp Interlochen, rescuing a young burlesque singer, Susanna Foster, from a raid and placing her in the camp, with havoc as the natural result. (May)

✓ *HER FIRST ROMANCE*—Monogram: Edith Fellowes has her first grownup role in this gay picture as the ugly duckling who becomes the belle of her school and finds romance. You'll be charmed with her performance and singing. (Mar.)

✓✓ *HIGH SIERRA*—Warners: Entertainment is yours in this absorbing story of a paroled convict, Humphrey Bogart, who goes back to his racket. Ida Lupino is grand as Bogart's girl and Joan Leslie shows great promise. Bogart's portrayal of the gangster is terrific. The whole picture has great dramatic impact. (Apr.)

✓ *HUDSON'S BAY*—20th Century-Fox: Although the story is too concerned with geography rather than with people and it's ponderous, it's well done and worth seeing. It tells of the formation of the great Hudson's Bay Company and the bringing of the north country under British rule under the leadership of Paul Muni and his enormous partner, Laird Cregar. Gene Tierney provides romance. (Mar.)

✓ *INVISIBLE WOMAN, THE*—Universal: John Barrymore is splendid as the scientist who invents a machine that causes lovely Virginia Bruce to become invisible and thus have herself a lot of fun. Oscar Homolka as an exiled gangster is very clever, but the gag of invisible people walking about is no longer a novelty in pictures. John Howard falls in love with the invisible Virginia. (Apr.)

✓ *JENNIE*—20th Century-Fox: When Virginia Gilmore marries William Henry, she refuses to allow his father to dominate her life and she sets about undermining his power over his family. It's a human, sincere picture of a family ruled by a father who is virtually a dictator over them. The entire cast offers fine portrayals. (Mar.)

KEEPING COMPANY—M-G-M: Too much adherence to routine material and hokumy situations spoils this homey little picture about the tribulations of an average young married couple. John Shelton and Ann Rutherford are the young husband and wife and you'll also see Frank Morgan, Irene Rich and Virginia Weidler. (Apr.)

✓✓ *KITTY FOYLE*—RKO-Radio: Christopher Morley's famous love story of a working girl has been brought to the screen in truly magnificent style, with Ginger Rogers giving her best performance as *Kitty*, the white-collar girl who loves socialite Dennis Morgan but is torn between him and James Craig. Both Craig and Morgan are splendid. It's a hit. (Mar.)

✓✓ *LADY EVE, THE*—Paramount: Bright, gay, charming and funny is this latest Preston Sturges story, with Henry Fonda as the young millionaire who is almost hooked by card-sharker Barbara Stanwyck and her father Charles Coburn. How Barbara gets her revenge on Fonda is wonderful and Barbara herself is excitingly glamorous. (May)

✓✓ *LAND OF LIBERTY*—M-G-M: The colorful history of the United States is told in scenes from feature pictures, shorts and newsreels. It's impressive and exciting, although occasionally dull. All the profits go to war-relief charities, so seeing it is part of being an American. (Apr.)

LET'S MAKE MUSIC—RKO-Radio: Bob Crosby and his band make their movie debut in this innocuous tale about a music teacher, Elisabeth Risdon, who sells a song that becomes a hit. If you like good swing music and don't insist on big names and strong story, this is for you. (Mar.)

✓ *LITTLE MEN*—RKO-Radio: Little of the Louisa M. Alcott novel remains in this version, but Jack Oakie's clowning makes up for it. George Bancroft's adopted son, Jimmy Lydon, who's a problem child, is regenerated at *Aunt Jo's* school. Kay Francis is very good as *Aunt Jo*, and Bancroft is splendid. (Mar.)

✓ *LOVE THY NEIGHBOR*—Paramount: There's not so much fun in this screening of the Jack Benny-Fred Allen feud as you'd expect, but it has its bright spots and it's worth your time. The plot's

(*Continued on page* 113)



Can a skin, Sensitive to Soap, look like "Peaches and Cream"?

Thousands of women find Cashmere Bouquet Soap more mild and agreeable to sensitive skin

BECAUSE you may have found some soaps irritating to your skin . . . a difficulty reported by one woman out of two . . . you may have become too easily discouraged. You notice men gazing with unconcealed admiration at a "peaches and cream" complexion and, with a shrug of your shoulders, you may think enviously —"Oh, she was just born lucky."

Yet if you could ask thousands of lovely women: "Confidentially, how do you do it?" . . . the answer, over and over again would be: "I use Cashmere Bouquet Soap. I find that its mild, gentle lather agrees with my skin, never causes complexion flareups."

Wouldn't you love to be like "peaches and cream" all over? Evening clothes—sports clothes, too—reveal a lot of you to the world!

So, as you bathe, cream each lovely inch of your skin with the glamorous lather of Cashmere Bouquet Soap. Step from your bath scented all over with "the fragrance men love."

Buy Cashmere Bouquet Soap wherever good soap is sold. Three luxurious cakes only twenty-five cents.

Cashmere Bouquet Soap



WITH THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE

THE GREATNESS OF THE SCREEN...THE MAGIC OF RADIO...
COMBINED IN THE GREATEST MUSICAL OF THEM ALL!



ALICE **FAYE**

JOHN **PAYNE**

JACK **OAKIE**

THE GREAT AMERICAN BROADCAST

. . . . From the studio that gave you "That Night in Rio"!

with **CESAR ROMERO**

Mary Beth Hughes • James Newill
Nicholas Brothers • Wiere Brothers
The Four Ink Spots

Directed by Archie Mayo

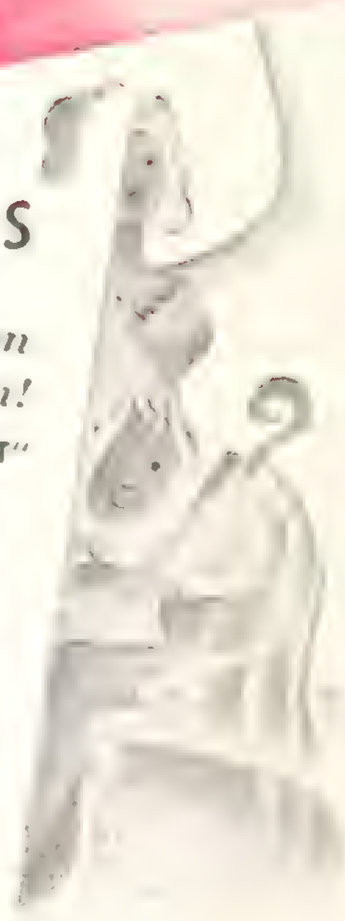
Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan
Original Screen Play by Don Ettlinger and Edwin Blum, Robert Ellis and Helen Logan
A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

New HIT SONGS
by Mack Gordon and Harry Warren!

"LONG AGO LAST NIGHT"
"I TAKE TO YOU"
"I'VE GOT A BONE TO PICK WITH YOU"
"THE GREAT AMERICAN BROADCAST"
"WHERE YOU ARE"
"IT'S ALL IN A LIFETIME"

•

Dances staged by Hermes Pan



Radio Ad Songs: "Chesterstrikes" • "Chapman's Cheerful Cheese" • "Porter's Puppy Biscuits" • "Wavo"

PHOTOPLAY COMBINED WITH MOVIE MIRROR

Not So Long Ago

DO YOU remember what you were doing in 1931? Does it seem so very long ago? It really isn't, you know.

I've been looking through the June 1931 issue of PHOTOPLAY. It's true that most of us don't remember Dorothy Jordan, who is on the cover, because for some time she has been the wife of Marion Cooper, the producer. But I notice that Marlene Dietrich is on the cover of the issue before that and Claudette Colbert on the one following it.

Browsing through that June PHOTOPLAY I found some fascinating things. For instance, there's a picture of a very curlyheaded gentleman dancing with Corinne Griffith at a Mayfair party. His name is Joel McCrea. On a later page, in Cal York's department, there's an item which reads: "Von Sternberg's latest choice for future glories is Frances Dee—lead in 'An American Tragedy'."

At this same Mayfair party, Bob Montgomery is shown dancing devotedly with Mrs. Montgomery, who was Elizabeth Allen when he married her in 1928, the caption informs us.

There is also an item about an actress who refused, for the first time, to have her picture taken at a party. Her explanation of this amazing action was that she had been to an "exclusive" shop and there had bought an "exclusive" gown, only to find when she reached the party that two other stars were wearing the same gown and had already been photographed. Her name? Hedda Hopper.

A FEATURE story, about Barbara Stanwyck, is called "She Has Hollywood's Number," one item of which is most appropriate today. It tells how a director had asked her to make a test for "Ladies of Leisure." Said Barbara: "I can't. I simply can't go through any more of this silly business." But, the story goes on, when the director couldn't find another girl for the part, he said, "Come on into the cast and try this thing without a test." The director? The same one who directed Barbara's latest, "Meet John Doe"—Frank Capra.

Then there is a picture of two interesting people, with the caption: "PHOTOPLAY announced exclusively the secret marriage of Irene Dunne and Dr. D. F. Griffin of New York. Here they are vacationing at Miami Beach, Florida."

Of course, there are lots of names now long forgotten, but the following still-famous ones appear throughout that issue: Miriam Hopkins and Claudette Colbert (describing their first meeting), Howard Hughes, Walter Winchell, Greta Garbo, Charlie Chaplin, Lew Ayres, Gary Cooper, Jeanette MacDonald (". . . will be definitely retired from circulation as the bride of her business manager."), Cecil B. De Mille, Wallace Beery, Lewis Stone, Spencer Tracy, James Cagney—and so on to an almost incredible extent! The best performances cited for that month included Wallace Beery, Spencer Tracy, Gary Cooper and Joan Crawford. And in a list of June birthdays, under June 2, we again find the name of Miss Hopper. Congratulations, Hedda!

The lead story in that ten-year-old magazine is called "Hollywood's Newest Romance" and the closing paragraph says: "William Powell and Carole Lombard love each other. And, like all love stories, the issue is in the lap of the gods."

There are those who think the American public is fickle. Let this be evidence, then, that even though new and exciting things are happening to these stars, many of them are still the ones whom you admired and wanted to read about in 1931!

Ernest W. Heyn

The Nicest Women in

Leave it to this famous author to name point-blank the three nicest women in Hollywood—and to give a "nothing but the truth" view of the others

By Hedda Hopper



One reason why stars dash for their daily papers: To see what candid columnist Hopper (above with Bing Crosby) says about them

THE three nicest women in Hollywood? I don't know why the editors should limit me in this way, but they wanted me to do a story on the three nicest women in Hollywood. Now you know my life wouldn't be worth a plugged nickel if I narrowed them down to three. But I'll start with three anyway. Heaven only knows where I'll end up, 'cause I ramble on like the old gray mare. Those three are Joan Crawford, Baby Sandy and Frances Marion.

Joan, because her story covers many years, is known throughout the town as the most generous. When she first came here, she was lucky enough to meet Dr. Branch, who has more charity patients than any M.D. in town. To Joan, he's been doctor, lawyer, counselor, friend. They used to talk over their dreams to each other. Hers, of course, was to become a star. His was to have his own clinic where he could help humanity who couldn't afford to pay. Joan said, "When you get your clinic, I'll give you a free room in your hospital and, as my salary increases, I'll add to it."

That was eight years ago. There are now four hospital rooms which Joan Crawford supports entirely. Those rooms take care of extras, young players, their babies, their mothers, or anybody who needs help. Joan didn't know until this year, when she was persuaded to visit the hospital, that they had put up a plaque reading, "These rooms were donated by Joan Crawford." Joan said, "That plaque and a silver box which Dr. Branch gave me and had inscribed 'Dear Joan: We, and the 180 souls you have helped save, give you this with our dearest love'—those were the most moving things that ever happened in my life."

I asked if she had ever had a real sickness. She said, "No, except in the mind. When I'm at the end of my rope, I call Dr. Branch at the finish of the day's work and he's been good enough to lend me his shoulder to weep on many a time. I'm proud to say that my shoulder has been used by him once or twice for the same purpose."

So many people still think of Joan as the "Hey Nonnie Nonnie" sort of girl. Well, she used to be. But she's long since grown beyond the "Dancing Daughters" stage. Douglas Fairbanks Jr. can thank her for his success and development. It was she who gave him strength and courage when he needed it most during his formative years and she got mighty little thanks for it. None from his father or Mary Pickford Fairbanks, who didn't approve of her. Now Douglas Sr. is gone and Joan and Mary have become great friends.

It was Joan who tried to make Franchot Tone a picture star. The

Hollywood — and Why!



Joan Crawford: Miss Hopper chose her immediately because of those four hospital rooms

Baby Sandy—Sayo the author: "She's a sweet little thing, kind to parents and dogs."



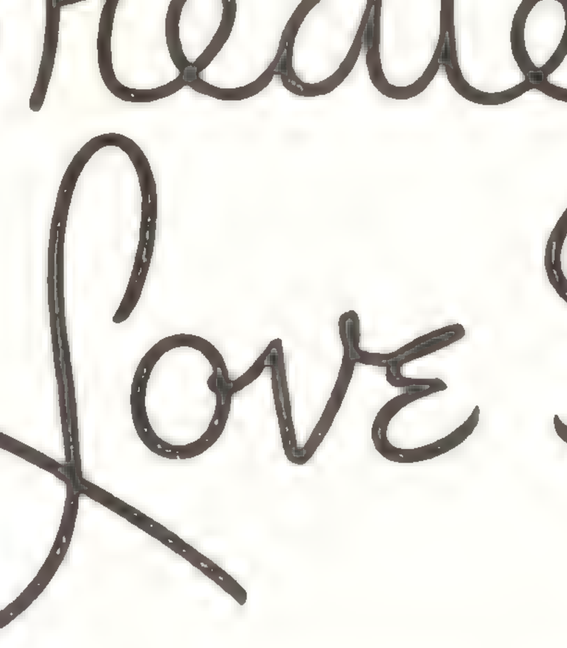
Frances Marion: "A sucker for a sob story and one of the nicest women I ever met."

fact that he became a featured player was because he got so much publicity through her. Otherwise I'm certain he'd still be just a good supporting player, without feature billing and for less salary.

As for Baby Sandy, she's been a star only two years. Of course, we can't tell how she'll turn out. She may go high-hat in another year or so and have to be retired so she can make a comeback as a veteran at the ripe old age of eight. But she's a sweet little thing, and kind to parents and dogs. They discovered that she responds to dog training. She's very obedient, but can't remember a promise made from day to day, or instructions she gets for her acting. So they taught her, just as they do dogs used in pictures, the sign language. She knows, from signs made with fingers what a chair, table, glass and all objects on the set are. Her teacher stands beside (*Continued on page* 108)

HOLLYWOOD'S Greatest Love Story

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS



The Author

THERE have been many great love stories in Hollywood, blazoned upon front pages for all to read. Some of them magnificent and violent, some beautiful and desperate, some tragic or happy or bitter.

Love has played a great part in the life of Hollywood and changed, as it more, the map of its destinies a good many times. That must be so, for here are gathered together people of extraordinary charm and beauty, people of great emotional nature and temperament, people who represent romance and ideals to the whole world and drama is their daily bread and the very object and reason of their existence.

The greatest love story Hollywood has yet known is the one I want to tell you, for the first time: the courtship and marriage of Vaughn Paul and Deanna Durbin.

Oh, I know that at first glance that may sound like an exaggeration, it may seem too much to say when one must compare this new romance with the many that have made history, the Hollywood modern versions of Dante and Beatrice, Heloise and Abelard, Romeo and Juliet. But at the very top of the scroll upon which are written in fairy gold such names as John Gilbert and Greta Garbo, Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, Clark Gable and Carole Lombard, young Douglas and Joan Crawford, it seems to me one may well write today "Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul."

Most of those other stories I know well—saw them happen—lived chapters of them—heard confidences about them. They were part of my life, too.

And not long ago I wrote at first hand the greatest love story of all time, that living legend of the King of England and Mrs. Simpson, the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. I went all the way to Nassau to meet the man who had given up the greatest throne and the greatest Empire on earth, and the woman he loves—and I saw there with my own eyes a deep and passionate devotion.

So I am not to be bowled over by any love story.

If you would like to learn about a rare and lovely romance you will not want to miss this beautiful story of Deanna and Vaughn by one of America's best-known writers



"I am not to be bowled over by any love story," says Miss St. Johns. "But Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul bowled me over. For they have achieved something so rare and lovely every boy and girl will know it by name."

But Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul bowled me over.

For they have achieved something so rare and lovely that every man and woman will recognize it, every boy and girl will know it by name. It is like a song once heard and lingering on forever in memory. Past, present or future, old or young, here is the dearest dream, the secret of the heart, where it is treasured in sweet remembrance or in exquisite hope.

No matter how hard-boiled, how worldly, how disillusioned — how lightly we may take love nowadays— how often we may deny it—here is something that catches you and brings you back to it-might-have-beens, to maybe-it-will-happen-to-me.



The heroine: Deanna, young inexperienced daughter of a simple middle-class mother and father, at the time when a great studio gambled millions on her

Young love—first love—clean and strong and perfect.

It was the strength of it that got me. The honesty and reality of it, facing life and problems intensified as they must be in Hollywood, in utter faith and without fear. It's easy enough to keep love exquisite and romantic if you hide your eyes for a while. But when Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul listened to the immortal words of the marriage service, they faced them and the minister who spoke them with clear and steady young eyes.

They know what they are facing. They know marriage in Hollywood, the marriage of a great star to a young man still with his name and way to make in spite of what would in ordinary circumstances be early success, is no primrose path to tread.

But they are as sure they will celebrate their own thirty-third wedding anniversary as they are that they were married upon the thirty-third anniversary of Deanna's own father and mother.

Neither of them has ever been in love before: neither even thought he was in love. Nor will they ever be again

They found each other and—but that is the story.

Deanna Durbin became a motion-picture star "overnight" as the saying goes in Hollywood. She was fourteen.

The men who sat around a big table in the big office at Universal Studios on a day a few years ago waiting to talk with this child were utterly amazed by what had happened. They had made a "B" picture with a good cast and a nice little story, titled it "Three Smart Girls" and cast as one of the girls an unknown child singer who had sung on the radio

The public had played its powerful part. The public had fallen head over heels in love with Deanna Durbin. Didn't know who she was, hadn't been notified of her advent by any high-pressure publicity campaign, but—they fell in love with her gay voice, her impudent smile, her pretty, funny little face. So are all real stars made—by you.

I have always been able to understand how it happened in the case of the little Durbin girl. I saw that picture in a movie house in Omaha during a blizzard that had grounded the plane on which I was flying to New York. We had been through some storms upstairs and we were exhausted, a little frightened, very cold, and far from home. There was a woman who was flying to her mother's deathbed; a boy on leave from Annapolis, who might be chucked out for being AWOL since the Navy doesn't take weather as an excuse; there were several men in real distress about business appointments. Frankly, we were a tough audience that terrible winter day as we waited to know when we might take up our journey, as we speculated on what kind of a journey it might be. Well, we forgot everything, we laughed and cried, our troubles stood off from us and we naturally fell in love with the little girl who had been able to help us, who had warmed us and made us laugh.

So the big executives who waited that day to talk to Deanna Durbin and make her a star knew what had happened, but they were still amazed. They were, it is recorded, even more amazed when she walked in. A short, very slim little girl, with eyes of a startling blue, clothed in immeasurable dignity. When she walked out, with that same dignity and grace, they were infinitely reassured. They weren't so worried about gambling the millions it takes to make star-pictures on a fourteen-year-old girl who had neither stage nor picture experience, whose family knew nothing of the theater but were just simple, middle-class English folk.

They realized that Deanna Durbin, even at fourteen, had the thing we sometimes call character; they recognized in her those qualities of courage and determination and ability to work and sacrifice and stand up under things that belong peculiarly to the people of England—though perhaps they didn't think of it then in just those terms, didn't become aware of how typical a daughter of England the Durbin child was and is—for she was born a British subject, her forefathers had all come from England.

SO—this little girl of fourteen, who had lived a simple, normal everyday life with her father and mother and her older sister, who had sung her way into the picture business almost by accident, became a star, with all the prerogatives, all the work, all the wealth and fame that still go with that.

There was not then and is not now anything shy about her. She has that same dignity, that same naturalness, that same poise of good manners and quick intelligence. Oddly enough she always reminds me somehow of Princess Elizabeth of England. I wish she could play the little Princess who will someday be Queen of England—if there always is an England. Or even Queen Victoria when she was very, very young. The year of stardom, coming when she was in that formative and impressionable time of girlhood, has given her a valiant simplicity, an honestly regal air. She takes her work and her responsibility very seriously, and it is harder work than that of most stars, for she has the (*Continued on page* 95)

New kind of love for LAMOUR

She used to hide under a "Good-timeDottie"masquerade. Now she's come out in the open—about herself, her life, and the man she loves

BY KAY PROCTOR



DOROTHY LAMOUR has Hollywood stumped.

The town, quite frankly, cannot understand what has happened to its erstwhile No. 1 hey-hey gal and pet Good-time Charlie. They can't understand the way she has calmed down and become a demure little miss who shuns the giddy whirl of night-club life.

"What makes?" it asks fitfully. "We used to depend on good old Dottie for the kick of the week. Now all we hear is about Patti McCarty, the Lamour secretary, doing the rounds of the hot spots with a different beau every night and winding up with a movie contract of her own. What makes?"

What makes? The answer is simple. It's that same little word which always is upsetting the applecart. To wit, love.

For Dorothy, it's a new kind of love.

Back of her recent right-about-face is a moving story. Not many know it because, while she has countless friends, she has only a few intimates who might have an inkling of the truth. Lately, too, she has developed a new quality—genuine reticence about her personal affairs. It's a good thing, that quality, because she used to pop off with some dillies which landed her in one jam after another. Strangely enough, she would turn clam on those who were her real friends and trustworthy and, in the next breath, make the rashest of statements to total strangers, who would crucify her with her own fool-



Caught having fun: Dorothy Lamour, star of "Caught in the Draft," with Greg Bautzer

was as if we were intruding on something not intended for our eyes.

In a happy, frank way she talked about the great plans she had for a family of her own, and of how little a career meant to her compared to success for Herbie. She said then she wanted nothing more from life than to be his wife and make a permanent home for him and their children. We'll always believe she meant it and that she still would be Mrs. Herbie Kay if things could have worked out in that pattern.

The word "permanent" was to prove the catch.

THERE was nothing unreasonable in Dorothy's wanting the security of a permanent home; that's something every woman needs. But a successful bandleader must be a peripatetic fellow, wandering from city to city as lucrative engagements beckon. A permanent home is one luxury his profession does not permit. And so Dorothy and Herbie talked things over and decided it was wisest she remain at her job in Hollywood while he traveled with his band. As soon as he had accumulated sufficient money to insure a modest living for them, they would retire from their respective careers and devote themselves to each other, their children and their home.

In dream form, it was a perfect plan. Unfortunately, it did not work.

Separations, however enforced, usually breed petty quarrels, jealousies, misunderstandings, even indifference. It is particularly true when the persons involved are in the limelight, where every little deed is magnified into something of importance. So it was with Herbie and Dorothy. Little differences, which would have been patched up had they been together, grew into issues as the miles grew between (*Continued on page* 89)

FRAME FOR FAME

Presenting, in our exclusive full-color series, an ingratiating little personage, Lana Turner very pert, very pretty, now appearing in "Ziegfeld Girl"

Lana Turner





The fast-talking, softhearted girl who's become a friend of the family: M-G-M's "Maisie," as portrayed by Ann Sothern

Maisie's REMEDIES for HEARTACHES

People will write things to "Maisie" they'd never tell anyone else. That's what makes these letters, and Ann Sothern's answers, collected by Marian Rhea, a document no one will want to miss

IT ALL began when *Maisie* burst upon the screen. There was something about her. . . .

Here was no unapproachable glamour girl who might not—quite probably would not—have time for the heart problems of you and me. Here, all of a sudden, was a kindly, folksy, human sort of a girl who seemed to step right out of the screen wanting to be friends.

So it began—that is, you began writing letters to *Maisie* about things that troubled you, especially the problems of love and marriage. You figured she would be the kind of girl who could help. You hadn't been writing such letters to Ann Sothern before she played her first *Maisie* role, even though you had seen her in pictures many a time; but *Maisie* was different.

So it went on until *Maisie*—or Ann possessed a very interesting collection of letters and, in answering them as carefully, as thoughtfully as she knew how, had made for herself a wonderful group of friends. Her advice was good, too, as you often told her gratefully. Many a time she showed you how to win back happiness after it had seemed lost for good.

Whereupon we come to the point! We have persuaded *Maisie*—or Ann—to allow us to reproduce here some of those letters (anonymously, of course) and her answers to them, so that not only you who wrote them and received help in return, but those of you who have similar problems and haven't known just what to do about them, might here find a solution. You see, Ann (*Maisie* to you) is a wise girl and a kind one. Otherwise, she couldn't have been a real *Maisie* on the screen.

Here is, she says, one of the first letters she received. It seems to us that it involves a predicament in which many a girl has found herself, and many another will again:

"DEAR MAISIE:

Perhaps it will seem silly to you that I am writing this letter, but something about the way you acted in your picture just got me. So I thought I'd try. You see, I am so unhappy! I have been going with a boy for a long time and was sure he cared for me as I do for him. Also, he had often complimented me on my honesty. So one night I told him I loved him. My heart was so full, it just seemed as though I had to. But instead of telling me he loved me, too, he acted kind of embarrassed and since then he has been different, although we still go together. Oh, Maisie, I know now I was foolish to do what I did! Can I do anything to remedy my mistake?"

This is what Ann wrote back:

"Yes, my dear, you were wrong to 'up and tell' your young man you loved him. Men like to take the initiative. They like to do the pursuing, always.

"But now that the thing is done, why let it lay! Don't refer to it again. Forget it as quickly as you can. Perhaps the young man will, too."

Here is another letter from a "damsel in distress."

"Dear 'Maisie' (Miss Sothern):

I am engaged to be married and, while we are both very young, I thought for a while we had every chance of happiness. But now I am not so sure. You see, we live in a small town where everyone knows everyone else and there is a certain girl who is crazy about my fiance. He is an honest, unsuspicious sort of person and I don't believe he even suspects what she is up to. Should I warn him of her designs? Or tell her off? Or what?"

Ann's letter in answer:

"Thank heavens you haven't said anything yet! Don't! If you warn your young man, it will make him aware of the designing miss and the fat might well be in the fire. As for 'telling off' the lady—don't do that, either! It couldn't do any good and it would be giving her a weapon to use against you—the knowledge of your vulnerability. No, you must grin and bear it. Besides, aren't you a bit flattered by the whole thing? Surely, you wouldn't want to fall in love with a boy no one else could be interested in."

Set forth here is, Ann thinks, an all too common tragedy of marriage:

"Dear Ann:

Please forgive my writing you, but I happen to know you were very kind to another girl who asked you for advice. So— (*Continued on page* 84)


Ann Sothern

Empty Bridal Suite

BY GLADYS HALL

BRIDE WANTED! . . .

Somewhere near Hollywood, in the residential section known as Brentwood, there is a Pennsylvania Dutch farmhouse, newly built of fieldstone and wood, set amid gracious gardens. A man lives here alone, and very tired he is of living alone, too.

Within the house fires burn on the hearths; the rooms are colorfully but simply furnished in Early American fashion. The fine old four-poster bed in the master bedroom, the old Dutch dowry chest, handwoven rugs, piecrust tables, cobblers' benches, thousand-eye glass were all hand-picked by the would-be bridegroom himself.

At night, the lights of the house shine hospitably out over the gardens —except from one wing, the windows of which are always dark.

For in this house, *there is one empty suite*, one suite of two rooms, dressing room and bath which has been left unfinished and unfurnished, the walls bare white plaster, the floors uncovered.

It is the bridal suite, left empty and waiting for an as-yet-unfound bride.

The bridegroom-to-be is: Tall, dark and handsome; six feet, two inches tall; 175 pounds in weight. His eyes are dark-brown; his hair is ebony-black; his teeth are perfect. He is sound in mind, body and bank account; an elegant dancer (his rhumba is sensational); he has an unblemished name and reputation. He dresses well; is generous with corsages, gifts and hospitality, but not a wastrel; fond of children, dogs and birds; less fond of cats but kind to them; drinks like a gentleman, smokes ditto; has none of the windy egotism of the actor. He says of himself, "I have worked hard for seven years. I've been no ball of fire, but—I am still working!"

He likes to go to the fights, is a movie fan but, except for symphonies, not a radio fan; is subject to the common cold but is a "good patient"; takes no setting-up exercises nor does he diet in any way; an easy man to feed, cucumbers being the only item of the cuisine that disagrees with him; can be the Life of Any Party and often is, but is equally happy at home, with a good book, a dog and (not a pipe, alas!) a cigarette; is not easily susceptible, having been exposed to—and survived, unwed—the charms of Ann Sheridan, Marlene Dietrich, Alice Faye, Joan Crawford, Patricia Morison, et cetera *and* et cetera.

. . . with references furnished by one and all. . . .

The Sheridan said of him, "He is more fun than any man alive. And more polite."

Marlene Dietrich: "When you dance with him, you are, the two of you are, a dream dancing . . . you fall in love with him when you dance with him. He is the perfect escort."

Joan Crawford: "He has every quality I can think of . . . dignity, excitement, gaiety, friendliness, romance, *everything*."

Alice Faye: "He is the most genuinely sympathetic man I know. Un-

Says Cesar: "I want those rooms unfinished so that my bride may fix them to please herself"

Kept dark and unfurnished in the Romero home is the suite of two rooms, dressing room and bath





Wanted—A Wife! Her rooms are ready; Cesar Romero is waiting. You can apply — providing . . .



"She must like my home," says Romero. The house is a Pennsylvania Dutch farmhouse, furnished in colorful Early American

like many actors, he is as interested in other people as he is in himself. If you want to laugh your head off or weep on his shoulder, he is right there with the laugh or the shoulder!"

Patricia Morison: "He doesn't look the type that would make the perfect husband. He looks—somewhat dangerous. But what's so fascinating about him is that he *would* make the perfect husband!"

His name is Cesar Julio Romero. Applicants for the bridal suite may address him care of Twentieth Century-Fox Studios, Beverly Hills, California.

AS to the bride-to-be—well, whoever you are and wherever you are, we have discussed you with Don Cesar. We offer you now the following tips in order that only those of you who qualify may apply:

It is better for you not to be an actress. Cesar would very definitely rather not marry an actress. As a matter of fact, he wouldn't like to at all. But, being a man of sense as well as sensibility, he doesn't say that he never will marry a professional.

He doesn't believe that an actor has to marry an actress in order for her to understand the Hollywood mode of life. He believes that any modern girl can adjust to any way of life. Furthermore, he believes that married life in Hollywood is safer and easier than elsewhere, other opinions and case histories to the contrary. Actors have more time to give to married life, he holds, than do businessmen.

Your looks are relatively unimportant. Not that you can be a frightwig. But if the willing bridegroom did not go to pieces over Dietrich, Crawford and Faye, can you really believe it matters much how you look?



The way you dress *is* important. Cesar notices women's clothes. Good taste is his standard. Quiet colors and nothing "circussy."

You must, you absolutely must, be a home-loving type, take pride in your home and be of a meticulous neatness and tidiness. When a vase belongs on a certain shelf, Cesar expects it to be on that shelf and no other. A mote of dust, in Romero's eyes, is a mountain!

You will, of course, have to like *his* house. He told me, "I'll just have to keep my eyes peeled for the girls who come to the house and pick one who likes it. Because if she doesn't like the house—no soap!"

You should be able to minister to the common cold—a dash of the trained nurse in the feminine temperament appeals to Cesar. You must be willing (*Continued on page* 110)


Robert Young

Footnotes on Kissing

Scene: The Big Romantic Moment in Columbia's "They Dare Not Love." As it approaches (below), stars Brent and Scott assume the required ardent expressions, meanwhile getting themselves well-grounded in bedroom slippers via a step-ladder and an encyclopedia. Right (top) is the major headwork you'll sigh over in the theater; below is the minor footwork that you'll never see on the screen—do you wonder?












Paulette Goddard

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PICTURES THAT *Talk!*

As a matter of fact, they shout out loud about three eloquent episodes of the Hollywood month

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK



THIS ONE SAYS: reunion. Meaning two top-notchers of Hollywood get together again. Celebration of the end of the recent Myrna Loy-Arthur Hornblow rift took place at the Mocambo — and looks speak louder than words

THIS ONE SAYS: A wave of cheer. Diners at the Mocambo were startled by the sudden explosion of a photographer's (not Fink!) bulb. Women screamed; confusion reigned; the waggish Bill Powell grabbed a napkin, swung it blithely and sang lustily, "I Surrender, Dear"

THIS ONE SAYS: Visibility, low. Mickey Rooney blew into the Brown Derby for dinner, punctuated his vitamins with phone calls in search of a Saturday night date. Pose proves that the way to a man's heart is not through his stomach

What Ann Sheridan



NOW THAT
ANN HAS GONE
BACK TO WORK, EVERY-
ONE WANTS TO KNOW
WHAT IT ALL MEANT TO HER

Learned in Exile

What happens when a star goes into temporary eclipse?

Well, for one thing, Hollywood people show themselves up as they really are.

Here's what Ann Sheridan found out about some of them

BY ANITA BLAKE

THEY were sitting on the fence of the east corral on a cattle ranch near the little town of Denton, Texas — a couple of lean, soft-spoken men, a hazel-eyed, tawny-haired youngster between them.

"Yeh. You have to do what you have to do," the black-haired man said. He kicked the high heel of a cowboy boot against the railing. "You have to," he repeated, and the other nodded solemnly.

It was man-talk, inexplicable to the small girl perched between them, but she listened intently because she always listened to what the "Boss Man" said. He was her father and she adored him. And later on, when she had him to herself and asked him what it meant, he explained.

"It means that if a certain course of action appears right to you, Ludie, you have to follow it, no matter what, or pretty soon you won't like yourself," he said.

All this was a long time ago. Small "Ludie" is grown up now. She is a Hollywood star—and an "oomph girl," which is something among stars. She is Ann Sheridan. And the "Boss Man" is dead. But she has never forgotten that day when they sat on the fence of the east corral and he imparted to his cowhand Slim his simple code of life. Like him, she has learned to do what she has to do. And that, if you only knew it, explained a good deal concerning Ann Sheridan's long quarrel with Warner Brothers over salary and why you haven't seen her in pictures lately.



FINK

During the past few months Hollywood has been saying the Brent-Sheridan romance was off. What Hollywood didn't know about that is what you'll read in this story

A good many stories have gone the rounds here in Hollywood and elsewhere over Ann's differences with Warners. You've heard this and you've heard that. But here is the truth, as Ann tells it herself:

During the time Ann was working in "Torrid Zone," "They Drive By Night," "City For Conquest" and "Honeymoon For Three," she was making $600 a week and was not due for a raise, under her contract, until April 1, 1941, at which time she was to receive $150 a week more. Well, all this may seem a lot of money. It *is* a lot of money. But everybody knows, too, that $600, or even $750, is chicken feed for a star who is "hot" at the box office. Everybody knows that players like Spring Byington and Sidney Toler (*Charlie Chan*) make over $1,000 a week, while stars like Wally Beery and Edward Arnold have consistently made hundreds of thousands of dollars every year.

"And so," Ann told me, "when I realized that my pictures were making big money at the box office, it seemed no more than right to me that I should have a better salary, particularly in view of the fact that I had been promised raises several times, but hadn't gotten them. I, therefore, asked for one once more. I asked for $2,000 a week. And was told I couldn't have it. Whereupon, when I was instructed to report for work on 'The Strawberry Blonde,' I just didn't do it. I couldn't, somehow. Maybe it was just plain old Texas stubbornness, but—well, I had to do what I had to do. I couldn't do otherwise and keep my self-respect. . . ."

That is the background of this story of what it means to be a Hollywood exile. But it is only the background. It fades into insignificance before the things that have happened to Ann since that day when she just didn't show up for work in "The Strawberry Blonde." Ann's difficulties with Warner Brothers, settled now, were "just business," as she herself points out. But what happened during her "exile"—well, that is a different story, human and moving.

What happens when a Hollywood star goes into eclipse?

"In the first place," Ann said, "Hollywood does a double shift and suddenly you see people exactly as they are! You see, oh, so clearly, the ones who've been friendly just because you've had a (*Continued on page* 99)

Reading

POUNDS—HOW TO PUT THEM ON



An all-around scoop for summer—if you aren't too small or too wide! A giant peachbasket over one eye with swirled up sides has a heavy-hangs-over-your-head effect unless you're Lucille Ball's size. Wide brims make your face look small but can add pounds



A tiny hat with a forward tilt is what you need if you're petite like Michele Morgan. But if you're the least bit mysterious about your weight, remember that a small visor brim closes in on you! And a fluffy veil fills out your face



A pointed peak with a straight little brim plays tricks on your face and figure. Squares off your chin and sharpens your nose, unless you have Kay Linaker's features! Remember, too that a narrow top is broadening Be sure you're as slim as Ka



A brim straight across you is broadening, particularly if it has a wide eye-catching band like the one Maureen O'Hara wears. If, like Maureen, you can take your brims "straight" here's your clue to chic! Striking if you're slim, but fatal if you aren't

Every new hat style has fundamental lines that change your size and shape. Find out what they are! Take your cue from the carefully trained stars. Fashion wizards, stylists, designers, have taught them how to choose the kind of style that is sure to do the most for them. Here are a few tip-offs on the hat line-up brought to you by Dorothy Calhoun

Between the Hat Lines

Golden Hat Rules

1. Lines that repeat or contrast too sharply with unpleasing lines in the face emphasize them no end.
2. Wide hats that cut off inches may add on pounds!
3. Hats with a flair for height are slimming.



Top it off with a trim little sailor like the one Brenda Joyce wears and you'll stay as slim as you are! That is, if the brim isn't too narrow for your face and the hat too small for your size. Perch it on an angle or wear it Gay '90's style —straight on top of your head. Flowers and veiling soften the prim little brim



Make it a tall one like Anne Gwynne's for your very trimmest effect. The long lines of the nifty little hat Universal's small starlet is wearing lead the eye straight up. And the soft rose accents the height. Besides this, an oval brim high above your forehead will make your face look oval too. Very flattering— especially with a halo of soft maline!



POUNDS—HOW TO TAKE THEM OFF



A tall turban like Eleanor Powell's will add inches to your pride! If you wind it high above your forehead with a big choux on top it makes your face seem longer. A draped high turban is slimming too, if it has irregular lines. But wrap it tight around your head and it will make your face seem larger

Perch a round "pretty" way high in back and it gives a clear outline to your face. The frivolous little fancy Rosemary Lane is wearing repeats the perfect contour of her face and points it up very cleverly. A brim like this, standing straight up in back, is sure to give your face a lift. A tuft of veil on top adds another "light" touch— and flowers are always flatterin

The



"You know, dear," said Adrienne, "you're different somehow—really different. I realized it this afternoon when you kissed me!"

IT was the hour that precedes the cocktail hour and in a little while the bar of the New York hotel would be crowded. Now, however, the only customer was a tall blond young man whose blue eyes gleamed with amused impudence from his deeply tanned face as though they found the world a very fine place indeed. As he strode up to the bar, the bartender reached automatically for a glass and a tall green bottle.

"The usual, Mr. Evans?" he asked. Then, he noticed the yellow envelope in the young man's hand. "I hope it's good news, sir," he said politely.

John Evans tilted his head to one side whimsically. "It better be," he grinned, "or I'll be right there back of the bar with you—white apron and all." His eyes dropped to the paper he had pulled out of the envelope and his expression changed from confidence to incredulous fury.

"The skunk!" he muttered. "The dirty white-livered skunk!" Savagely he tore the paper into bits, then he turned his pockets inside out, piling wrinkled bills and silver coins on the bar. "That's all the money I have in the world," he said grimly. "How much of what drink will it buy?"

The bartender counted. "Six Scotch and sodas," he announced.

The young man considered the answer briefly, then, as suddenly as it had disappeared, his good humor returned. "Okay," he said cheerfully, "six Scotch and sodas it is. Here," picking up a brandy snifter, "better mix 'em in this."

"But Mr. Evans," the bartender objected, "you never drink anything but ginger ale."

"Six Scotch and sodas," John insisted and, when the man had placed the brimming glass in front of him, "This is a special occasion. I am

Man Who Lost Himself

—but found a lot of other things, including a beautiful woman who refused to believe him when he told her she wasn't his wife

Fiction version by
LEE PENNINGTON

THE CAST

John Evans / *Malcolm Scott* ..... Brian Aherne

Adrienne Scott ..... Kay Francis

Paul ..... S. Z. Sakall

Mrs. Van Avery ..... Dorothy Tree

Mulhausen ..... Henry Kolker

A Universal picture. Screen play by Eddie Moran. Based on the novel by H. DeVere Stacpoole. Directed by Edward Ludwig.



"But I'm not Mr. Scott!" said John loudly. "I'm another man." "Yes sir," said the little round elderly man blandly. "You always are."

drinking," he raised the glass, "to my dear old friend Harold Phillips, the skunk!" While the bartender looked on in astonishment he downed the drink, then saluted nonchalantly and turned away from the bar. . . .

The following morning, John was aroused by a stream of sunlight beating insistently on his face. Fretfully he fought against it, then, giving up the struggle, he yawned and stretched and blinked his way to consciousness. It came with a bang and he sat up abruptly, which started waves of nausea surging in his midriff and set an iron foundry working overtime in his head. But these discomforts folded up and disappeared under the force of the greater shock which awaited him. Instead of his modest hotel quarters the bedroom which stretched away before his eyes was only slightly smaller than the Grand Central waiting room and furnished with a lavishness which he had never seen before except in the movies. Shuddering, he dived under the covers again and forced himself to face the fact that he didn't know where he was or how he had got there.

He had come to New York from Porto Rico two weeks ago on business. The business had proved to be a washout and he had cabled his partner, Harold Phillips, for return fare to Porto Rico. What had happened then?

He frowned in concentration; then he remembered. Phillips, the skunk, had cabled insultingly that since John had gummed up the business entrusted to him he could swim back to Porto Rico. The criticism of his business efforts was unjustified; moreover, he wasn't fond of swimming so, he recalled, he had decided to have a drink. . . .

There was the sound of a door softly opening and closing. Warily John opened one eye. An elderly round little man in servant's livery was standing by the bed. John opened the other eye and as if this was a signal he had been waiting for the man said deferentially, "Good morning, sir."

"Who are you?" John demanded.

The man looked pained, but answered patiently, "Paul, sir. And how do you feel this morning, Mr. Scott?"

John shook his head experimentally. "Terrible," he groaned. "But I'm not Mr. Scott," he added.

"Very good, Mr.—Scott."

John sighed. Apparently the old fellow was deaf or not very bright. "I'm not," he repeated, louder this time, "Mr. (*Continued on page* 101)

...a girl who by looks alone
...could hold any number of
...screen heroes in any num-
...ber of theaters spellbound:
...Marlene Dietrich as a gay
...adventuress in Universal's
..."The Flame of New Orleans"

Answer to the prayers of a lot of maidens, especially of Marjorie Toole of Liverpool, England: A full-page portrait of George Sanders of M-G-M's "Rage In Heaven." Says Miss Toole: "Here we are, night after night, waiting for 'Jerry' to come over, running down the garden into our shelter. Now if I had a nice picture of George to put on the wall, I'd even forget there was an air raid on or that the Battle of Britain was being fought!"

Carpenter

The Draft—and Jim

THE REAL



At a slightly older age, he plays the same game in Hollywood: In the Army in "The Shopworn Angel" (1938)



Indiana, Pennsylvania's bespectacled young hopeful: Jimmy makes believe he's a soldier

Following the Photoplay-Movie Mirror tradition, we have gone to the star himself for the facts of a story that has been badly twisted by the tongues of Hollywood—and also by the press

JIM STEWART is in the Army.

Hollywood's most eligible bachelor, the winner of this year's Academy Award for the best screen actor and the most sought-after leading man in the film business, has traded his make-up kit for the heavier pack of a private in Uncle Sam's preparedness parade.

Ever since he ambled into the spotlight of screen prominence several years ago, Jim Stewart has symbolized to film-goers the likeable, unaffected boy around the corner in their own home town. Today, even as you read this, Jim has joined the million or more other "John Does" in that greatest of levelers, the draft.

And it seems somehow fitting that the first Hollywood star to be tagged by the Selective Service should be the tall, lanky young man who, of all the men of draft age in the movie colony, is the closest counterpart to the average American from Main Street now marching off from his job to a training camp.

That Jim has entered the Army for a year of military service may not be news to his thousands of fans who read of his induction just a few weeks ago in their morning papers. What is news is the hitherto untold tale of how Jim, at the height of his popularity, was almost wrecked by a careless bit of reporting that incor-

Stewart STORY

BY WILBUR MORSE, JR.

rectly labeled him as seeking deferment in the draft and brought his whole world tumbling down on him in a storm of criticism and misunderstanding.

Two months ago in *Photoplay-Movie Mirror*, "Fearless," in an article titled "Words That Kill," dramatically revealed the way that careers, reputations and personal happiness in Hollywood often are crucified by careless or callous reporting. Even as this plea for fair play was rolling off the presses, a new wave of whispers—and louder lampoons—was being directed at Jim Stewart in exactly the same mistaken, misguided fashion "Fearless" decried.

"Jimmy's Got It—Deferment!" snickered a headline in a Washington, D. C., newspaper the morning after a gay group of other Hollywood stars had danced at the President's Birthday Ball.

"Movie Star Favored" was the inky finger of rebuke in a New York daily. And all across the country the front pages carried stories that Jim Stewart, the film star, had been given deferment by his local draft board.

There was no official explanation of his deferment and reporters speculated that both Jim and his studio, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, had requested the favored classification on the grounds of his being an important figure in an industry essential to the morale of the nation.

Those stories almost broke Jim's heart.

The truth of the matter was that when his draft number was called, Jim had welcomed a chance to serve, but had been turned down after a physical examination disclosed he was ten pounds under the required weight. Even as the journalistic jibes at his deferment were being printed, Jim had begun a rigorous routine of diet and exercise to gain the precious ten pounds that would balance the scales of the Selective Service requirements.

Unaware of the true status of the case, fans (*Continued on page* 81)



STYLE STREAMERS

For an "a 'Maying mood": A fashion maypole which you can wind up in fine style. Each of the streamers represents a new mode-of-the-month; tied up with them you will find the clues to their identities. Do a little light thinking along fashion lines and you'll have five pointers as to how to head the hit-style parade. If you look on page 94, you'll find the correct wind-up

Fashion Quiz

BY MARIAN H. QUINN

Style A (The draft brought this in)

Style B (A beau-catcher)

Style C (Small-boy stuff)

Style D (Gay as a barber pole)

Style E (A well-grounded fashion)



Clue to Style A

This is a one-worder.

Take the first initial of the last name of the blonde star of "Virginia"

+

A three-letter word meaning "to copy"

Clue to Style B

The course of this fashion is charted right to the middle. We give the whole thing away by the pretty picture of a pretty gal shown above. She's wearing what we mean; you'll probably want to make yourself one like it

Clue to Style C

Take the first name of the dead-pan comedian who reigned ten years ago

+

The name of the color of Judy Garland's eyes

+

A word that rhymes with "dollar"; is spelled the same except for one letter; and keeps chins up

Clue to Style D

Take the word that belongs in this blank: . . . like taking ——— from a baby . . .

+

The word that describes what gentlemen wear at Sing Sing

Clue to Style E

Take the word that rhymes with "sage" and describes a neutral color

+

The name of the article that is a shoemaker's living

I CHOOSE FOR JUNE

says Ida Lupino

This South American recruit for a summer wardrobe . . . Miss Lúpino, star of Warners' "The Sea Wolf," takes an up-to-the-minute fashion outlook in a shantung shirtmaker frock. South American sway and color run riot in the full brilliant red, yellow and blue print skirt; the yellow shantung blouse has four gold disc buttons that wink wickedly. Her off-the-face green felt is a gay, bright, enchanting finale to a costume by Harry Cooper, Hollywood



PHOTOGRAPHS
BY
SCHUYLER CRAIL

This conversation-stopper in the suits-for-town group . . . A long-jacketed suit worn by Miss Lupino. The box pleats swing in defiance to summer breezes; the longer jacket fits the new suit law. Amusing carved buttons of natural wood march down the front as a nice accent to the sheer beige wool; the hat is a spruce straw pierced with a quill and shadowed with veiling. Harry Cooper, Hollywood, designed both this costume and the one opposite

This bolt from the blue for a June day . . a classic redingote costume with a coat of powder blue sheer wool topping a matching blue and corn yellow print dress. The hat is a look-at-me model of blue straw with yellow roses and graceful veiling. Trick complement to a trick costume is Miss Lupino's gold brooch. Set with scientific tourmalines, emeralds and amethysts, it was designed by Hobe. It can also be worn on a velvet band as an unusual necklace



This winner in the navy-blue-standby class . . . a silk crepe dress with a fly front and pockets stitched trimly to the hipline. Two interest-rousers are the series of wide pleats that fall from the left hip and the smoothly feminine embroidered batiste collar that is edged with lace. Hats will be taken off to the Lupino bonnet, too—a black milan accented by proud white straw hibiscus blooms. This choice is also from Harry Cooper, Hollywood

This glowing example of fashion's new greens . . . Miss Lupino wears a dinner dress that is a bit of clever mating: A brief jacket of artichoke green topping off a long-waisted dress of lighter green. The splash of wool embroidery on the big pockets picks up the jacket's color; for a singular jewel contrast, Ida wears a gold and silver chatelaine set with scientific rubies, an original design by Hobe. Dress designed by Patricia Perkins, Los Angeles



To Make

Presenting the first in an exclusive series designed to point the way to



YOU CAN TURN THIS ROOM—

WHEN you see a charming bedroom on the screen—dainty in dotted swiss or cheerful and livable in chintz or streamlined and as modern as tomorrow—do you groan with envy and wish you could have a room like it? You can!

"But it costs *money* to have a charming room!" We can hear those protests of yours rising all round us. And we're not impressed because. .

It doesn't cost a cent more for a room to be comfortable and charming than it does for it to be uncomfortable and plain! It's the thought and the old-fashioned American industry that go into a room that makes it attractive, not the money. When your room is charming it's a flattering background for you; it lifts your spirits; and—if you use it as a private sitting room—it attracts friends, too.

Actually an attractive room pays such large dividends in happiness that it's extravagant not to give your room a beauty treatment right now—while Hollywood's outstanding interior decorators stand by to tell you how to accomplish this and, at the same time, stay within your budget

Allow us to present your consultants, who are all experts in interior decoration: A. E. Freudeman, Adrian, Van Nest Polglase, Tommy Little and Edwin B. Willis.

Our experts now have the floor. They insist there's an answer for every decorative problem. They wish to remind you that rooms are like people—that you take to some instantly and retreat from others, without knowing why. Ready to tell you how you can keep your room from being the unfortunate latter kind, they proclaim:

HOLLYWOOD'S OUTSTANDING EXPERTS IN DECORATION



Adrian: Entranced by his home decorations, friends begged him to decorate their houses



A. E. Freudeman: He is the brains behind the beauty of rooms built at Paramount

You Happier

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

ISTRATION BY WM. J. HENNESSEY

those things you've always wanted and perhaps never dreamed you could have



— INTO THIS ROOM

Rooms Have Feelings, Too

¶ You may not cry out, like Garbo, "I want to be alone!" But the chances are that you do need to get off by yourself sometimes. In this day of small living quarters the only place you can be alone, likely enough, is in your bedroom. It's also pleasant to be able to entertain your friends in your room—so Mother and Dad won't feel they are dispossessed from the family living room and so you won't be interrupted by a younger brother or that older member of the family who likes to pop in and sit down and visit. Therefore, *plan your room as a sitting room with a bed in it.* Complete bedroom suites belong in hotels anyway. They give a room that stiff, impersonal appearance which is exactly what you don't want. You can gain all the drawer space that you need by having cupboards in your closet.

¶ Before you buy a half-yard of material or a ten-cent can of paint determine upon exactly the kind of room you want. Plan a room that will be a flattering background for you and that will suit your individual needs.

¶ Decide upon your color scheme. Rooms which have a southern exposure do well with white and grays and soft green and beiges and blues. Rooms which have a northern exposure do best with yellows and oranges and salmon.

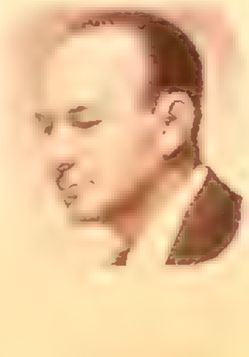
¶ Don't be proud! Having decided upon your basic color let real artists help you with your complementary colors. Buy a small piece of chintz or wallpaper in which your basic color predominates and be guided by the complementary colors and tones used by the (*Continued on page* 91)



Van Nest Polglase: He decorated the presidential palace at Havana, is now with RKO



Tommy Little: His forte is the "difficult corner," 20th Century-Fox, his stronghold



Edwin B. Willis: He "dresses" the rooms you see in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer films

"MAN-POISON"

It was a desperate game to play, but it was the only way she could rid herself of the stigma the man she loved had placed upon her

BY FRANCES BARR MATTHEWS

ILLUSTRATION BY MARSHALL FRANTZ

ANNABELLE watched Mike's descent with desperation but admitted how dexterously he let himself down step by step, miraculously finding toe and finger holds to support himself. One wrong move and he would hurtle down into the gully below, perhaps taking her with him if he should strike the ledge on which she lay. She shouted again to warn him that the ledge could not hold them both and then she saw that he had shifted his direction so that he was not straight above her and thus would not endanger her if he fell.

"Mike! Listen! *Listen* to me!"

It seemed to her that she was shouting because of the effort she had to make to talk at all, but her ears told her that she had managed little more than a whisper.

At last Mike was a few feet from her. He had found a spot in the steep rocky terrain where he could rest for a moment by digging his knees into a miniature ledge and cling precariously with his hands and elbows. For a moment his face was a mask of grim concern, but when Annabelle smiled at him, he managed an answering smile and said, "Annabelle! You're all right? Tell me, are you all right?"

"I think so," she said. But then her face clouded with sudden fear. "Mike, what are you going to do, what *are* you going to do?"

"Listen," he said, "I had to find out how you are. But I'm going back to get help and a doctor. Can you hang on till I get back?"

She smiled wanly. "I've held on so far," she said

"Have you tried to move?" he asked.

"Just enough," she said, "to find out that my arms and legs seem to be all right."

Then he saw the look of agony on her face and realized that even the effort to talk was too much for her.

"Annabelle," he said intently, "I'm going to get you out of here fast. Doctor Wilmer will be waiting for us at the hospital in the valley. So everything's going to be all right, dear."

His words touched her and she felt comforted. "Thanks, Mike," she said, and saw that he had already begun the dangerous climb up the cliff. She closed her eyes, for she could not bear the suspense. He must make it, he *must*. And in that moment she knew how little she cared what happened to her and how much it mattered to her that he should be safe. At last she dared look up and saw that he had practically reached the top. One final effort and he disappeared from view. Now the pain inside of her became once more a steady torture and she searched in her mind for thoughts that could comfort her. Then she remembered the sound of his voice when he had said, "Everything's going to be all right, dear."

"HERE, drink this." Nurse Henderson held the glass of orange juice toward Annabelle, her jolly face drawn into her chronic expression of mock severity. Annabelle reached out for the glass and tried to pull herself up to a sitting position.

"Don't try to be too spry, now," the nurse said, "just because you're beginning to feel human again."

"I feel as if I just woke up from a nightmare," Annabelle said.

"It was no nightmare, sweetheart. It happened, all right. How do you feel?"

"All right," said Annabelle.

Sara Henderson saw the cloud that passed across her patient's face. "Now, you're not to think about that any more," she said. "That's over and done with. What you're going to think about is the future."

"That's just what I'm doing," Annabelle said, "and what I've been worried about is that—"

"Nonsense," said the nurse, patting her hand. "You'll be able to have all the children you want. Drink your orange juice."

It had only been in the last day or two that Annabelle had had spirit or courage enough to think of anything except her pain and weakness. After the terrible ordeal—the hours that it took to get her from the ledge, the difficult trip on the stretcher to the hospital, with Mike riding beside her in the ambulance, giving her dear words of encouragement, the hovering between life and death when the pain was so great that she could not even mourn for George's child that she could not have—it had taken several days before she had strength enough to dare think.

Now she was beginning to get things straight in her mind. She knew beyond a shadow of a doubt that she loved Mike Harrigan more than she had ever loved anyone. The knowledge gave her a deep sense of contentment that overshadowed the torments of the present. She had thought often of Helga Bentley and of what might have happened since her fateful visit to Lonely Lodge. Each day that Mike had come to see her, sometimes sitting hours at her side reading to her or talking to keep her mind off her pain, she had watched for signs of trouble, but his cheerfulness at last convinced her that, for once, Helga Bentley had passed up a chance for a story.

"I feel that there is one thing that we must straighten out first," said Annabelle

She felt now a great impatience to be well so that she could straighten out the tangled threads of her life. What part Mike Harrigan was to play in that life she could only hope for; his attitude toward her was filled with tenderness and consideration, but it might have been the kindness of an old friend, the devotion of a brother. She thought several times, "Wouldn't it be a lovely piece of irony! Something really matters at last to Annabelle Clark, something worth dying for—and that something she cannot have." Then she would remember some little word of affection that Mike had used, some gesture that she tried to convince herself meant more than it seemed, some look that could have love behind it. And then, this very afternoon, the thing that she had feared the most might happen, did happen.

The moment Mike came into the room she knew that something had changed. His face was drawn and pale, as though he had lost sleep. He sat for a time at her bedside talking of trivialities, and then said, "I talked to the doctor today. He says you'll be out day after tomorrow."

"Did he?" said Annabelle. "Mike, what's the matter? What's happened?"

Mike looked away. "I've had a fight with Clark," he said. "We're washed up."

Annabelle said, "But why? It isn't about my not wanting to see him, is it? Didn't he get my letter?"

"Yes, he did. It hasn't anything to do with you, Annabelle. He understands how you feel. He asked me to tell you that he hoped he could see you as soon as you came back to town."

It seemed that Mike was not going to talk any more about it, but Annabelle persisted: "I thought you had a contract with him."

"I have. It's up next month and he told me today that he wouldn't renew it."

ANNABELLE felt a rising fury. Always, whenever her happiness was at stake, it seemed inevitable that Holton must step in and spoil it. But she had not given any sign that Mike mattered to her. There was something behind this and she was determined to find out what it was. She controlled her inner fury and said quietly, "Never mind, Mike. One of the other studios will grab you up."

"Oh, sure," said Mike. "Especially after the 'Girl from Guatemala' fiasco." (*Continued on page* 86)





I'm afraid this isn't my best penmanship, because I'm writing this on a sound stage at Columbia.

Rita Hayworth



a flock of secret planes have come into sight and the pilots signaled to the beleaguered expedition

Robert Stack



If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you. But make allowance for their doubting too;

Rosemary Lane

Your Handwriting on

DEAR RITA

Your handwriting reveals that you are very ambitious. You are also very sensitive, especially with regard to people in your surroundings. You are never happy unless you have the right conditions and are doing the kind of work you want to do. In a sympathetic atmosphere your working capacities increase 100%. Much depends on whether you like people or not. You should always follow your inner instinct which tells you what to do. Your impulses are strongly developed.

The keynote of your personality lies in your gift (*Continued on page* 78)

DEAR ROBERT:

I should begin your analysis with so many "ifs" and "whens" that I don't know where to start. Your extremely strong will power helps to keep you going. You are very versatile and are able to do different things without going into detail very deeply. There is a certain inactivity and superficiality to be seen in your handwriting. All these characteristics won't help to improve your development. What you have to do, my friend, is to try to make up your mind to express yourself in a free way. You have to try to win more self-confidence and a (*Continued on page* 78)

DEAR ROSEMARY:

Your handwriting reveals a high degree of intuition. You have a very sensitive nature and are able to get very quickly the conditions and surroundings of other people. You are amenable to new ideas and are constantly out for new experiences. You keep in touch with people of all walks of life because that is how you get your ideas and inspirations. Your strength lies in the fact that you are able to size up situations at a moment's notice but are cautious enough not to reveal your findings too early. It will be very realistic parts in which you will have (*Continued on page* 78)



All that we have to do be we low or high is to see that we grow nearer, nearer the sky.

Dennis Morgan



Such, in a word, is the latest theory of how life started on this planet.

Carole Landis

the Wall

BY HARRY O. TELTSCHER

Your fate, fortune and future lies in your handwriting, as is proved—amazingly—in the case of these five stars

Dr. Teltscher, brilliant young Viennese, is the creator of the system of psycho-graphology used abroad and in this country by business firms for personnel work; by the police in uncovering evidence; also in the medical field, for he claims the physical condition of a patient is revealed by his handwriting. His specialty is helping unadjusted people to adjust their lives whether the problem is "What kind of work should I choose?" or "What sort of man should I marry?"

DEAR DENNIS:

You have a charming personality and vital as you are you should be able to achieve great success in life. Your handwriting reveals a restless mind which tries to forge ahead using all possible means for reaching its ends. You will meet many people in your life but I'm afraid that will not be enough to satisfy you. It's true you are attractive enough to attract a great many people and by using another of your gifts—diplomacy—you are able to approach people you want to know; but, confess, how little real happiness you derive from them. You are young (*Continued on page* 78)

DEAR CAROLE:

Your handwriting reveals immediately that there is an unbending desire for clearness in you. You like to see things as plainly and clearly as possible. You like to go to the root of things. You are out for your own discoveries. You have strong impulses and like to follow them immediately. At the same time you are able to come to your conclusions by your logic. If there is a dispute between your reason and your feelings, your emotions get the better part of you. You are an extremely sensitive girl and have distinct likes and dislikes for other (*Continued on page* 78)

Most talked-about girl of the month

She has the mind of a scholar and the face of an impish angel and she is turning a lot of people's heads in a lot of places in Hollywood. Her name is Veronica Lake and her fame comes from three things: First, that she is the only girl with naturally silver hair in filmtown; secondly, that she is the shortest miss in the studios; thirdly, that she is turning in a triumphal performance in Paramount's "I Wanted Wings." In her private life she has a real name—Constance Keane; a husband, John Detlie, associate art director; and a studio that is steering her—fast—toward starlight limelight



Richee

U. S. SALESGIRLS FIND . . . . .



...AND 2 OUT OF 3 PREFER
THE DELICIOUS PEPPERMINT
FLAVOR OF BEECH-NUT GUM

more minutes of flavor in Beech-Nut Gum

PROOF of the extra-lasting goodness of Beech-Nut Peppermint Gum was established by test among salesgirls in 29 cities.

An independent research organization questioned 245 salesgirls as follows. Each girl was given two different brands (Beech-Nut and one other, both unidentified). Each was asked to tell how long she thought the flavor lasted and which stick tasted better.

The results. According to the girls, Beech-Nut's peppermint flavor lasted, on an average, 14% longer than the peppermint flavor of all other brands tested. Also—2 out of 3 girls preferred the peppermint flavor of Beech-Nut to that of other brands.

Get Beech-Nut today—in the bright *yellow* package. It's delicious—*stays* delicious.

They said: more minutes of flavor



The most beautiful fingernails in the world!



The continuous use of Dura-Gloss will make your fingernails more beautiful!



Dura-Gloss introduces new shades of nail polish as fast as fashion news is made. Every time you buy a new dress be sure to get the newest shade of Dura-Gloss polish to wear with it. It will be right—Dura-Gloss follows fashion trends closely to make it so. Brush it on your nails, make them chic accessories, smart accents to your whole ensemble. Dura-Gloss costs only ten cents a bottle so you can easily afford to have a Dura-Gloss shade for every dress you own! Try the new spring shades of Dura-Gloss today. With Dura-Gloss you'll have the most beautiful fingernails in the world and the smartest!

Protect your nails—make them more beautiful with

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It's good for Your Nails 10¢

THE DIFFERENCE between NAIL POLISHES

Brush Dura-Gloss on your nails. You'll be absolutely astounded by its *brilliance*. Dura-Gloss glows with all the fire of a priceless ruby, because Dura-Gloss is made from a superior polish formula. Other polishes put color on your nails, but Dura-Gloss makes them strikingly, excitingly, lustrously brilliant! Discriminating women cherish Dura-Gloss for this rich deep color, sparkling incandescence, this unbelievable brilliance. No other polish gives your nails the beautiful "effectiveness" of Dura-Gloss — select one of its 20 exquisite shades today!



This Olivier-Leigh love scene in "Fire over England" changed their whole lives

Classic example of screen love that was real: Garbo and John Gilbert in "Flesh and the Devil"

Beginning of a real-life romance: This memorable Davis-Brent scene in "Dark Victory"

The Truth about SCREEN LOVE-MAKING

An exposé that will open your eyes—and Hollywood's

—about kisses that are supposed to be "make-believe"

BY "FEARLESS"

DO THE stars really "live" the love-making they are called upon to do on the screen?

This is a question which all of us connected with pictures are continually asked by many of you out there. And the stock answer of the industry is, "Why, of course not. For an actor to take a woman in his arms and speak the lines the script calls for is part of his business, just as a businessman calls in his stenographer and dictates a letter on the rise in market prices."

A very logical answer—and ofttimes so. But you and I are playing a game of truth in these heart-to-hearts on Hollywood. Therefore I tell you that, more often than the board of directors cares to admit, their highly personable young men and women whose business it is to take up camera angles in each other's arms don't always leave it at just the camera angles. You've heard that one about being "only human"? Well, I'm afraid there's more truth than exclusiveness to the explanation. They *are* human.

Imagine yourself cast upon the bosom of a comely member of the opposite sex whom you more than likely don't know. Embarrassing? Of course it is—at first. Then the chemistry of personalities goes to work. You are either attracted to or repulsed by this person; but under such conditions there is no normal incubation period for liking or disliking. Things happen fast.

To cite an outstanding instance, Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier met for the first time in Alexander Korda's London office to discuss the possibility of Vivien's doing "Fire over England" with Olivier. He was an established star with a wife and a child. She was the newest discovery of London's West End theater world with a husband and a tiny daughter. There was every reason why they should have been nothing but the most casual (*Continued on page* 111)

The Girl with the "Immoral" Hair



BY
MARGARET CHUTE

—that's what George Bernard Shaw said about Wendy Hiller, a modern "career wife" whose methods make men applaud and start women on a whole new line of thought

THE rehearsal of the first act of "St. Joan" came to an abrupt close. Down the aisle of the theater in Malvern, England, strode the most famous playwright of our times and, defying the eighty years that tried to claim him, George Bernard Shaw bounded up onto the stage. He made straight for the girl who had just finished reading the part of *Joan of Arc*. Momentarily he stared at her with electric blue eyes under ferociously bushy eyebrows.

"Hullo! What's the matter with your hair?" he demanded.

This was Wendy Hiller's introduction to the great Shaw. With acute discomfort and a passing curse Wendy thought of the American hairdresser who had insisted on giving her unruly hair a Buster Brown bang before she had returned from New York. Hastily she replied:

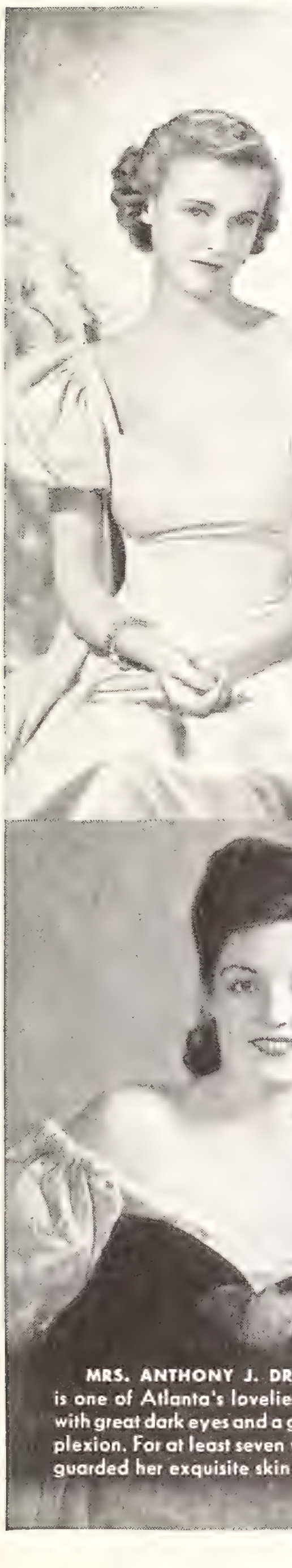
"I'm so sorry, Mr. Shaw. It's curly."

"It's immoral!" retorted Mr. Shaw.

Not a wholly auspicious start for the young lady who was then playing a saint and who now appears as a Salvation Army lass in "Major Barbara," Shaw's (*Continued on page* 70)

"THESE 3 WOMEN have as Beautiful Complexions as I have ever seen"— *says Hurrell, Hollywood's famous photographer*

HURRELL, who has photographed many of the most glamorous women in America, says he was tremendously impressed by the lovely complexions of these three society beauties. The striking charm of their skin is not a matter of chance. Naturally beautiful, their skin is made even lovelier by their faithful following of the Pond's Beauty Ritual.



MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, Jr. looks like a lovely Dresden-china figurine. Since she was in boarding school, she has used Pond's at least twice every day—and her skin is damask fine—soft, smooth.



MRS. WHITNEY BOURNE has the poised beauty of an orchid. Her pink and cream skin is dazzling—rich, vibrant. She has used Pond's since her deb days.

MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL, III is one of Atlanta's loveliest daughters, with great dark eyes and a glorious complexion. For at least seven years she has guarded her exquisite skin with Pond's.

Give YOUR skin THEIR Beauty Care



A BEAUTIFYING CLEANSING—with ultra-soft Pond's Cold Cream every night, and for day-time cleansings. You smooth it on, wipe it off with Pond's Tissues. Your skin is freed of dirt and make-up. Apply Pond's Cold Cream again, spank it in well, wipe off. Little dry lines and pore openings show less. Your skin is immaculately clean, soft, supple.

A rousing splash. Make your skin tingle and glow! Splash it with Pond's cooling, astringent Freshener. It takes away oiliness, too.

A NEW LOOK, A NEW FEEL to your skin. Apply the 1-minute Mask—a thick coat of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Wipe off after *1 full minute*. You will hardly believe your eyes. The keratolytic action of Pond's Vanishing Cream has *taken off* countless tiny bits of dried skin that roughened and dulled your complexion. Your skin looks more delicate, clearer—it feels definitely softer. It has a lovely mat finish that takes powder with exquisite smoothness—and holds it for hours.



See how YOUR skin responds! And this simple beauty ritual takes only a few moments each day! See your complexion looking more and more radiantly lovely.



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I want to follow the same beautifying skin care Mrs. Roosevelt, Mrs. Whitney Bourne and Mrs. Drexel have found so successful. For the enclosed 10c (for postage and packing) send me at once Pond's Special Beauty Ritual Kit, containing Pond's ultra-soft Cold Cream—for cleansing and softening—Skin Freshener, Tissues and Vanishing Cream—for the 1-minute Mask.

Name _____

Address _____ (Offer good in U. S. only)

(*Continued from page* 68)

...study of humanitarianism versus ...wer. But from that point matters ...mselves out, as matters ... of doing, until Wendy encountered in this highly portentous ... of the Malvern Festival the ... of destiny in her life.

...l Pascal, Hungarian dreamer, ...ctor, soldier and film producer, had ...d the impossible. Unheralded ...l unheeled with anything but an ... whose shining goal was to trans...'s plays to celluloid, Pascal had won the Irish genius' consent to do what all other motion-picture ...ates had failed in accomplishing.

"Pygmalion" was to be their first joint effort. Pascal had gone down to the Malvern Festival to catch the young ... Shaw remembered having seen in "Love on the Dole," who was now playing his "St. Joan" there.

After squirming through the performance, Pascal went backstage to meet Wendy Hiller.

"You were awful," he told her ..., "simply awful. You're ...—

Well, Wendy never had made any pretentions to being a beauty. But he ... taken into consideration ... fresh complexion that spoke ... -swept moors and heather and ...

"You're awkward ..."

Admittedly. She always described herself as "tall and scraggy." Yet the unexpectedness of this broadside from ... -looking European was a dash devastating. Wendy burst into tears.

"... but you have talent," continued the dispassionate Pascal. "Possibly—great talent."

So began this strange partnership of one of the world's greatest dramatists, the man who dreamed of carrying his plays into pictures, and the girl who became their instrument.

BUT such a break as came to Wendy Hiller, born of a modest family in Cheshire, England, is not won without preparation. From her infancy Wendy had a burning desire to act, an urge which she may have come by rightly in view of the fact that Mrs. Hiller named all of her four children, Rene, Wendy, Peter and Michael, after the characters in Sir James Barrie's beloved play, "Peter Pan." Moreover, it was Mrs. Hiller who helped her daughter make an impromptu theater of the Hiller nursery with a row of wobbly candles for footlights that threatened to sweep the place away in a gale of arson. Wendy typed out programs, produced the plays, took the leading roles herself and bedeviled her brothers into doing the other parts. "Bossy!" the boys protested loudly; but evidently persuasive, for mostly they did what she wanted them to do and a grand time—well, fairly grand—was had by all.

This quality of "bossiness" was to stand Wendy in excellent stead. At the age of eighteen, when she had finished her preparatory schooling and won a few elocution contests, she announced to her amazed family that her ambition was to become an actress and she thought she should get on with it at once. Whereupon her loyal mother pulled a few strings which resulted, through a prominent playwright friend, in landing Wendy with the Manchester Repertory Company as a student member.

"When I was told I could join the company as a student, minus salary," Wendy said with her infectious smile, "it was impressed upon me that I must attend all rehearsals. As the company did nothing *but* rehearse, what with a new play every week in the year, this meant that I literally lived in the theater. Which to me was heaven.

"Day after day I sat virtuously in an orchestra seat, gazing at the rehearsal on stage, while the theater cleaners fell over me. Two weeks rushed by. Then somebody yelled for me and said I was to put on some make-up right away. Half an hour later I found myself being thrust on for the part of a maid in 'The Ware Case.' Actually, the maid should have been a butler, but there was no available man to play a butler. So they changed the part to a maid—and nobody cared two hoots. After three months of playing maids without salary I was informed I was to have thirty shillings a week, which is around eight (*Continued on page* 72)

This made America sit up: Wendy Hiller as "Eliza" with Leslie Howard in "Pygmalion"



Triumphant encore: She stars opposite Rex Harrison in "Major Barbara"

Treat yourself to

Lollipop and Butterscotch

New Nail Shades by **CUTEX**

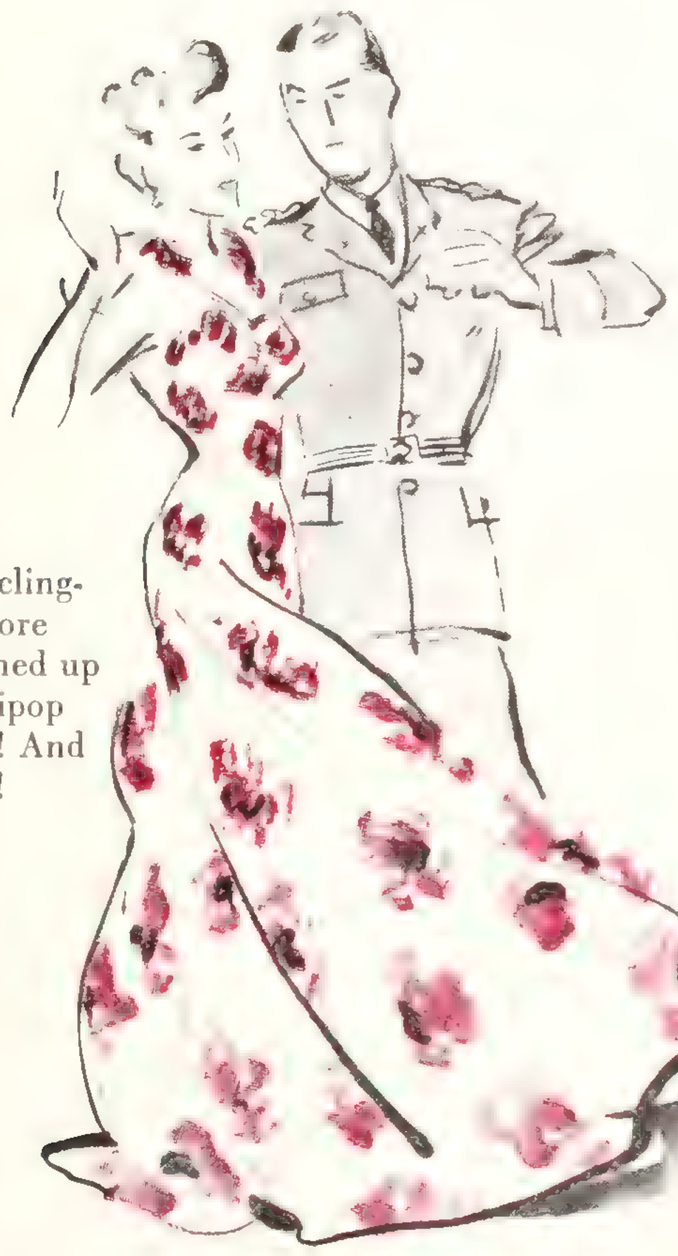


• Like a tingling splash of salt spray is the new Cutex Butterscotch—it has such dash and gleam and gorgeous stimulation. Stunning with suntan!



• Luscious Lollipop, looking for all the world like iced claret cup! Slither it onto those fun-faring fingertips and watch the lads "come about"!





• Frothy frills or clinging crepes *do* more for you, sweetened up with Cutex Lollipop or Butterscotch! And does *HE* love it!

Utterly delicious—these two new Cutex summer shades! Wear that mouth-watering Lollipop—like ripe raspberries!—with your pinks, blues, beiges, and see the lift it gives them. For yellows, greens and tans, change to Butterscotch—its *burnt-sugar* cast is positively delectable!

Other hot-weather Cutex confections include Riot, Rumpus, Cedarwood, Tulip, Old Rose, Laurel, Clover, Cameo. And all nearly ***twice as porous*** as any other leading polish in the same price range. Start using porous Cutex regularly and see if your nails don't grow longer and more beautiful this summer! Cutex is only 10¢ in U. S. A. (20¢ in Canada).

Northam Warren, New York, Montreal, London



Tops for Flair and Wear

(*Continued from page 70*)

dollars. Then, indeed, I knew I was destined to stay in the theater for the rest of my life!"

The maid era was rapidly followed by the A. S. M. (assistant stage manager) era, for the moving spirits of the company soon discovered they had a jewel of willingness, intelligence and energy in their erstwhile student-member. It was during this era that her brothers' accusation of "bossiness" served as a veritable godsend to Wendy. Imagine an eighteen-year-old girl, virtually an amateur in a profession where there is no greater stigma than the term "amateur," thrown into a situation where she had to exert her authority over seasoned theater folk who were old enough to be her parents!

"When I was promoted to the post of assistant stage manager, I discovered that the A. S. M. is the one who gets blamed for everything," Wendy said, her hazel eyes snapping merrily above the broad generous cheekbones of her face. "I was call boy and prompter and if the curtain failed to rise or Props took it into his head to get roaring drunk, it was the luckless A. S. M. who received all the what-does-this-means and don't-let-this-EVER-happen-agains.

"The very first night I ever stood in the prompt corner, trying to make things go smoothly, I found that the curtains had not been run down properly and so there was a huge gap in the center of the stage where they refused to close. Through this gap the audience could see our stage hands working away like busy little bees. They laughed loudly and then gave a couple of rousing cheers. The only thing I could think to do at the moment was blow down the tube to the electrician and give the order for a complete black-out on stage, to the utter befuddlement of the poor stage hands."

THE era of the A. S. M. might also be called the banana-and-doughnut age, for it was during this period that the redoubtable Wendy developed her plan for concentrated living. She had no time for civilized meals, so the switchboard in the prompt corner, where she battled with light cues, gave instructions to the orchestra and rang the curtain up and down was always draped with banana skins. The doughnuts were for consumption on her dressing table and were hurriedly gulped while Miss Hiller slapped make-up on her face, standing in front of the mirror.

"But for marvelous experience in the theater there's nothing to beat a repertory company. For three years without a break this was my life: Get to the theater at ten; rehearse all morning; stay in theater over lunch hour to work with staff and music and lighting. Rehearse all afternoon (or play a matinee); plan next week's wardrobe, or stage sets, or lighting; make up for evening show, play my part, prompt and work the operating cues for the play.

"In bed by about half-past midnight with next week's play propped on my knees, either learning my own part or planning out stage directions, lighting, props, music cues. Lights out at two o'clock, with luck, and up again at eight next morning."

The star of "Major Barbara" gave a toss of her thick chestnut-brown hair. "Well, I lived through it and enjoyed it enormously, though I did get indigestion and felt every now and then that I had a lump of wool in place of a brain."

After three years of the Manchester Repertory Company Wendy decided one couldn't get to London's West End if one remained in Manchester. So, firmly declining a salary raise, she set out for the mecca of the British theater. However, all was not beer and skittles. After tramping the rounds of London agents' offices Wendy was grateful to land a job as an extra in a Gaumont-British film.

"What its title was I can't remember," she said, "but I do know that Esther Ralston and Basil Rathbone were the stars. Once, going up the stairs, I saw Mr. Rathbone coming down. He passed so close to me that I could have touched him by putting out my hand and I nearly swooned from excitement."

BUT you couldn't hand two pounds sterling of excitement to your landlady in lieu of the rent. The only other job that presented itself was a combination understudy and walk-on in a road show of "Evensong" touring the provinces. Wendy took it, but when the tour was over, she decided a bit of home would look most awfully good.

Promptly she plunged into the family housekeeping and cooking with the comment, "Am I my brothers' housekeeper? I am, indeed." With a hearty laugh she added, "I nearly poisoned the poor dears."

The business of careers seemed to have come to a complete standstill, except for some broadcasting for a children's hour called "The Adventures of Georgina Pauline" with Mistress Wendy playing *Georgina*. Then one day when she was beating a carpet on the lawn the director of the Manchester Repertory Company telephoned to ask if she could speak Lancashire.

"Don't be daft, la-a-d," she answered in the best Lancashire there is.

And that's how Wendy Hiller found herself engaged to play *Sally* in "Love on the Dole." The play was being tried out by her old company and she was sent up to the office to meet one of its authors, Ronald Gow. The practical-minded Wendy, to whom a career was everything and a love affair was something in a play, took one look at the young man who came forward to greet her with a slow smile and thereupon fell heart over heels in love with him. But she still hung on to her head. The play was the thing, his big chance and hers; they must see how London accepted it.

London's acceptance was a storm of approval. Ultimately the play was brought to New York, Wendy and Ronald along with it. As soon as New York established the fact that it liked the show as much as London, Ronald ceremoniously escorted her to the top of the Empire State Building and, with an inquisitional eye to the terrifying ultimatum he might enforce if she refused him, repeated his plea that she become his wife. The device was not at the moment successful. But you have the personal assurance of their little year-old daughter Ann that Daddy eventually won the argument.

In the meantime George Bernard Shaw had seen "Love on the Dole" and was impressed with the personable young woman who had such a remarkably good dialect as the Lancashire girl. Here, he informed Pascal, was a good bet for *Eliza* in "Pygmalion," the girl who had to be trained out of her thick Cockney accent to speak cultured English.

The result of Pascal's withering interview with Wendy after her performance of "St. Joan" was an order to appear at the studio for a "Pygmalion" test. Wendy's spirits soared high but were destined to take a nose dive on the studio stairs where she met no less than five other *Elizas*, all made up in costume for the same test. Convinced she didn't have a chance, Wendy went through her work before the cameras in a sort of emotional vacuum. This feeling of unreality may have operated as a boon, for it undoubtedly relaxed the terrible tension so many people experience in their first encounter with the cameras. Days passed and then out of the blue Pascal telephoned her. She had won the coveted role!

The tremendous success of "Pygmalion," which garnered the American Academy Award, was due in part to a double-barreled Svengali situation. In the play and picture the Leslie Howard character trained his *Eliza* like a hypnotist; she spoke his words, conveyed his emotions. In real life Gabriel Pascal stands in much the same relationship to Wendy Hiller, though in the professional field only. He has found in her the perfect medium for his thoughts.

She, on the other hand, is deeply grateful for all he has meant to her career and has no desire ever to work for another director, though his contract with her covers only five years. Content to abide by his decision in rejecting all Hollywood offers, she has accepted without question the two years of oblivion in the gap between "Pygmalion" and the current "Major Barbara."

And the curious success of the arrangement lies in the make-up of the girl who has found the secret of completely divorcing her professional and personal lives. To give you an example, on the night when her future as a cinema star was to be decided by the press showing of "Pygmalion," Wendy refused to appear, preferring to indulge in an orgy of cleaning the gas stove, which she adores, with her husband, whom she also adores.

WITHOUT hesitation she says that the most important event of her life was the birth of her baby who must now, because of wartime conditions, be taken from Wendy's side and sent to safety with her parents in Manchester.

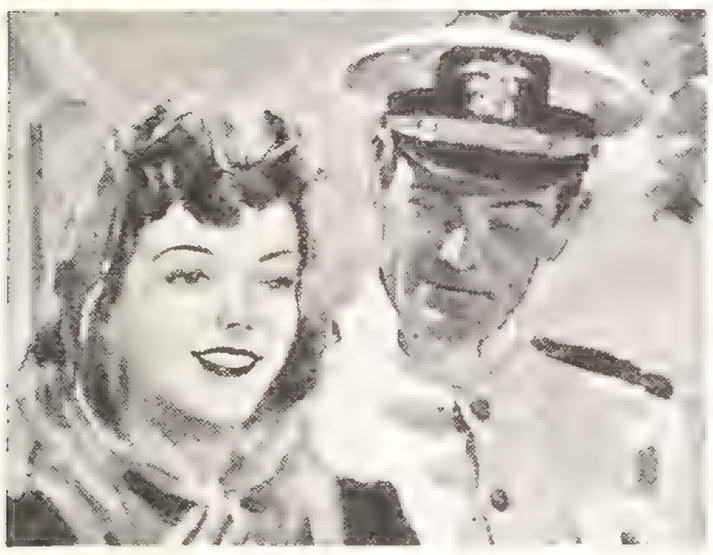
No woman star knows more clearly what it means to live and work under conditions of war than Wendy Hiller. While "Major Barbara" was being filmed, France fell and Wendy worked right through the agonizing suspense of waiting for word from her three brothers who were at Dunkirk. By a miracle all returned safely and are still in active service, along with her husband. She herself is now helping out at A.R.P. (air raid precaution) posts.

The world war today proves that Shaw dipped his pen in the ink of prophecy when thirty-six years ago he wrote in "Major Barbara" of the struggle between the forces of progress and the forces of destruction. But *Major Barbara* managed to weather the storm and it's our bet that Major Wendy will, too.

IF YOU LIKE—
planes
excitement
a girl who can fly like an angel out of heaven
a star who accepts the charge of coward and proves he is a hero
THEN READ—
FLIGHT INTO NOWHERE
by Edward Doherty
Beginning in the July Photoplay-Movie Mirror

It clings to you and Flatters you...

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AT 8 O'CLOCK, when you and your big moment step forth—you in your best frock and in your lucky shade of Lady Esther Powder, you step forth in confidence, confidence in yourself, in your frock, in your Face Powder.



AND AT 10 O'CLOCK, yes, even at 11 o'clock you can dance on happy in knowing that your Lady Esther Face Powder is still clinging smoothly, perfectly.



AND WHEN THE MOMENT of good night comes—yes, even if it is midnight, you will have never a sign of vanishing Face Powder. For your Lady Esther Powder is still faithful to your beauty, still flatters you with the glamor it gives your skin. Yes, Lady Esther Powder does cling, and cling, and cling!

Thank you, Lady Esther, for 4 thrilling hours of Lasting Loveliness!

THE HOURS OF 8 to midnight are the hours of parties, fun, romance. Can you stay lovely to look at from 8 to 12?

Your nicest evening can be spoiled if you have to play a guessing game with your Face Powder, if you constantly wonder "Is it on, is it off?"—For can any girl be lovely if her powder won't cling?

Lady Esther Face Powder clings and clings, for my exclusive Twin Hurricane method of blending gives it a smoothness—and an even texture that enables it to cling for 4 lovely and exciting hours.

Undreamed-of Beauty from 8 P. M. to Midnight

Of course, you look lovely as you leave your dressing table—but with Lady Esther Face Powder you look just as lovely two hours later—at 10 o'clock—and at 11 o'clock. Yes, and you still look lovely at midnight. For your Lady Esther Powder will still be flattering you—still making you lovely and glamorous.

Find your Lucky Shade at My Expense

I want my powder to bring you luck in loveliness, says Lady Esther. So find the right shade, the exact shade that can bring vibrant, radiant beauty to you and your complexion.

As harsh light can age your skin... and soft light flatter it, so your one lucky shade in my face powder can make you look *younger* . . . look lovelier!

The only way to find which shade is best for you, which lovely tint is supremely becoming to your own coloring . . . is to try them all right on your own skin. So I invite you to try all seven Lady Esther Face Powder shades at my expense. Use the coupon below.

When you have found your lucky shade, wear it by day or by night with the confidence that it will flatter you . . . giving you an undreamed-of glamor, as if your beauty came from within.

SEVEN SHADES FREE!

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Louis Hayward: "... His laugh alone would thrill the women . . ."

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$10.00 PRIZE
Reality or Romance?

I TOOK my little family to a neighborhood movie the other night. First we saw a newsreel of London burning, battleships sinking, airplanes crashing, dead and wounded people; then, accompanied by a mournful voice explaining how bravely the English were "carrying on," we saw "Christmas Under Fire"; and in conclusion, "Escape," a picture greatly adding to the idea that the German is a cruel, inhuman fiend. This evening's entertainment served to terrorize my child, depress my wife and thoroughly infuriate me; and it is typical of the last several months of movie-going.

I don't spend my spare time criticising the moving pictures. I think they are the finest and cheapest entertainment that can be found in the world. But why—why must we have all this propaganda stuffed down our throat?

So England is fighting bravely. So we know that now and so we think she's swell, so what? She is not doing any more than we would in her circumstances. If we are forced to fight, don't worry, we shall fight with every drop of our blood. But when was a fear campaign ever good fighting psychology?

Hollywood, no more propaganda, PLEASE.

VICTOR JORDAN,
San Leandro, Calif.

$5.00 PRIZE
"A little nonsense now and then Is relished by the wisest men."

THE unwise like it, too, and due to events abroad there's an appalling shortage in the market and not nearly enough comedians to go round. So when the Marx Brothers turn out a laugh epic like "Go West" they deserve a few words of praise.

If it costs two-bits to "Go West," how much does it cost to go nuts? Answer: Three Marxes and no sense. Don't let this gag annoy you, the ones in the picture are o. k. The plot is about as clear as a fog at sea, but if you listen to the dialogue you won't understand the plot anyway. This is designed for a laugh and the train episode carries a whole shipment for your enjoyment.

It is not definitely known what makes the Marx Brothers tick so consistently but the general supposition is that they hatched out of an egg in the cuckoo clock. The feather in Harpo's cap is pretty strong circumstantial evidence. The silly cuckoo should never have taken a chance on a Marx and neither should you, unless subject to hysteria. In that case, I wouldn't advise you to "Go West."

LOUISE MERRILL,
Asheville, N. C.

$1.00 PRIZE
Hand to Hayward

AS a favor to me won't you please include a picture of Louis Hayward smiling in one of your magazines?

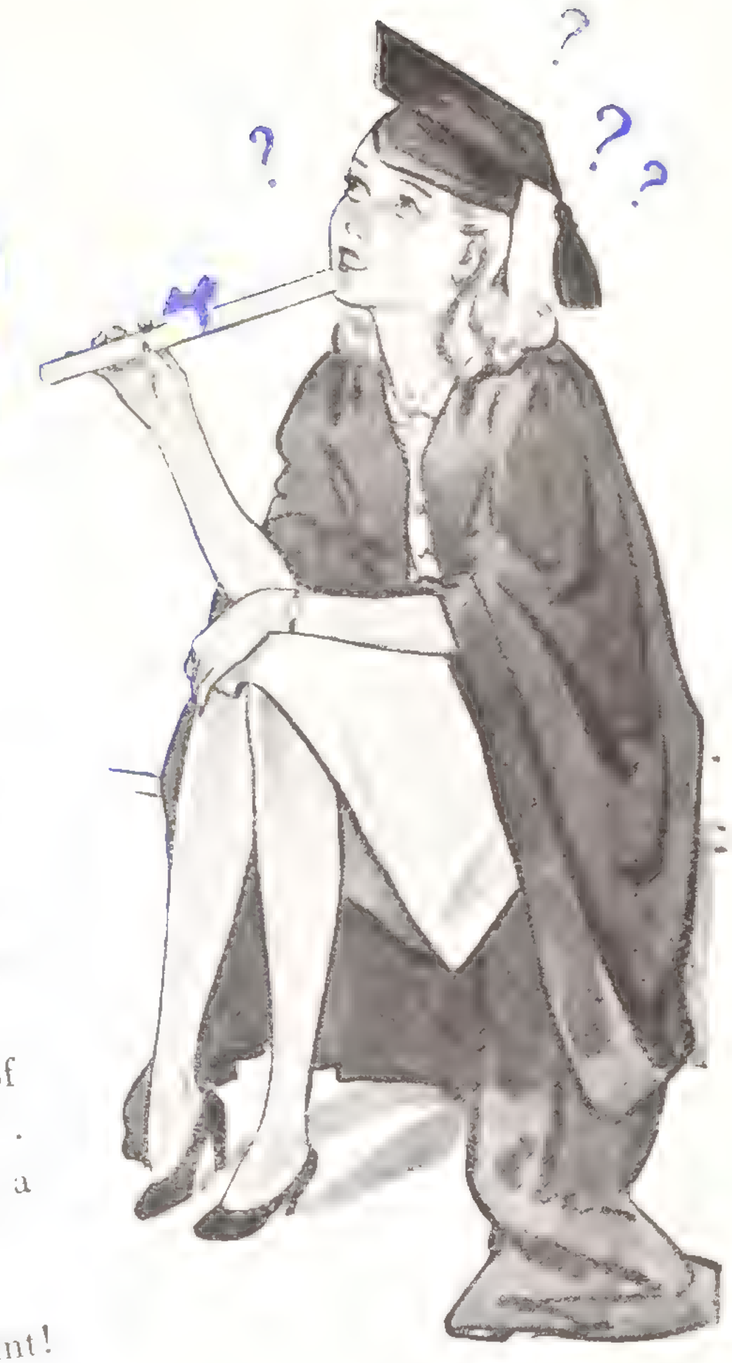
I think Hollywood is unfair to him, for I believe he is capable of handling bigger and better roles. Just his laugh alone, besides his breath-taking smile, would thrill the women to the very bottom of their hearts. I am sure there are many others who feel as I do.

JUDITH SCARPONE,
Worcester, Mass.

$1.00 PRIZE
Unique Experience

IN these days of hell and loud noises, as someone has aptly characterized our age, it is indeed refreshing to lose oneself in an orgy of tone and color such as Walt Disney has provided in "Fantasia." Here is a new medium for expression and experimentation and no matter how much we may quarrel with the visualizing of abstract music, which suggests the sensations of taking an anesthetic, and with the elephants with aprons in "The Dance of the Hours," which hints at the (*Continued on page* 97)

Got any secret longings?





Daydreams are just as important as diplomas! So hang on to yours. Who knows . . .

Someday you (yes, *you!*) may keep a theatre spellbound while you play a great love scene. Or you might be a celebrated writer, fashion designer, or top-flight radio star!

Or maybe the altar is your goal. And you dream of sweeping up an aisle in a cloud of tulle and lace . . . to take the name of a man who is yet unknown . . . a man who will cherish you always.

Well—daydreams can come true!

But it takes more than *wishing* to get what you want! For one thing—it takes plenty of self-confidence and poise. On trying days of the month, e-pecially!

Jittery fears needn't ruffle your poise though, if you use Kotex* sanitary napkins. (Not with the moisture-resistant *safety-shield* that's in-side every Kotex pad!)

You needn't worry about embarra-sing, tell-tale outlines, either! For Kotex has flat, pre-sed ends that never show. *Never* give your secret away!

And how grateful you'll be on strenuous days that Kotex doesn't chafe! You'll sail through days crowded with work and social engagements, scarcely conscious of wearing a pad.

For Kotex is made in soft folds . . . so it's naturally *less bulky* . . . less apt to rub and chafe!

Now you know why Kotex is so popular with busy, modern women! Why it's more popular, in fact, than all other brands put together!





By the way—future career girls can get lots of good hints from the new booklet "As One Girl To Another." It's a handbook of do's and don't's for "difficult days." And you can get a copy absolutely *free* by sending to: Post Office Box 3434, Department MW-6, Chicago, Ill.

This is just to remind you that Kotex comes in 3 different sizes: Super—Regular—Junior. And all 3 sizes sell for the same low price!

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Lip-reading for a LADY

A few sign-language symbols that serve notice when your lips aren't just what they should be



1. Ginger Rogers, leader in the natural make-up trend, as the heroine of RKO's "Kitty Foyle," that "natural history of a woman" for which she . . .



2. . . . won the Academy Award. Here she does a quick make-up checkup before the prize moment. Says she: "I prefer, for myself, not to use any make-up but lipstick in daytime—and not much of that. I follow the natural line of the mouth and use a brush to outline it"



3. She shows how natural she is by showing how happy she is with her Oscar and co-winner James Stewart. More on her lipstick theory: "I blot off the excess with tissue because I like the added accent of color but don't like that sticky look"

SIGN 1: Your lips begin to peel, crack and chap and you begin to bite them. Don't ever do this: instead, check up on your lipstick and [illegible] one you're using isn't too [illegible] Try a pomade for a few days [illegible] lips are smooth again, or [illegible] night in your before-

Sign 2: Your lipstick comes off on [illegible] napkins and tea cups [illegible] Don't: instead, the Rogers method [illegible] lipstick, hold a bit of [illegible] in your mouth to take [illegible] If you object to a dull [illegible] your lips a gleam by [illegible] the tiniest bit of cleans- [illegible] the lipstick.

Sign 3: Your lips look tight and pussy; you have small lines around the corner of your mouth and you think you're getting old. You're not; it's just that your mouth hasn't had enough exercise. Try this: With the middle finger of each hand, mold around the mouth, commencing in the center just below the lower lip and working around to the center above the upper

Sign 4: Your mouth looks too wide, yet you have a thin upper lip. Don't think of that as a problem; just apply lipstick thus: Draw a shallow bow slightly above your natural lip line. Then, keeping above the real lip line, sweep out to the corners. If you have a vice-versa problem, *i.e.*, if your mouth looks too thin, just extend the color out to the corners of both lips. Draw full curves from the corners to the center of the lips.

Sign 5: Your lipstick has a "circusy" look. Don't forego making up your mouth; rather experiment with correct colors by trying one color on the left side of the mouth, one on the other to find the shade that does the best for your skin tones. Don't ever pile on lipstick; and remember this hint: You'll have more lip appeal if you use a darker lipstick first, then apply your correct color over it. Incidentally, if you don't want to do too much repair work during an evening, try applying your lipstick, then patting some powder over your mouth and finishing up with a second coat of lipstick.

BY GLORIA MACK

HOW TO MAKE YOUR FAVORITE NAIL POLISH STAY ON

Days Longer





Amazing Mani-Prep Nail "Conditioner" PREPARES Nails for Polish — Makes It Go On Smoothly, Evenly, Firmly

Now! No need to fret over premature peeling, chipping nail polish!

Simply rub **Mani-Prep** on your nails *first* before polish is applied. Then see how smoothly, evenly and firmly the polish clings—how it gives you *days extra wear.*

Mani-Prep, you know, is the amazing new nail conditioner that instantly prepares the nails for polish. It produces a clean, clear surface that polish adheres to firmly. And used regularly before each manicure, **Mani-Prep** helps your nails become healthier, lovelier.

Simple as A-B-C to use. Rub **Mani-Prep** on nails with cotton or cloth, wipe dry, apply polish. No fuss, no muss, no waiting.

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Try **Mani-Prep** today. Experience the new joy of nail polish that goes on smoothly, evenly, firmly — *stays on* days longer! At leading drug, department and 10c stores.

10c
Also in 35c and 65c sizes.





MANI-PREP

THE FIRST STEP TO
Proper Nail Grooming

FREE! Valuable booklet gives tips on nail care and describes easy ten-day program for healthier, lovelier nails. Every woman to whom proper nail grooming is essential should have one of these booklets.
(Paste coupon on penny post-card if you wish.)

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Please rush my free booklet, "Healthier, Lovelier Nails."

NAME_____

STREET_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

Your Handwriting on the Wall

Rita Hayworth:

(*Continued from page 62*)

for concentration which permits you to really feel the lives of the characters you portray. You also have a remarkable sense for colors.

You are a timeless person who is well able to represent not only modern characters, but also personalities who have lived centuries ago.

If you should play a historical role, which you have been wanting to do for a long time, I am sure such a part would put you in the limelight. Then you would have the chance to unfold your personality and have all the satisfaction you want.

You are a profound person and really work on a role. However, you have to control your impatience. Try to associate with people you instinctively like in your private life. Consort with people you like whether they are successful or not. You are an emotional type with a strong extrovert nature; therefore your partner should also be an extrovert, straightforward and sincere.

Don't despair if you don't sometimes feel well. Fundamentally, you have a strong constitution. That is why you shouldn't worry as you sometimes do about a certain organic weakness. This disturbance sometimes causes irritable moods and friction. There is, however, no need for any feeling of uneasiness.

It is very necessary that you continue to develop your subconscious powers which are your true assets. On the other hand, you will have to find sincere friends who will stick to you and not upset you. You are a positive person enough to forget unhappy associations you had in the past.

I venture to tell you that within three years you will be one of the biggest Hollywood stars if you follow through.

Robert Stack:

(*Continued from page 62*)

more positive outlook upon the world

I recommend that you take only the people in your private life who don't upset you too much but have a soothing effect on you.

I see from your handwriting that you were let down a few times by other people and that is why I advise you to be very careful to surround yourself only with sincere personalities. You have to get the necessary inspiration from your partners or friends and if you don't get it from your present connections, you'll have to build up new ones.

You must try to adjust your personality before doing serious work. Your greatest strength, however, lies in parts which ask for a lot of diplomacy in words and action. You are a man who thinks twice before he acts and speaks.

Rosemary Lane:

(*Continued from page 62*)

your greatest success or parts where you represent real people with all their weaknesses and strength. Yet all the characters you portray must show a certain amount of sensitiveness.

You like to travel and go places, experience life from every angle. Your idea of life is constant change and adventure. Consequently, pictures in which you are to play should show much action and you should be allowed to undergo many changes of moods.

Your outlook upon life is a rather pessimistic and negative one. You must have been disappointed some three years ago because your handwriting shows signs of disappointment and disillusionment. These disappointments have caused you to take a more realistic stand towards things in general and especially where other people are concerned. I venture to say that your private life wasn't—and isn't—too happy. Certain people have disappointed and severely hurt you. Why are you not able to place more confidence and faith in the next person? And here lies your weakness. You are doubtful in yourself, not sure of yourself and yet you have to inspire people by your sure behavior, walk and gestures. This conflict between your inner self and the way you behave towards the outer world causes strong conflicts and friction. You are often in a depressive state of mind but do not like to show it. You are often suffering from inner inhibitions without being able to get rid of them. At the time of writing, you were in a depressive mood. There is only one way to change your outlook upon life and that is to try to find free expression toward a trusted friend.

If you want to develop in your acting it is better to free yourself of your frustrations. You will find real happiness only if you change yourself. There are still reliable and helpful people left in this world who might wish to take care of and develop a smart girl like you.

Dennis Morgan:

(*Continued from page 63*)

enough, true, to experience all these situations without hurting yourself too much. Were you ten years older at this time, it would be much more difficult to advise you to hurry and get more real fun out of life. Your great strength lies in your versatile character which enables you to do practically anything that is demanded of you. Your repertoire reveals an almost infinite scope of roles that you can play. You are able to change in a flash from one role to another, from one situation to the next—



but to my mind you will have greater success if you will make an effort to delve deeper into the parts you represent.

At the moment you are not sufficiently profound to be able to express your great potentialities. Try not to calculate so much. Don't always ask your brain whether or not you should do this or that. You must develop your inner capacities more—your instinct, your impulse. Develop the ability to act more spontaneously. Don't always expect people to come to you first. There are always situations in life that demand that we extend ourselves first. How about trying to concentrate more on your work? While social life is very necessary, it can never replace serious work in the satisfaction you seek. So curb your social activities sufficiently to give you more time to retire within yourself occasionally and thus develop yourself more. Don't be too self-centered. You'll enjoy people more, get much closer to them and arouse their interest in you more, if you in turn learn to express your sincere interest and sympathy in them.

You are blessed with charm, versatility, diplomacy and good looks. Utilize these virtues to the utmost, but first go to work on yourself and you will be the first to benefit by the resulting change.

With all my best wishes for the success you deserve and for your future development.

Carole Landis:

(*Continued from page 63*)

people. You are immediately attracted to or repulsed by people. You can, however, fully rely upon your instinct which tells you at once the right from the wrong person. It is not easy for anyone to deceive you, nor is it easy for anyone to bluff you.

Your handwriting shows remarkable capacities and talents which if wisely used will help you tremendously in becoming successful. Your personality has a firm foundation. There is real self-confidence to be seen. You don't belong to the type of individual who likes to make others believe while he is not feeling sure in himself. You have a pleasant outlook upon life and anybody who tries to tell you that your fundamental basis is wrong meets with fierce resistence on your part. You have the remarkable gift of being able to concentrate on a subject and forget everything, your entire surroundings if you have to. You have a very good memory and don't easily forget what others do for you. On the other hand, you never forget anyone who hurts you.

You are deeply rooted in the soil and very strongly connected with the cosmos. You are able to relax best in nature and get new strength if you feel tired. Your early youth was rather hard. You had to put up with some rather hard fights. You suffered much from the misunderstandings of other people. They did not want to or could not understand you. It took quite some time to convince them that you were right.

It is sometimes awfully hard for you to smile if you don't feel like smiling. It is, however, very important for you to try to overcome some of your inner moods and different temperaments which at times upset you rather strongly. You will be able to control yourself much better if you exercise more will power. You should really try to strengthen your will to a greater extent.

Your development might take quite a while because you don't belong to the stars who suddenly appear and disappear as quickly as they come. But your slower development guarantees you lasting success. As soon as the time is ripe, you will be led to heights which cannot be easily achieved by other stars. Serious training on your part will be necessary to get your desired success. Your personality asks for free expression and natural behavior. Simple natures which are deeply rooted in the soil and which have to fight in order to achieve their goal should never be asked to play sophisticated parts because they are not suited to them. You will be very successful if you have an opportunity to play a role in which you represent a character who is nature-loving, simple and strong in her convictions.

I do hope that I will see you playing such a part in the near future.



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First, because of these stretchable matching inserts, you can forget about sagging, twisting or riding up, whether you're standing, sitting or walking. Second, because of these inserts, your torso will be moulded long and slim as fashion decrees without benefit of bra. Third, you'll be wearing an exquisitely detailed, STRAIGHT-CUT slip with shadow panel. In short, you'll meet *the perfect slip* of your dreams. It comes in Artemis multifilament rayon crepe in white and tearose, sizes 32 to 44 regular, 29½ to 37½ small, at around $2.00. Also in Artemis rayon satin, sizes 32 to 44 regular in white, black and tearose, and in sizes 29½ to 37½ small in white and tearose, at around $1.69. "Laton," you know, is a younger sister of "Lastex," the elastic yarn that has done so much for fit, comfort and control in so many types of apparel.

At leading stores, but if any store can't supply you, write, giving name of store, to Weil-Kalter Mfg. Co., makers of Artemis slips, at Empire State Bldg., New York City; or 1408 Locust St., Saint Louis, Mo.; or 515 Howard St., San Francisco.

*NAME REGISTERED U. S. PAT OFF. AND PAT. APP. FOR BY WEIL-KALTER MFG. CO.

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Fish story

BY ANN HAMILTON



The catch to Errol Flynn's fishing: Some choice recipes

I HAVE a wonderful idea for a movie. With all the companies turning literary classics into pictures I can't for the life of me see why Warner Brothers don't put "The Compleat Angler" on film with Errol Flynn in the title role. They wouldn't need to worry about a script or bringing the book up to date or any of those technicalities. Just that title and Flynn in action and they'd have a box-office wow. For "angler," you know, is the uptown word for fisherman and by all odds the Flynn is the completest angler Hollywood and way points have ever seen.

I'd heard about Errol's piscatorial—fishy, to you—interests for years, but I'd never seen him in the grip of his passion, so to speak, until I ran into him in a downtown department store a few days ago.

"Congratulations and cheers for a fine job in 'Footsteps In The Dark,'" I said. "What and when is the next opus to be?"

Errol informed me that he was soon going to work on "Dive Bomber." Meantime, he said, he was going to do a bit of fishing.

"You picked a nice place for it," I said, but it developed that he wasn't planning to do his fishing right there in the store, only buy some tackle, or gear, as he called it. I said I'd think that by this time he would have enough equipment to last for the rest of his life, but there again I was wrong. No fisherman ever has all the stuff he needs, it seems; there's always a new gadget of some sort that he simply must have.

"Such as a new package of fishhooks or one of those little floater things?" I suggested

Errol snorted; then, muttering something about it's being every man's duty to educate the ignorant and underprivileged, he dragged me with him to the sporting goods department

Enthusiastic or not, I still don't see how one man, even Flynn, is going to use all the things he bought. There were jointed rods, delicately yet sturdily built, reels for various sizes of lines and scads of other elaborate gimmicks which mean nothing to the layman and everything to the expert. By the time he'd worked his way through his shopping list, with frequent comments about the grand sport of fishing, I had decided that the sport is the only thing that appeals to Mr. F.; he surely wouldn't bother about eating the creatures. But I was wrong again, for Errol not only catches fish, he thinks fish is just about the finest eating there is—and remember he has eaten his way clear around the world.

"FISH has been a standard food for man for almost as long as we have historical records," he said, as though he were giving me a lecture for my own good (and is he cute when he lectures!) and then went on with tantalizing references to swordfish and barracuda, tuna and salmon. Salmon, in his opinion, is just about tops in the fish division. "And do you realize," he asked, "that it wasn't so very long ago that only people living on the seacoast could enjoy it?"

I hadn't thought much about it, but of course it's only during a comparatively few years that new methods of canning have enabled us to serve this delicious food whenever we wish, just as it comes from the sea, or as Errol put it, "It's we moderns who can open a can of salmon and proceed from there as though we'd caught the fish ourselves."

Just to prove that the Flynn is as well-informed about eating fish as he is about catching them, here are some recipes which rely for flavor on the salmon which comes from a can.

Salmon a la King

1 can salmon
1 can cream of mushroom soup
½ cup chopped pimiento
½ cup sliced ripe olives
2 hard boiled eggs, sliced.

Prepare soup according to directions on can. Remove skin and bones from salmon (this applies to the following recipes as well), break into pieces and combine with soup and other ingredients in the top of a double boiler, seasoning to taste with salt and pepper if desired. Heat thoroughly and serve in ramekins, on buttered toast or with noodles.

Salmon Loaf

1 can salmon
1 cup white sauce
1 cup bread crumbs
1 tsp. lemon or onion juice
Salt and pepper to taste

Shred salmon, combine with other ingredients and bake in buttered casserole (350 to 375 degrees F.) until done, three-quarters to one hour. For salmon croquettes, use this same recipe, adding more crumbs to make mixture stiff enough to mold. Form into croquettes, roll in cracker crumbs, then in beaten egg, then in cracker crumbs again and fry in deep fat (390 degrees F.).

A sauce which is delicious with either the loaf or the croquettes is made by adding a chopped hard-cooked egg and two minced gherkins to a cup of medium white sauce.

Salmon Soufflé

Use the recipe for salmon loaf, but omit the bread crumbs. When ingredients have been well mixed, add three beaten egg yolks, then fold in three stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake in buttered casserole which has been placed in a pan of water (350-375 degrees F.) until firm. Serve at once.

Salmon Quickie

1 can salmon
1 can peas
1 small can mushrooms
⅛ tsp. nutmeg

Combine all ingredients, including the liquor from the peas and mushrooms, in the top of a double boiler and heat through. Serve on toast or crackers with a faint dusting of paprika.

Salmon Salad

1 can salmon
1 cup diced celery
1 tbl. lemon juice
1 tbl. onion juice
½ cup minced ripe olives
¼ tsp. curry powder
Mayonnaise

Shred the salmon and combine with the remaining ingredients, adding enough mayonnaise to make the mixture the proper consistency. This salad recipe may also be used as a sandwich filling or for canapes, spread on small thin rounds of toast or crackers. For the canapes the celery should be minced finer.

The Draft—and Jim Stewart

(*Continued from page* 51)

wrote in to both Jim and the studio, criticizing his supposed evasion. Editorial comments became more barbed.

A week after the first garbled accounts of Jim's deferment appeared, officers of his local draft board in West Los Angeles, realizing the injustice that was being done the actor, gave out a statement, unsolicited by either Jim or M-G-M, that neither the star nor his studio had requested the deferment. The draft board explained that Jim's being underweight had been the sole reason for his classification.

This official explanation went out over the same press wires that had carried the earlier story of Jim's deferment, but they received nowhere near the prominence in print of the initial dispatch.

FEW of Jim's most intimate friends in Hollywood knew the deep hurt he was nursing. But to his younger sisters, Mary and Virginia, living in New York, Jim wrote, early in February: "I suppose you've been reading my newest set of notices! They haven't been so hot, have they? But don't let them get you down. I've gone on a diet my doctor guarantees will put on the ten pounds I need and in six weeks I'll be in the Army!"

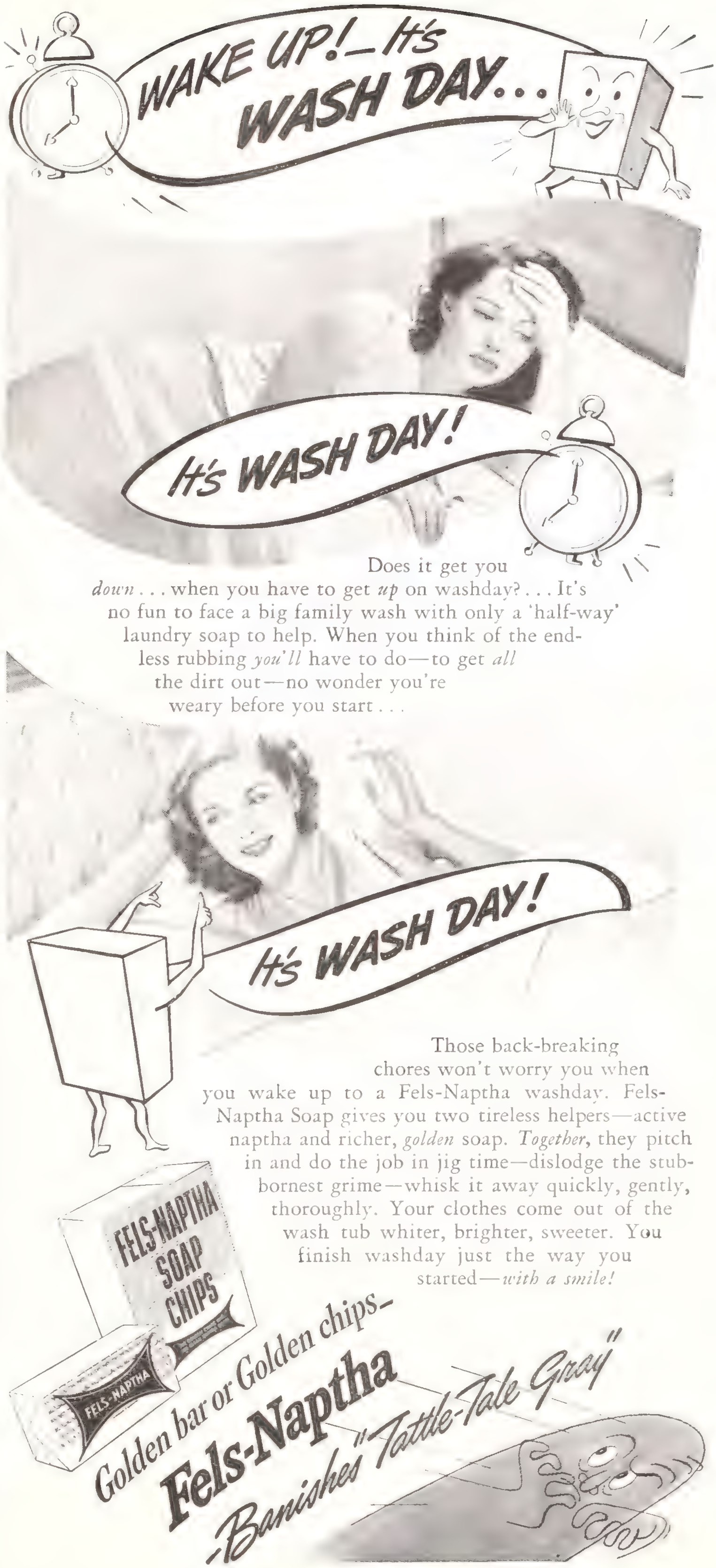
To his father and mother in the little country town of Indiana, in Western Pennsylvania, where he was born and raised, Jim also phoned the news of his decision. He knew how fiercely loyal to him they were, how deeply they must be feeling this unfair reflection on his patriotic spirit. They're proud of their military background, the Stewarts. Jim's grandfather, for whom he was named, was a captain with Grant at Appomattox. Mrs. Stewart's father was General S. M. Jackson, who distinguished himself at Gettysburg. And big, rawboned Alec Stewart, Jim's father, has fought in two wars; walking off from Princeton in '98 to volunteer in the Spanish-American War and later serving in France as a Captain with the A. E. F. in World War I. There was a Stewart in the War of the Revolution and another in the War of 1812. For five generations Stewarts have worn the uniforms of America and hold in high honor their record for serving their country. Jim knew how bitterly his dad must resent this gossip about his position in the draft.

Jim consulted with his personal physician in Hollywood. The doctor outlined a diet and a series of exercises that would add poundage. He went into training as seriously as a prize fighter conditioning for a championship bout. He cut out all liquor. He cut down on his smoking. His discipline about hours was as strict as a boarding-school regime. And with each added pound, he telephoned a gleeful bulletin home.

Only his family and his physician knew of Jim's grim determination to gain weight. Jim has always been sensitive about his thinness. Now it was making him the target of taunting jokes from friends and casual studio acquaintances.

"Hello, Sandow," one would greet him. "Hiya, tall, dark and glandsome," gagged another. What was meant for good-natured ragging stung Jim so sharply he began to retire into himself. Just how far that retirement threatened to go was revealed by a publicity man at M-G-M.

"Jim had become so sensitive to what he believed was the general gossip about his failure to make the draft," reported the press agent. "that he refused all in-





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vitations to previews and other parties. He was even going to stay away from the Academy Award Dinner until some of us heard about it.

"We managed to persuade him to come down to the hotel and, after the dinner, slip into an inconspicuous seat at the back of the room, just before the 'Oscars' were awarded."

It was fortunate the publicity boys at his studio had insisted, for the award to Jim, for the best screen performance by a male actor, was one of the first announced. Jim had hardly wrapped his long fingers around the coveted little statuette before he was on the phone to his family in Indiana with the good news.

"And what's more, Dad," he exulted, "what's really the best news of all, I've gained five pounds!"

On March 12, he telephoned his family in Indiana again.

"I've made it!" he cried over the phone. "They passed me at the draft board today. I'm to be inducted March 22nd."

Seated at his desk in his hardware store in Indiana, the windows of which proudly present mementoes of Jim's Hollywood triumphs, Alec relaxed. The frown that had been wrinkling his forehead for weeks disappeared.

"He's all right, that boy!" Alec told his cronies at the Indiana Volunteer Fire Department.

THE day Jim reported at the Army induction center in Los Angeles to be sworn in and sent off to camp, he was more excited over his imminent entrance into the Army than he had been over his triumphant winning of the coveted "Oscar."

"It's going to be a marvelous experience, that year in the Army," Jim enthused. "I've never had any military training and I know it will do me a world of good, not only physically but in the experience I'll gain.

"I don't know yet to what training camp I'll be sent. I won't know until I've been actually inducted and gone through the first few days at one of the Army reception centers.

"I rather hope I can be assigned to the air corps after my preliminary training is completed. But my first job, of course, will be learning how to be a soldier."

Last summer, when America was shaking itself awake to the emergency needs of national defense, Jim had considered applying for a reserve commission in the air corps. He has had more than 300 hours solo flying in his own planes and recently, after a thorough course in navigation and instrument flying, was granted a full commercial license.

"I'd like to feel, if and when the time comes for me to join the service, I have something of value to offer in experience," Jim told this reporter then. "I don't want to go before a draft board empty-handed."

Unfortunately, Jim's 300 hours in the air, his knowledge of navigation and piloting by instruments and his commercial license, will none of them win him Army wings. Jim is thirty-two years old and the age limit for new pilots in the service is twenty-seven. The only thing that Jim can hope for as a draftee is assignment to an air corps unit for training with a ground crew or as an observer.

He will, however, be eligible for recommendation to an officer's training school, after his preliminary period of three months is completed, and it is highly probable that the Army, eager to utilize such previous aviation experience as Jim has had, will take him off the drill grounds for assignment to some branch of the air corps before his year's tour of duty is over.

Whether or not Jim is singled out for a commission, his family are convinced that these next twelve months in the Army are going to be invaluable to him.

"It's the finest thing that could have happened to him," declared his sister Virginia, on hearing that Jim finally had been accepted. "He's been working so hard, going from one picture into another, with hardly any time in between, it's no wonder he was worn down to the bone! The Army will build him up physically with a reserve strength that will be wonderful for him when he returns to Hollywood."

For a return to Hollywood, after his year's service is completed, is the present



James Stewart exchanges the Hollywood tinsel for the Army's tin plates: His first meal at Fort MacArthur's draftee reception center

plan of Private James M. Stewart.

Promise that his job would be waiting for him when he is mustered out of the Army next Spring was given Jim by his studio boss, Louis B. Mayer, in a sentimental speech at the mammoth party M-G-M threw for Jim on one of the sound stages two nights before he left.

That going-away party was attended by just about every important player and executive on the lot and Mayer's eulogy of Jim as an actor and a person was echoed in tributes that would have nominated a Republican in the Solid South.

Jim made a speech, too. "I am touched and moved," he said. "I really can't say anything more. If I say anything more, I'll be betraying military secrets!"

And then Jim was kissed good-by by every actress there: Rosalind Russell, Lana Turner, Diana Lewis, Judy Garland, Ann Rutherford and Ruth Hussey. Ruth's caress seemed the least impersonal to observers. It must have seemed that way to Jim, too. He took her dancing after the party and promised to write her from camp. Friends who know his distaste for letter-writing regarded that as highly significant!

Next night Jim was guest of honor at a second going-away party, a "Military Ball" at Franchot Tone's house. The party was stag and all the stars who attended, including Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, Hank Fonda, Bob Taylor and Burgess Meredith, came dressed in some sort of uniform.

The celebration at Franchot's house lasted until six o'clock in the morning when Jim, in the grey of the dawn, was driven by Buzz Meredith to a street corner in West Los Angeles. There, with forty other draftees, Jim took a trolley car for the induction center.

Four hours later, his final physical exams by Army doctors passed with flying colors, Jim was on his way to Fort MacArthur, the Army replacement center at San Pedro, California, from where, after the regulation forty-eight hour "quarantine," Jim was transferred to the Army Air Base at Moffett Field, near San Francisco. His hopes that he would be assigned air corps duty had been realized.

His twelve-month absence from Hollywood will not seem quite so long as that on the screen, for Jim had completed two pictures that were still unreleased when he joined the service: "Pot O' Gold," which will be playing during the summer months and "Ziegfeld Girl," which will be released later.

"I'll miss Hollywood, of course," Jim told me, "miss Hollywood and all my friends here. But I guess I'll be able to get back on some leaves."

Burgess Meredith, who has been living with Jim these past weeks, is taking over the actor's rambling bachelor house in Brentwood, the house and Daisy, Jim's motherly cook who runs his household with a far sterner hand than any top sergeant he is likely to bump into.

Hollywood will miss Jim Stewart, miss him and yet be powerfully proud of his going. For it would have been easy enough for Jim to have accepted his deferment; made no effort to meet that weight requirement and voluntarily cut down his income from the several thousand dollars a month salary checks of a front-rank screen star to the $21-a-month pay of a rear rank private and desert the caviar and champagne of Ciro's for the prunes and stew of an Army mess.

But to Jim Stewart the patriotic sentiments he so vigorously and so memorably asserted in "Mr. Smith Goes To Washington" were not just the parrotings of an actor in make-up and make-believe. They were worthy of becoming the working creed of an American.



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Maisie's Remedies for Heartaches

(*Continued from page* 34)

here goes. I have been married a year. My husband was considered the most eligible bachelor in town and I thought myself lucky to get him. At first we were very happy and he seemed pleased that I was so economical, such a good housekeeper, so interested in making our little home the nicest and cleanest and most attractive in town. But lately, I think he is—well, getting tired of me. He works in a bank and there are several very good-looking girls who are his business associates. I don't *think* he is really in love with any of them, but I am not sure. To tell the truth, I can't exactly put my finger on what is wrong. I just know that something is. Can you help me?"

"Well," Ann wrote in return, "I can't help you much, but perhaps *you* can! Go out and get yourself a facial and a manicure and a new permanent and have your hair done a new way. Then buy yourself a new outfit, even though you have to forego the vacuum attachments you have set your heart on. Next, give a party or get up a crowd to go dancing and see that you are the life of the party! No, don't force it, but if your face and hair look wonderful and your new dress ditto, you'll be in a receptive mood for some fun. Or, if the dancing stunt doesn't appeal to you, get yourself a hobby. Join a book club or something. It will make you more interesting. Read the newspapers and find out what is going on in the world today. Men do that, but I'm afraid a good many women 'can't be bothered.' And they should be! You've been in a rut. I know. You've been a model housekeeper. But, mark my words, a man wants a wife, not a housekeeper. He won't care a hoot if there's lint under the bed, but he will care if there's a dud across the table from him every meal!"

TRAGEDY is also described in the next letter, a dilemma for which it seems there can be no perfect solution:

"I was married very young and had a child at the end of the first year. But if it hadn't been for that—well, I should have gone home to my parents long before. We—my husband and I—didn't understand the meaning of marriage at all. We should never have entered into it. Our tastes are different, our temperaments, our ideas and ideals. I honestly think we are, to use that newfangled word, 'allergic' to each other! But there is the baby. He is three years old now and already seems to sense the antagonism between my husband and me. The future stretches out in a bitter, lonely hopeless way . . . unless we should get a divorce? My parents are against it and so are my husband's. We have made our bed; we should lie in it, they say, because of the baby. But—oh, please tell me what you think we should do! I'm nearly crazy with worrying!"

This was Ann's answer:

"My dear

If you have tried—if in your innermost heart—you have *tried* to make your marriage go and have failed, as you say, I think you should seek the divorce court. Surely you can work out some way in which your baby can grow up to know and love both your husband and yourself, removed from the awful friction you speak of. To my way of thinking (and mind you, I could be wrong) to rear a child in an unhappy home is a far greater wrong than to break up an impossible marriage."

This letter doesn't seem quite so serious, but the advice that Ann included in her answer was nevertheless sound and to the point:

"My sister and I both love the same boy but he never will single out either of us for special attention. If he asks for a date, he takes both of us. If he sends candy, it is two boxes. And so on. How can we pin him down and make him choose?"

The answer:

"Girls, stop kidding yourselves! You can't pin him down because obviously he isn't in love with either of you. Probably you've 'neutralized' each other! So you'd each better get a new beau, on account of when this one falls in love, it quite possibly won't be with either of you."

LOVERS' quarrels . . . if all of them were recorded, there wouldn't be room left in libraries for anything else. Here is a letter asking how Ann would settle one:

"Dear Maisie:

"My boy friend and I quarreled last week and now I am sorry. But I don't think the fault was wholly mine. Should I apologize, or should I stick it out? I really love him and I think he loves me."

To which Ann replied:

"Don't be stubborn if your happiness is involved. Honesty is never undignified. Tell him you'd like to be friends again. If he really cares, he'll be tickled to death."

Another letter:

"Dear Miss Sothern:

My husband and I have been married three years and have been very happy—except for one thing. He will gamble! Often, of course, he loses far more than we can afford. If he wins, he buys me wonderful presents, but I'd rather not have them. Can you think of any way to stop him?"

And Ann's answer:



"Maisie" sees the world through rose-colored glasses: Ann Sothern goes dancing with husband Roger Pryor at the Cocanut Grove

"Gambling, I am afraid, is a chronic disease. You will probably never be able to stop him. Perhaps, though, if you love him, you could compromise. Could you get him to set aside a sort of pool, into which his winnings go and out of which his losings are paid? I wish I could help you more."

A brief, but such a pertinent question:
"Ann, please tell me just one thing. should a wife ever forgive infidelity?"
And a brief, but pertinent answer:
"No. Nothing could ever be the same afterward. She would only be building toward her own downfall. Of course, that is just *my* opinion!"

Another girl asked this: "Should a girl forgive an 'affair' in the past?"
And Ann told her: "Yes!"

A BRIDE-TO-BE was terribly worried about her fiance's drinking. "Dear Ann," she wrote. "Can there be any happiness for me when my fiance cannot seem to break himself of drinking? Every so often he goes on a "tear" and I die a thousand deaths worrying about him. He says he will be all right when we are married, but—well, I don't know . . ."
"You are right to be doubtful," Ann replied. "If he really loved you he would stop before you are married, just to keep you from being unhappy. There is no more pitiful lot than that of a wife who must periodically play nursemaid to a drunk. Better think well!"

"Dear 'Maisie,'" wrote a distraught young wife, "my husband and I quarrelled last night and he *struck* me! Yes, he slapped me, and hard, too! Of course, I guess I did provoke him. I don't know whether I should forgive him or not."
"Maisie" wrote in return:
"Dear, I wouldn't want to endorse what might turn into a dangerous precedent, but it seems to me a little slap now and then might be good for a lot of wives!"

Here is a wife with a money problem:
"Dear Miss Sothern:
"My husband says he doesn't care how I look, that he likes me as I am and complains when I spend even a small amount for new clothes. Should I take him at his word and look dowdy, or should I insist on enough money to allow me to look nice? We really can afford more money than he allows me."
To which Ann replied with spirit:
"You owe it to yourself to look well, for goodness sakes! Never take a man's word for it when he says he doesn't care how you look. First thing you know, he'll be casting eyes at that stylish blonde across the street!"

And now, one more—a letter about something which perhaps a good many girls have to contend with:
"Dear Miss Sothern:
My fiance is forever careless about keeping engagements; is late half the time; sometimes forgets altogether that we were going out. This is because he is wild about photography and shuts himself up in his dark room developing pictures and forgets all about me. Am I wrong to be hurt and upset—since my only rival is, after all, photography and not another girl?"
And Ann's spirited answer:
"Don't be silly! Of course you should insist upon proper consideration for yourself! Do you want to play second fiddle to a hobby after you are married? If he is the right kind of chap, he will respect you all the more for this attitude. I believe in women's rights, and consideration is one of them!"



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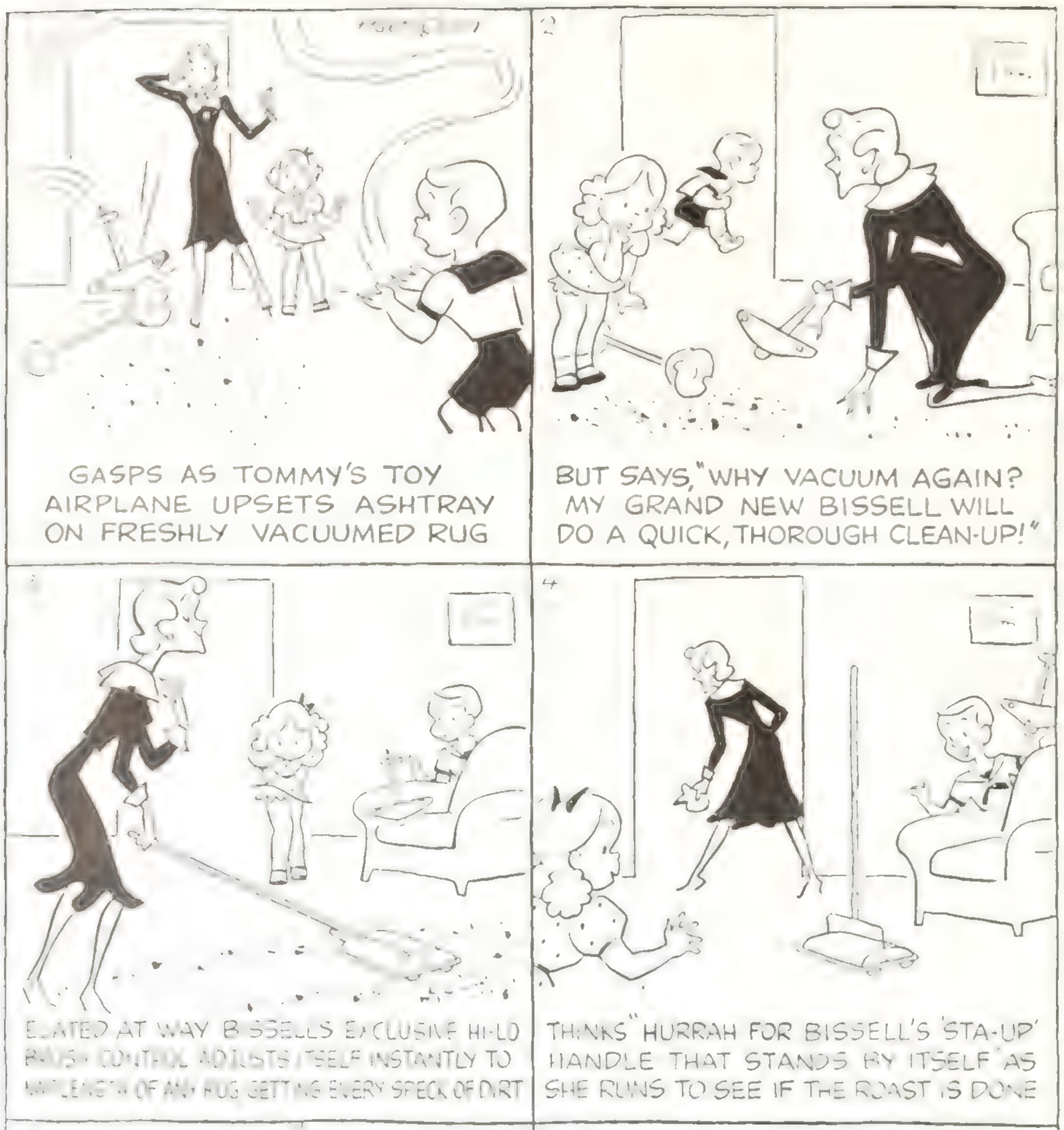


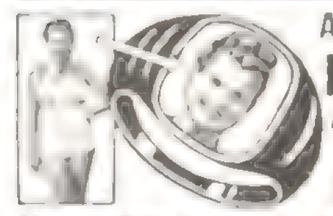
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"Man-Poison"

(*Continued from page* 61)

"You mustn't talk like that," Annabelle said. "None of that was your fault."

Mike, standing beside the bed, smiled down at her. "As long as you have faith in me—" he said.

"I have," she answered. "From the bottom of my heart."

"Thanks."

He turned and left the room and Annabelle felt as if the warmth had gone out of it. She pressed the buzzer and Nurse Henderson came in.

"What's the matter with him?" the nurse demanded wryly.

"I don't know," Annabelle answered, "but I'm going to find out. Did you say you were going to town tomorrow, Sara?"

"Yes. Can I do something for you, honey?"

"I want you to go to the office of the *Los Angeles Mirror* and look up the Helga Bentley columns for the past ten days. Will you do that for me? And write down anything that's in them about Annabelle Hurley or Michael Harrigan—or both."

"Okay," said Nurse Henderson, "and I can tell Miss Bentley something about those two that I know I won't find there."

"What are you talking about, Sara?" said Annabelle, blushing.

"Don't forget," said Sara Henderson slyly. "You were delirious three days and I was with you all that time, sweetheart."

The two women looked at each other understandingly and laughed.

MIKE came again the next day. He seemed to have pulled himself together and there was that look of determination about his chin again. Annabelle instinctively knew that he had something on his mind and she was soon to find out what it was.

After talking halfheartedly about inconsequential things, he sat on the bed at last and took her hand in his.

"I don't know what the dialogue for this scene is, Annabelle," he said, a smile playing around the corner of his mouth, "but I have an idea it's the most important scene in the script—for me, anyway."

Annabelle's heart began to beat madly.

"It's a funny thing," Mike went on, "but whenever I've talked to a bunch of writers about a picture, I always beg them to figure out some new way of saying the old things. Isn't it silly—when there's really only one way of saying them?"

Their eyes met and held. "I love you, Annabelle," he said at last.

The words thrilled her, but she found that she could not answer at the moment. Then he went on, "I want you to know that, dear, because I have to go away."

She was frightened. Were her worst fears to be realized?

"My agent says," he went on, "that right now—under the circumstances—I'm washed up in Hollywood and that the thing for me to do is to start over again on Broadway. So I'm taking my plane East tomorrow. When I get my career under way again, Annabelle, I'm coming back to get your answer."

"You're right," she said. "It *is* the most important scene in the script. For me, too."

He took her in his arms then, held her close to him, kissed her so that she felt there was no breath left in her.

"Darling," he whispered, "it looks pretty hopeless right now, but with this



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behind me, I'll make it somehow."

Nurse Henderson interrupted them, but when she saw what she had interrupted she started out of the room. Annabelle called her back and Mike got up from the bed.

"How did you make out?" said Annabelle with a conspiratorial air.

Sara Henderson handed Annabelle a slip of paper. Annabelle read, in Sara's neat script, "From Helga Bentley's column last Saturday. 'We ran into lovely Annabelle Clark Hurley and Michael Harrigan, her father's ace director, at his ranch at Tehachapi. Is Mike jumping the gun in his romance with his best friend's widow?' "

In a fury, Annabelle tore the piece of paper into pieces. Sara held out her hand and took them. "Me, too," she said cryptically.

"What's this all about?" Mike asked.

"I can get up tomorrow," Annabelle said suddenly. "The doctor says so. Listen, can't you postpone your trip for a few days?"

"I'd better not," he said. "The picture Clark was going to put me on starts next week. I just don't want to be around."

"When will I see you again?" Annabelle said desperately.

He smiled. "I'll write," he said, "when I get work."

Sara was ostentatiously busy rearranging the flowers on the table by the window, her back to them. Mike leaned over and kissed Annabelle again, kissed her as if it was the last time he would hold her in his arms.

WHEN Annabelle faced her father in his office a few days later and told him with the friendliest smile that she wanted to come back to the Clark mansion, he could scarcely believe his ears.

"We'll let Bill Haines do over the left wing for you," Holton said expansively. "I'll make up to you for all the trouble you've had, darling, don't you worry."

"Holton," she said looking away from him, "whatever broke up you and Mike Harrigan? I thought he was set with you for life."

"I won't have a man working for me who doesn't protect your good name."

Annabelle's whole plan would fail if she lost her temper now. Somehow she must bring these two men back together, or bear in her own mind the stigma which Mike had placed on her so many months ago at the airport in Arizona. Once again a man who was threatened with destruction because of her, but this time it meant so much to her that she would shirk no humiliation to rescue him from the spot he was in because of her.

"Holton, dear," she said softly, "you don't want to be unfair to Harrigan, do you?"

Holton said, "Look, Annabelle, don't let's talk about it. He's gone to New York and for my money that's good riddance."

She was going to remonstrate—she felt like screaming Mike's guiltlessness at her father—but she knew that words never had won him. She must find another way. She changed the subject, managed to chatter with him for several minutes before she came to the point.

"I'd like to give a party," she said at last. "You know, to sort of tell the gang that I'm back with them again?"

"Certainly," said Holton Clark. "The main thing is, I want you to be happy."

"How about Saturday night, after your premiere?"

"So soon?" said Holton.

"The sooner the better," said Annabelle. Her eyes were on the mountain that could be seen from the window, but

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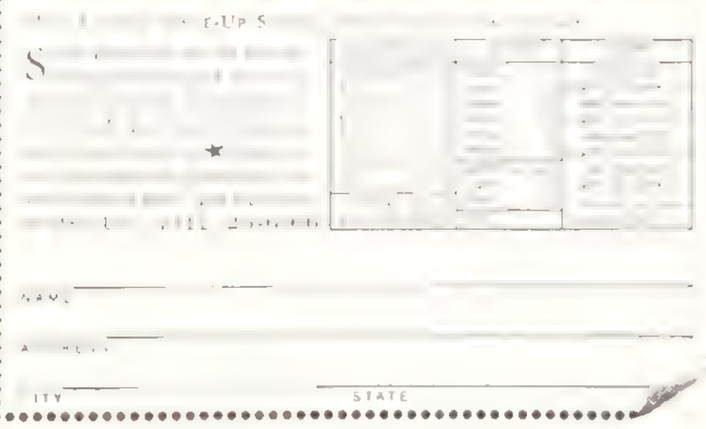
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in her mind she saw the face of a young man trying to find a place for himself in New York.

Everybody who was anybody in Hollywood was invited to Holton Clark's premiere and Annabelle had worked with Holton on the guest list for her party at the Clark mansion. Of course she included the names of Helga Bentley and her three companions who had dropped in so unceremoniously at Mike's ranch. Also, Annabelle included other members of the press who would be helpful to her if she won the desperate game she was about to play. All she told Holton was that she thought it would be nice if he would introduce her when the party was well under way so that she could make a little speech to her friends and tell them that she was back with them once more.

It was a grandiose affair, made especially festive by the enthusiasm everyone felt for the latest Clark opus. It had all his characteristic touches and everyone could tell it was sure "box-office." During the evening, Annabelle thought several times, "How can any man who is so great in the theater be so small in life?" It was a paradox which she would never understand.

AS the party wore on and people became more and more hilarious, Annabelle realized that now was the time for her to take the daring step. She manœuvered Helga Bentley so that they were in a conversation when she gave the signal to Holton to call for silence.

Holton knew how to command silence. In a few moments, the crowd was quiet and listening speculatively to Annabelle.

"I've been out of circulation," she began, "for several months, but now I'm back with you."

Helga Bentley led the cheers. Annabelle waved for silence.

"It makes me feel happy you still want me for a friend," Annabelle said, "and because I want you all to be friends, I feel that there is one thing we must straighten out before that is possible.

"I seem to have been a jinx for a number of people and if I felt entirely innocent about it I don't think I'd be talking to you now. As a matter of fact, somebody once called me 'Man-Poison.'"

Annabelle took a deep breath. "After George's death I began to feel that the label was right; that I brought only bad luck to those who deserved the best."

A deep hush had fallen over the crowd. It takes a lot to stir Hollywood, because it is dealing daily with the stuff of which life itself is made. But Annabelle's sincerity was so persuasive that it compelled their absorbed attention. If her tone had not been so restrained and untheatrical, they might have been embarrassed, but she spoke so conversationally and quietly that each one felt as if she were speaking to him.

"I want to tell you something that most of you don't know. At the same time that I learned of George's death I knew that I was going to have his baby.

"I went to see George's mother and father to tell them about it and there I ran into Michael Harrigan, who, as you know, was George's best friend. When Michael learned that I was going to have a baby, he wanted to help me and drove me to his ranch at Tehachapi so that I would have a place to stay. He had arranged to have his aunt come to take care of me the next day. That night we had visitors."

Annabelle found it difficult to go on, but the expectant look on her listeners' faces compelled her to continue.

"Those visitors are in this room now. All they saw was a man—and a woman

who was the widow of his best friend. Honestly, I don't blame them for thinking what they thought.

"But you all must know that Mike Harrigan is as innocent as a man could be. He was kindness itself. The reason I ran away from his lodge that same night was because I didn't want to be 'poison' to still another man's career. But I had to make a mess of that, too. Like a fool, I got lost and fell down the side of a mountain. Mike came looking for me the next morning and brought me to the hospital pretty well smashed up. The papers said it was pneumonia, but I want you all to know before we can be friends again that that wasn't true. The truth is that I lost the baby I was going to have. And through the black days that followed it was Mike who stood by."

Annabelle paused for the final plunge. "I owe my life to him. But the Good Samaritan has been handed a beating for his reward. It doesn't seem like the right ending for the parable, does it?" Quick hot tears threatened to choke her and she turned abruptly away.

Helga Bentley was the first to rush to Annabelle. "Darling, you were magnificent, even though you made me feel like an oversized worm. And don't worry about your Michael. The press, my dear, is going to work right now to repair the damage!" She kissed Annabelle and bustled off as Clark approached.

Holton gazed searchingly at his daughter. Then he took her hands in his. It was like him to ignore any need for an apology and drive straight at the matter on his mind. "You're in love with Mike, aren't you, Baby?"

Not for years had he called her by the affectionate term he had used when she was little. Annabelle pressed his hands and nodded mutely.

Holton's face grew suddenly tender. "Leave it to your old dad, dear. I'm going to send Mike a wire that he can't refuse to accept."

A week later Annabelle stood at the Glendale airport watching the sky for Mike's Waco plane. When she saw it swooping down to a perfect landing, she ran toward it, her heart singing. And when Mike stepped from the plane and held her in his eager arms, kissing her hungrily, she thought, "Dear God, grant that I have learned how to make him happy." If that was true, she knew all the struggle had been worth it.

"There's still no dialogue for this scene," he said, "so I'll make it up as I go along! I love you, darling."

"The dialogue is perfect, Mike," Annabelle said. "Please never change it."

The End.

New Kind of Love for Lamour

(*Continued from page* 32)

them. After several desperate attempts to save their tottering marriage they were divorced.

It is not for an outsider to place the blame, if blame there is, in such an event. We don't know that Herbie was at fault, or Dorothy remiss in her actions. But we *do know* it came as a brutal shock to Dorothy when Herbie telephoned long-distance one night that he was filing suit for divorce the next morning! From their last talk Dorothy had believed the unhappy situation was on the mend and a solution of their difficulties at hand.

The decree was granted two weeks later on April 22, 1939, in a Midwest city.

Dorothy's world rocked around her. She was twenty-three and emotionally immature. She had neither home, husband nor the children she wanted. In the public's eye she had been scorned by the man she loved, since it was he who had taken the initiative in the divorce proceedings.

Viewed in proper perspective now, Dorothy realizes her love for Herbie was a youthful infatuation. Passionate, yes, but lacking the depth necessary for lasting marriage. Nonetheless, it was real to her then and that meant she was hurt. Deeply hurt. Granted it was her pride, not her heart, which had suffered the blow, still wounded pride is bitter stuff to swallow.

On that very day Dorothy started to do what women in the same position have done since the days of Eve. She started to prove to the world—and mostly to herself—that she didn't care, that losing Kay and his love meant nothing to her.

For almost two years she lived that lie.

She was so determinedly gay it wore one out to watch her. Was there a new night spot? She was there, dancing, laughing, glitteringly happy. Was there new excitement? She was in the thick of it, and cooking up more for the next night. Was there new, mad fun to be found? She searched it out. Like an automaton on a treadmill she kept up the wearying pace. Hey! Hey! for a broken heart! This was the life! Good-time Charlie and night-club queen? You bet! Why not?

Inevitably the whirling, crazy life took its toll. Her personality reflected a brittle quality. Her eyes grew hard and a trifle calculating. Unpleasant little lines appeared around her mouth. She became jittery and tense. At any moment, one felt, she would explode like a tightly coiled spring suddenly released.

It was the picture of a provocative woman, perhaps, but not a lovely one. In her heart Dorothy knew it.

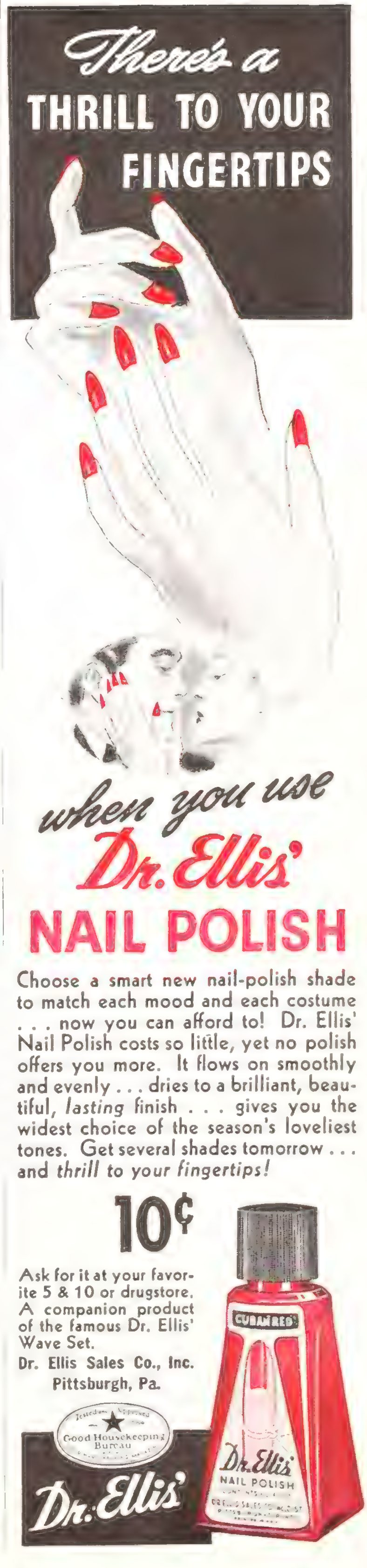
THE playgirl personality attracted men to her. Men like fun and Dorothy was fun. Today it was Tom, tomorrow Dick, and the next day Harry who won her favors and interest. Because such dates are grist for the Hollywood news mill, one new "romance" after another was chalked up on her score, one scalp after another credited to her collection.

There was the case of Bob Preston which brought two schools of thought into action—Lamour versus Preston or Preston versus Lamour, when the truth of the matter was her sole and innocent intention had been to help him as a friend. There were unrefuted items in gossip columns throughout the country that her heart in turn belonged to Daddies Wynn Rockamora, Cliff Lewis, Bob Ritchie, Stephen Fuld, et al. There was the rhapsodic blathering about a romance with a naval flier stationed in Honolulu after her visit there last spring, and more nonsense about Bob Preston after that.

All in all, it added up to an unflattering portrait of a woman—silly, shallow and brainless.

The irony of it was this: Despite the heavy cost in personal prestige, despite the loss of former friends, despite the horrible physical weariness and her frantic efforts to assuage it, the old hurt was still there! She had convinced the world the divorce had left no mark upon her, but in her heart she knew the masquerade had been in vain.

Then, by the grace of the gods, it happened. Almost overnight a second meta-



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morphosis took place. The pathetic bundle of frazzled nerves turned into a beautiful, poised and appealing woman.

Everywhere in Hollywood these days you hear this comment: "Dorothy Lamour is physically, mentally and spiritually more attractive than ever before in her life."

It is true.

She says, "If there is a change in me, it is because I am happy, completely happy, for the first time in many, many months." That also is true. But she is happy because she has found real love and grown up to its potentialities.

THE man is Greg Bautzer, a Los Angeles attorney. This is the first time it has been publicly acknowledged, or the details told.

All the way home from Hawaii last spring, Dorothy was dreading an event which lay before her. She had accepted an invitation to appear at the Tulip Festival in Holland, Michigan, only to learn later that Kay, her ex-husband, was slated to appear on the same program. She dreaded it because it would mark their first meeting since the divorce and, frankly, she did not know how her heart would behave.

The dreaded day came. They met, laughed and had fun together. More fun, Dorothy said, than they had shared in four years of marriage. But that was all.

During the festival they stood side by side greeting the crowd. Good-natured banter flew back and forth. Suddenly a stranger called: "Why don't you marry the girl?"

Herbie's face sobered. "I did once," he answered quietly, "and I wish I could again!"

Both he and Dorothy knew by then it could not be. The flame was gone. All that Dorothy felt for him was friendliness and that separate regard a woman always keeps for a man with whom she has shared part of her life. That he recognized the finality of it was reflected in his second marriage a few months later. No one, incidentally, rejoices more in his new happiness than Dorothy! There is honest regret for the failure of their marriage but no recrimination in her.

It was shortly after the Michigan junket that Dorothy went to the opera in Los Angeles with her agent, Wynn Rocamora. Possibly it was her mood, or reaction to the romantic melodies of "Manon," but she was depressed in spirit.

"I was feeling sorry for Herbie, sorrier for myself and sorriest of all that what Herbie said he felt for me could not mean more," she said. "When Wynn suggested we stop at Ciro's for an hour after the opera, I really didn't care one way or the other."

They were sitting at a small table near the dance floor when Bautzer paused at their table to say hello to Wynn and be introduced to Dorothy. It was one of those casual, accidental meetings. Wynn had a telephone call to make and asked Greg to sit with Dorothy in his brief absence.

Whether they realized it or not, Greg and Dorothy were in the same psychological boat. For many months he had been the constant and apparently devoted escort of Lana Turner and must have been jolted by her dramatic elopement with Artie Shaw, whom she subsequently divorced. Like Dorothy, he was taking his fun where he could find it and was finding plenty. That, coupled with the aura of glamour which had surrounded Lana and the business necessity of entertaining important clients in the popular night spots of the town, is what gave him the reputation of a playboy. In reality he is a serious, albeit very handsome, young barrister who tends to his legal knitting.

When Wynn returned to the table, it was to find two erstwhile strangers so enchanted with each other they were oblivious of his existence. The twosome wound up a threesome.

Dorothy and Greg had their first solo date the next night, May 31, 1940, which by coincidence marked the eighth anniversary of Dorothy's first appearance as the torch singer with the Kay band From that day to this, they have managed to see each other, or talk by phone, at least once every twenty-four hours!

REBOUND love? We don't think so. We believe Dorothy and Greg honestly are in love for the first time in their respective lives and that the past has been only a prelude to what they have now

True, Dorothy has not climbed a soapbox to broadcast "I am in love" to the world. In fact, she has refused to be quoted on the subject of Bautzer. But her actions are far more eloquent than the words she won't speak.

Greg, for instance, likes to play tennis; it has been noted Dorothy started taking tennis lessons and now plays an adequate game. He doesn't care for bizarre and spectacular dress in a woman; it can be observed her wardrobe now runs to simple, conservative clothes. He has been heard to speak disparagingly of slacks on a woman; Dorothy no longer is seen wearing them in public. He mentioned excessive night-clubbing bored him; headwaiters now are wailing, "Oh where, oh where has our little pet gone?"

Dorothy has learned, or senses, the way women in love instinctively know, exactly what will please Greg and conducts herself by those rules. In final proof, when she talks about him to others, she speaks not of his charm and good looks, but of his brilliant mind and clever work. That's a dead give-away.

Furthermore. . . .

Friends have noted how Greg constantly is searching for little, thoughtful ways in which to make Dorothy happy, like sending boxes of flowers to the studio wardrobe department when he knows she has a fitting, or devising surprises which she so dearly loves. They see her meeting his business friends as well as his social companions; they notice the attentive, almost possessive, way he cares for her in public. A few have seen the gold cigarette lighter he gave her on which is engraved "May this be the only torch you ever carry" and the matching cigarette case with its message "Here's to the Witch from the guy who hopes he'll always be bewitched." And the plain gold band on her finger was his mother's wedding ring.

We call that love and the herald of wedding bells.

July's smash fictionization:

"MY LIFE WITH CAROLINE"

The enchanting story starring RONALD COLMAN

To Make You Happier

(*Continued from page* 59)

artist who designed that wallpaper or chintz.

¶ If you want your room to be a peaceful retreat have your curtains and your walls the same color and patternless. Remember also that greens, gray greens, and blues are especially restful. Which is why Nature uses them so much, of course!

¶ If you want your room to be gay and festive use chintz.

¶ Be wary of too many patterned surfaces. A pattern in your rug, in your curtains, in pillows and on your walls is bound to be dizzy-making.

¶ Never sacrifice comfort to formality. Plan everything for comfort. And hint at formality by the design of your chintz, by dignified lamps, by hanging a pair of shelves on either side of your bed or window—or by all of these things.

¶ There's sure to be attraction in a room that's bright and friendly. Let the sun into your room. Grow things. Train ivy on a trellis in a sunny window. Or keep twin vases filled with ivy, laurel or huckleberry leaves, all of which will last indefinitely.

¶ What about your hobby? It certainly deserves a place in your room. If you sew or do needlepoint or knit don't hide your sewing bag or basket away in a closet. Have a sewing stand and a good light beside your favorite chair. If reading is important in your life build open shelves so your books will be within easy reach of your hand. If you're interested in photography have enlargements made of several scenic pictures you've taken, mat them on gay paper, put them in identical frames and hang them in a group. If you're interested in woodcarving carve a lamp base for the table beside your bed. (The pineapple lamp bases shown in the illustration were carved by an artist in the studio. One is done in a simple modern manner. The other is more ornate and more realistic.)



Miss Fontaine returns: Back from a sabbatical year as the wife of Brian Aherne, Joan appears in "Before the Fact" with Cary Grant

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Alix Sherri, of the Cleveland staff, is noted for her pert, fresh-as-a-daisy blonde loveliness.



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And remember, this new margarine created by Kraft is an excellent energy food and a reliable year 'round source of Vitamin A (8,000 U.S.P. XI units per pound)

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF ***MIRACLE WHIP*** *SALAD DRESSING!*

¶ If you possibly can manage it have a radio in your room. It's no more reasonable that you always should want to hear the program someone else in the house has tuned in on than it would be to suppose you'd always want to read the same book or the same newspaper article he or she was reading.

¶ If your room is small a big mirror on one wall or covering a wall or a good part of it will suggest greater space and help tremendously. If your room is square it doesn't make any difference which wall gets the mirror. If your room is long and narrow the mirror belongs on one of the long walls, of course. You don't have to use regular mirror glass, which is expensive. You can use sheet mirror, which is much cheaper. Or you can use flash mirror—window paning painted black on the reverse side—which is cheaper still. Flash mirror doesn't reflect clearly but it's very effective.

¶ If your room is dark use a mirror opposite the window or windows which give the most light. Have your walls a light color whether they're painted or papered. Keep the woodwork the same color as the walls. And use warm colors in your upholstery materials

¶ "That's all very well," you're saying. We can hear you! "But the furniture in my room is terrible! It just isn't possible to plan any kind of a room around it!" Our decorators—the very men who have made you groan with envy over the rooms they have arranged in the studios disagree violently. They chorus, optimistically

You Have To Use It Well, Then—Make the Most of It!

¶ Furniture is dreary usually because it's a dreary color. With paint remover, sandpaper and good old-fashioned American industry you can bring your furniture down to the natural wood. If you like its natural color—and remember the vogue for blonde woods today—give it two or three coats of clear shellac, then wax it. If you want the grain of the wood to show and you also want color, buy stain—the color you desire—and mix it with your shellac. Orange shellac comes already made up and will give your furniture a maple finish. Or, having removed the dreary finish of your furniture, paint it some color that serves your color scheme. Incidentally, furniture that is the color of the wall against which it stands is most effective.

¶ Wooden bedsteads can be transformed into lovely modern pieces—and with practically no effort! Remove the high headboard and turn the bed around so the footboard becomes a smart low headboard! Make a spread that fits snugly about your bed surface and falls to the floor in soft pleats or folds. Or dispense with the bedstead entirely, have your spring and mattress set on four wooden legs, stand it lengthwise against the wall and treat it as a wide divan.

¶ It may be a monstrous chiffonier that's the despair of your life and a blot on your room. Simply enough you can turn it into the joy of your life and an eye-catcher. Take off the mirror and the gallery so the top surface is completely flat. The mirror out of its frame can be used over the chiffonier or elsewhere. Put hinges on a drawer that is the proper height for a writing surface. And cover that section of the interior of the drawer that is to become your desk with blotting paper or baize

¶ If it's a bureau that's worrying you take off the mirror and the gallery and, again, leave the top surface completely flat. Replace the drawer handles with new handles that are more to your liking or, if they're the old-fashioned handles that are carved like fruit or flowers, remove their dreary finish and paint them the soft colors their design suggests.

¶ If there are straight-backed chairs in your room they'll be infinitely improved by gay cushions tied to their seats. You can make these cushions or buy them very inexpensively, sometimes in the dime stores.

¶ If you have one upholstered chair—irrespective of what it looks like—you're lucky. A slip cover chosen with consideration for your color scheme will make that chair a thing of beauty.

¶ You know how important eyes are in a face. Well, windows are equally important in a room. So give thought and care to:

Your Windows

¶ Keep your windows simple. It's enough to have side curtains, especially when you use Venetian blinds. Or to have ruffled organdy, muslin or dotted Swiss or any other window curtain. You *can* use all three, if you're determined to be Mrs. Rich Ritz, but don't go looping and draping them too ornately.

¶ Side curtains never should be skimpy! Even though your curtains don't pull across the windows when the lamps are lit—and curtains that do this make a room intimate and warm and cozy—they should hang in full, soft folds.

¶ When you shop for curtain material don't limit yourself to the upholstery departments. Plaids, gay seersucker stripes, ginghams and all kinds of dress cottons make effective curtains and cost next to nothing.

Mother's Day attraction: Charming Mrs. Johnnie Payne (Anne Shirley) celebrates second anniversary as a proud mama and manages a career between lullabies, her latest being Paramount's "West Point Widow"



¶ If your curtains are chintz or any patterned fabric line them with one of the predominating colors. If your curtains are a plain color line them with chintz.
¶ Unless there's no limit to your budget select chintz, linen or one of the modern cotton fabrics in preference to silk or satin or damask. Fabrics with a showy finish cheapen a room unless they cost a great deal of money.
¶ And they're pretty silly in any room that doesn't live up to them in every detail.
¶ Doors, like windows, are practical things which can be made decorative, too. So give thought and care to:

Your Doors

¶ If there are many doors in your room —too many doors, really—paint them the color of your walls. So they more or less disappear into the walls. This means the rest of your woodwork must be the color of your walls, too, of course!
¶ If there are only one or two doors in your room you'll create an effect by using plain curtains and painting the doors to match them.
¶ Decorate your doors. Stencils of scrolls and similar designs can be bought for a few cents in art shops. And the decoration they afford is worth a million.
¶ Now we come to three important things to remember:

Your Floors

¶ If you live in a modern house or apartment you have hardwood floors. All they need is a stain to bring them down to a rich, warm color and waxing upon occasion. But if you live in an old house or apartment and your floors have to be painted, remember this—they don't have to be painted dark brown! They can be black with the high polish of marble. In a bedroom that's pale and pastellish or gay and chintzy they can be white. Or they can be lemon-yellow or gray-green or the warm color of red tiles. It will be wise, however, to decide upon the color scheme and the general feeling your room is to have before you do anything about your floors.
¶ Unless your room is particularly large the wall space between your rug and walls should not be more than a foot and a half. If your rug leaves more space than this—cheat!—sew fringe on it!
¶ If you use small rugs *don't* catty-corner them.
¶ The Hollywood decorators are very firm about the importance of lamps, pictures, pillows and the like. They insist accessories are just as important to the chic of a room as they are to the chic of a costume. Which brings us to:

They're Only Little Things—But . . .

¶ Be hard-boiled about bridge prizes and Christmas and birthday presents that don't complement your decorative scheme. Give them away or throw them away—but don't use them!
¶ Fancy pillows became passé along with fussy telephone dolls.
¶ If your room doesn't have a fireplace —and most bedrooms don't—see if the family won't chip in and buy you an artificial fireplace for your birthday or Christmas, or both. And make any sacrifice that is necessary to reserve wall space for this fireplace. Ask the head man in your house if a gas feed pipe can't be run to your fireplace—so you can have honest-to-goodness flames licking around your artificial cannel coal and feel exactly like a heroine in an English novel. Otherwise, attach an electric fixture to your grate or your make-believe logs. An artificial fireplace is the next

NEVER A DULL MOMENT!



PRISCILLA LANE,

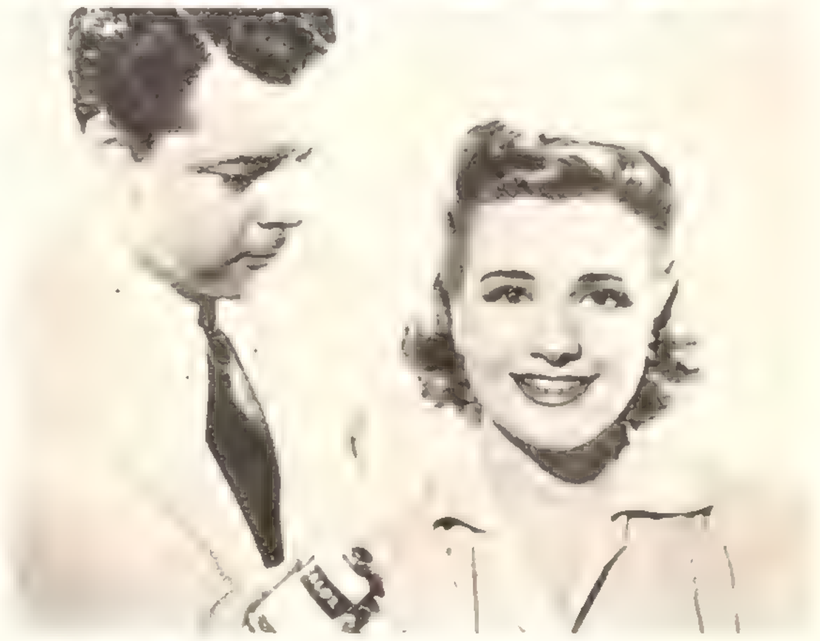
star of the Warner Bros. picture

"MISS WHEELWRIGHT DISCOVERS AMERICA"

says a Hollywood smile has to have glint and sparkle *always!* Impossible? "Easy!" says Priscilla..."if you use good sense and a good dentifrice." Like Calox Tooth Powder!



PRISCILLA, AGE ONE got off to a fine start for sound, lovely teeth! A careful diet. Lots of sun. Plenty of visits to her dentist. Then she grew up and became interested in beauty.



"I'VE FOUND you can't beat the advice of Perc Westmore, make-up expert at Warner's." And that is Calox Tooth Powder, choice of so many well-informed stars for daily cleansing and polishing. If *you* like a brilliant sheen, try Calox!



Helps your teeth shine like the stars'

BY BRINGING OUT NATURAL LUSTRE

1. CALOX CONTAINS 5 CLEANSING AND POLISHING AGENTS. Calox is a real *beauty* tooth powder... it promotes a brilliant gloss!

2. EXTRA SOFT AND SMOOTH because it's double-sifted through 100 mesh silk screens.

3. FRESH-TASTING—no strong medical taste. Your whole family will like its clean, tangy flavor. Children love it.

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Dining, dancing, living . . . no human habitation looks on such a pleasure exposure as the Mark with its sky location, as air-minded moderns agree. Four minutes from the city's center.

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best thing to a real fireplace. It gives your room a warm heart. It makes it cozy. When lamps are turned out and curtains are drawn it will induce confidences. And it also will prove a wonderful starting-out place for the arrangement of your furniture.

¶ A panel or pictorial wallpaper cut to fit the wall over your fireplace or behind a bed—if the rest of the room is painted—will give the effect of a charming, colorful mural, especially if it's glassed.

Let There Be Light

¶ But see to it that it doesn't shine in people's eyes or cast hard shadows which turn you and your friends into mean-looking witches.

¶ Be very careful to have all your lamp shades the right size and depth for your lamps so no part of any bulb is left exposed.

¶ Have your lamps at a proper height. The top of the shade should be just about fifty-eight inches from the floor.

¶ Use bulbs with No. 40 wattage. They give a clear light but they don't light up a room like a church.

¶ Lamp shades with too much pattern give a room too busy an effect. If there are three lamps in your room use plain light shades on two and have a tole (painted metal) shade on the third. Tole shades are especially effective and dramatic against colored walls.

¶ Poke around in secondhand stores, antique shops and rummage sales until you find interesting old vases or ornaments or bottles that can be made into lamps. The big white pottery paste jars which can be bought in the household departments of many shops make really beautiful lamps and cost next to nothing.

Pictures . . . Pictures . . . Pictures . . .

They're like the little girl
Who had a little curl
That hung down the middle of her forehead.
When they are good
They are very, very good
And when they are bad
They are horrid!

¶ Above everything else see to it that your pictures are big enough for the wall space they occupy.

¶ A collection of fruit prints or flowers or a group of four small water colors or three or four etchings or lithographs are always more decorative together than scattered around hit-or-miss fashion and looking like oversized postage stamps stuck on the wall.

¶ Have frames heavy enough to give pictures importance but not so heavy that they dwarf them.

¶ Use mats on your pictures. Mats no longer are supposed to be white. They can be any color that flatters the picture, the wall upon which the picture hangs, or the frame. Consider a lime-green mat and a natural wood frame against a yellow wall. Or a pale coral mat against a white frame and a blue wall. Marbelized and metallic papers make very effective mats, too.

¶ Watch out that you don't get your picture too high! Unless a picture hangs over a mantel or a high cabinet the center of it should be on a level with your eyes when you are standing.

All right! You're on your own!

Don't try to do everything at once. Take your time. Make the fun last. For it will be fun to give your room a beauty treatment with Hollywood's decoration experts for your consultants. In fact, it's our guess that when you finish doing your room—fascinated by the miracle you have accomplished with a little paint and a little chintz and a lot of knowledge—you'll want to transform the family living room, too.

STYLE STREAMERS

If you got the ribbons on the Maypole on page 52 a little twisted, you'll want these correct answers

Style A: a cape

Capes are in this summer—long flowing ones of silk that make outfits of your summer dresses, cut in a military style that will make draftees stop, look and follow you.

Style B: a grosgrain ribbon belt

Ribbon trim for your dresses is a new summer style flash. Here's how to make this belt: Cut a 33″ length of ribbon (this is for a size 28 waist). For other sizes, either add or subtract to ribbon length to go around waist. Then slip ribbon about 2″ through loop opening of a buckle (if you're interested in things military you can choose a military emblem for your buckle). Then turn back this 2″ piece of ribbon and fold underneath. Sew securely.

Style C: Buster Brown collars

Worn over suits or dresses, these are a vital fashion note for May. Gives you an innocent little-boy look and a choice of colors for the soft loose ties that will make an old dress into a new triumph.

Style D: Candy Stripes

Candy stripes, vertical, horizontal, diagonal, will trim the smartest summer dresses. Cuffs, collars, blouses, skirts, all go striped in the summer scene.

Style E: Beige shoes

Beige footwear is in again, in soft tones to match stocking shades. A best with navy blue or beige outfits.

Hollywood's Greatest Love Story

(*Continued from page* 30)

severe routine of lessons and practice for her voice.

Now on the set on that very first picture, when young Deanna was daily becoming more important and writers were daily adding a bit more here and a bit more there to her originally fairly small part, was a young man named Vaughn Paul. Six feet of him, moving easily with the grace of a trained athlete, going about his small business as a second assistant director—which to tell you the truth is not very much more than being a glorified messenger boy.

There was a shyness about young Paul. He was just out of college—he had graduated from Hollywood High School and gone on to U. S. C. He was greatly interested in economics and politics, and in high school had been star of a championship basketball team and had made the all-city nominations. At U. S. C. he broke his ankle early and was out of basketball so long he never went back.

At the studio where his father, Val Paul, had been an important executive, they thought young Vaughn a little too serious, a little too aloof. Of course, he had been brought up in the motion-picture business, he had heard it talked, seen it grow, as his normal background. The truth is that motion pictures fascinated the tall, blond blue-eyed boy from the very beginning.

Only he never wanted to be an actor. He is, frankly, much better-looking than a good many of our present crop of leading men and there is for some reason nearly always a dearth of young leading men in Hollywood. But Paul's idea was different.

At U. S. C.—where, by the way, his reputation is completely different from that which he enjoys at the studio and where he was known as a still-waters-run-deep type of humorist who would go any lengths and spend any amount of time on a good gag—at college, then, he had spoken often to the boys who were his friends about pictures. There is a tale in Hollywood that the saying "Motion pictures are still in their infancy" actually originated on the Universal lot, where Vaughn Paul and Deanna Durbin now work, with Uncle Laemmle. Young Vaughn Paul, in bull sessions at college, was apt to echo those sentiments—with due modesty. The great art of the cinema in all its best aspects had only begun. They found him intensely interesting, the young men who were his mates at college. He had, they said, "ideas." Also, they said, he was a swell guy. That, as you probably know, is the highest praise of the younger generation.

ONE thing they remember well. He never seemed to care much about girls. When the phone rang and it was a dame for Paul, he usually stalled a little—and didn't go out. Girls, of course, were very nice. But he wasn't in any sense a wolf. He wasn't a woman-hater or anything, but he was too busy. The feminine sex hadn't as yet impinged upon his life and consciousness. He liked the fellows, he liked all forms of athletics and he liked his work—which he referred to as a background.

As a matter of fact, both in high school and at college, he was extremely popular with the fellows.

He never had a girl—never "went steady" with anyone. Always a little shy



"**Hey! Know any tricks** to amuse baby bunnies? I've been putting my best foot forward all morning—but it's no use. They just grumble and take naps. Shucks, there oughta be *something* the sillies would like . . ."

"**Hold on**—maybe they feel the way I do when I'm hot and cross and some foolish grownup's trying to make me chuckle. Maybe what they really want more'n anything is something soothing to cool 'em off! . . ."





"**Gleeps! That's it!** Silky-cool Johnson's Baby Powder! Just two shakes of a rabbit's tail and I'll be back with double rubdowns for everybody. Then see if these fellas don't wiggle their ears and start to frolic."



"**What a thrill!** A rubdown with soft, soothing Johnson's Baby Powder is the high spot of any baby's day! It's swell for chafes and prickles. Mighty inexpensive, too."

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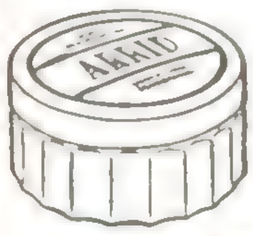
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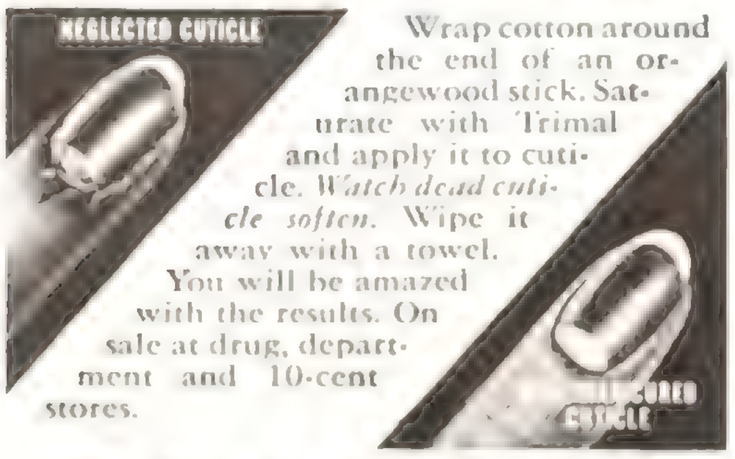
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TRIMAL

with girls, never quite the same humorous, amusing cuss he was with the boys.

When college days were over he didn't ask more of his father than most young Americans ask—a job, if possible, a chance to get into the game. Alert, terribly ambitious, the moment he got his first job he began to concentrate on it. He did what too few young men who get into this vast industry ever do—he began actually to study it from every angle. His blond head and big shoulders were to be seen around the cutting room, in the projection booth, on other sets. He struck up friendships with men in every department—and there are so many, and all important, that go to the making of a motion picture.

They all liked him—and still he never had a girl. If the pretty young things around the lot made eyes at him, they got only a shy and friendly smile in response. Never a date. There are a few girls now who have "double dated" with Vaughn and Deanna—that's all.

So he was a second assistant director on the first Deanna Durbin picture and on several after that. They exchanged the ordinary words that a second and then a first assistant director and the star would exchange on a picture—but she was such a baby; and he was so intent upon his work. Friendly enough, but never intimate, of course. Those things aren't done in Hollywood exactly.

THEN, three years ago almost, when Deanna was sixteen, it happened.

Neither of them knows exactly how it happened.

They know now that one day they fell in love. Deanna, a slim and very vibrant sixteen, was aware of the tall blond young man with the serious face and the twinkling blue eyes—aware of him as the boy who filled some picture and some dream she had carried in her heart as it awakened. He simply—fitted right in.

And Vaughn Paul saw a girl for the first time—as the living, breathing, speaking figure of his ideal.

They were both, of course, young idealists. Romantic, as all young things are, dreaming as all young things must if the world is to go on at all.

Of course they wanted to fall in love—they were eager enough. And so very young—sixteen and twenty-one—the ideal ages, of course. Deanna dreaming of a Prince on a white horse, Vaughn Paul waiting for the Fairy Princess to come down from some distant tower.

Then one day their eyes met, held, and they looked away with quickening hearts. Why—when they'd known each other, seen each other every day, been on the same set, in the same studio—did it come to pass like this?

THE little star found herself breathless, found herself watching for a sight of the tall young man, found herself making little opportunities to speak to him. A college man—she knew that. Very fond of music. Son, of course, of an old Hollywood family and a big executive. Socially, he was eligible. In answer to her shy casual little questions, she found out, too, that he was ambitious, that he worked hard, that already they were saying he would "go places" in pictures.

But—he was an assistant director and she was the studio's greatest star.

Also, she was a girl just turned sixteen.

Vaughn Paul knew. He knew after that very first strange look. He began to think of her as—just a girl. Not as a star. She had, he found, the most beautiful blue eyes in the world, and they looked back at him so frankly, with some—was it a question in them? Her throat was full and white, and she had the prettiest little hands. Sometimes he forgot altogether about the studio and the set, and about her being Deanna Durbin, and just thought of her as the girl—the prettiest—the sweetest—and she would be such fun!

They faced their first problem then.

For days—weeks—the thing was between them—and they both waited. Dreaming, waiting, not knowing, either one of them, just what move to make. Could a young second assistant director ask the star to make a date? Should the star, knowing how those things can be in Hollywood, make the first move—like royalty, issue the invitation herself?

Those were exquisite days, those first days of awareness, those first days of all the little glances, the little shy secret tones and looks, the anticipation. They are always wonderful days in any love affair, but when it is the first love, and both are young, and untouched, and full of all the things of life that are beautiful, it is something unequalled.

But what was the next step to be—and when would they find out that they were in love—how would they break through the barriers around them and find each other?

In the next instalment of Miss St. Johns' unusual story, you will find presented the facts about the first dates of Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul, dates that, because of Deanna's youth, were hushed up in Hollywood. Watch for your July copy.



What the previewers of "That Hamilton Woman!" saw besides the picture: Judy Canova, Jinx Falkenberg and Glenn Ford sitting up in the second row

Speak for Yourself

(*Continued from page 74*)

fabrication of a bad dream, still for the most part "Fantasia" is a thrilling and utterly unique experience.

The music is so realistic that it seems to be coming at you from all sides. Here for the first time is a form of entertainment aimed right at the masses as a method for making the classics both popular and intelligible to the rank and file of the uninitiated. Even such a modernist as Stravinsky takes on meaning for the first time when his music is set to a story. Providing visual colorings for program music both clarifies its structure and creates a more vivid and lasting impression.

WILLARD C. HYATT,
Libertyville, Ill.

$1.00 PRIZE
"How About It, Hymie?"

THERE'S no question about it—Hollywood knows practically everything there is to be known about photography. But, and this was a startling discovery, Hollywood knows very little about the use of the very popular candid camera! At least, one would not think so after watching Ruth Hussey's use of the camera in "The Philadelphia Story."

Research authorities spend untold hours when it comes to the proper presentation of articles and their uses in historical motion pictures. Yet here's something that's as up-to-date as Roz Russell's hats, and what happens? The motion picture big-wigs place the camera in the hands of an inexperienced person and say, "Go ahead—make believe, you're a magazine photographer." And, believe me, dear reader, Ruth Hussey certainly did *make believe;* just as you and I would have when we were six or seven years of age!

Ruth galloped through the house, taking one picture after another, and for all her efforts, she didn't turn the film more than two or three times. She wiggled the camera, she took close-ups within a foot of her subjects—and all with the same lens! Boy, it was so easy, I decided to try her method, just to prove a point. Well, I have a composition now that any modernistic painter would envy. But, it isn't practical, and I'll have to revert to the old method, for even Photoplay-Movie Mirror's own Hymie Fink can't take more than one picture on a given section of film and have it published! How about it, Hymie?

BILL BATTY,
Middletown, Conn.

$1.00 PRIZE
Seeing Is Believing

ON Valentine's Day something happened to me that I shall never forget.

Nelson Eddy gave a concert here before an audience that was packed to capacity.

Before the concert began, the usual rumors went about of how Mr. Eddy never smiled, gave very few encores and all the unpleasant things that will be said about a star.

When the curtain rose and Nelson Eddy stood before us with a smile that could brighten the four corners of the earth, the building fairly resounded with the thunder of applause.

Finally, after his last number had been given (with encores throughout the program), he gave us encore after encore.

The audience stood as they clapped, whistled and even stamped for Mr. Eddy to sing even more. Then, after twenty-two numbers had been sung, he ended his concert with "Will You Remember?" from his picture "Maytime."

I know that every person in that audience will always remember Nelson Eddy. His graciousness and love for giving all he has could never be forgotten.

BARBARA BENNET,
Phoenix, Ariz.

$1.00 PRIZE
A "Yes" for a Few "No's"

I WAS ill for more than a year during which, naturally, I saw no movies. Then I started going to see them—and what a surprise! Can it be that Hollywood is now a guild of real artists? All the old clichés are gone.

Just lately, for instance, I've seen: The hero telephoning, and *not* getting the number right away; paying off his taxi and counting the change he received; packing for a sudden journey and not lifting six monogrammed shirts out of a top drawer to throw into a suitcase; writing a letter and not just making a hurried hen-track across a sheet of paper; ringing for his servant and *not* getting him immediately; a girl dressing for a date and not once dabbing perfume behind her ears; a young wife telling her husband she's going to have a baby—in just those words. No coy subterfuges. In brief, Hollywood seems at last to have



Listen in!

(The girls are talking about Tampons)

The Blonde: *It's invisible* sanitary protection, thank heavens . . . 'cause Fibs are worn internally . . . keep my secret safe even in this bathing suit. Otherwise I'd be missing lots of fun this summer.

The Brunette: *Whatta pal* . . . why didn't you tell me before? I had to miss the beach all last week! But why Fibs? . . . aren't all tampons alike?

The Blonde: *I'll say they're not!* For one thing . . . Fibs are easy to use . . . no gadgets needed, so naturally Fibs cost less. And what means even more to me — Fibs are the *Kotex* Tampon . . .

The Brunette: *That's the answer!* Fibs are a Kotex product . . . so it's Fibs for me! Now I remember . . . Fibs are the tampons that are "Quilted" for more comfort and safety. And you get a full dozen for just 20c.

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Why Can't ALICE FAYE Find True Love?

ONE GIRL who ought to be happy is Alice Faye. Yet the secret fact is that she is not. Among Screen Guide's scoops for June are the intimate details of her romances.

SCREEN GUIDE, the large-size *picture magazine* of motion pictures, is edited independently. It tells without fear or favor the *truth* about strictly "human" stars!

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How Remarriage Has Remade Bette Davis! Photos prove the truth!

I Made My Home in Hollywood by Rita Hayworth. See what it costs to build, decorate a Hollywood manse. Figures and facts!

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All this and heavenly color portraits, too—Betty Grable, Don Ameche, Olivia de Havilland, Tony Martin. Also gossip, reviews, beauty hints, fashion news!

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G. RAYNE,
Vancouver, Canada

HONORABLE MENTION

WHY do the studios "push" such questionable talent as Ann Sheridan, Lana Turner, Betty Grable, Linda Darnell, Virginia Bruce, Gene Tierney, Paulette Goddard and Olivia de Havilland on the public? If they can act, I am Sarah Bernhardt.

The female romanticists will resent this, but why don't the studios star Leslie Howard and Charles Boyer in a gangster picture? Let Leslie Boy be a gang leader and Charlie Boy a rival "crime defender" who kill each other for the love of gun-moll Joan Fontaine. Oh, yes, then let Toughy Joan act animated (which will probably kill her) and then the screen will be rid of three sissy-pants.

EMILY CHERRY,
Norfolk, Va.

Why doesn't Warner Brothers studio wake up and realize what a swell screen bet they have in Jeffrey Lynn? He has proved in the few times he's had a chance that he can act.

MRS. ALFRED A. ROSE,
Vicksburg, Miss.

John Barrymore may have bags under his eyes, two chins and numerous wives, but for all that he is one of the very best thespians in the business. Please, someone, give John a meaty part in a good sophisticated drama.

ETHEL L. MORRIS,
Kansas City, Mo.

I AM the victim of a new and apparently incurable malady known to science (and movie fans) as galloping Jaggeritis. The patient usually complains of loss of sleep, general dreaminess and inability to concentrate and shows a marked tendency to haunt theaters playing "Brigham Young, Frontiersman" or "Western Union."

Symptoms generally appear within a short time after exposure to a pair of very penetrating and very blue eyes, a crisp metallic voice and various and sundry other items which are the exclusive property of an exciting gentleman named Dean Jagger.

DOROTHY E. DICKSON,
Altadena, Calif.

IF movie patrons could look behind the scenes at the revolting cruelties practised on helpless animals there would be an immediate boycott on the thrill-packed Westerns where the Noble Hero dashes madly off a high cliff. The background of every such "punch" is a toll of broken legs, internal injuries and hideous suffering for the horses involved.

SYLVIA L. PETERS,
Eugene, Ore.

LAST night a new star appeared on the movie horizon, new for me, at least. His name is Rex Harrison and in him I found an actor delightfully different from any I have ever seen. Besides a twinkle in his eye and a sense of humor, Mr. Harrison can also appear serious and even dangerous-looking. His is a rare personality that has never been apparent in any of our present or past day actors.

BETTY JOHNSON,
Indianapolis, Ind.

TWICE I have been to the movies lately in company with my teen-age daughter, only to sit there and wish we were home. Both films—"The Philadelphia Story" and "Virginia"—showed beautiful estates and beautiful women. But two flagrant faults stand out in each—drink, drink, drink; Katharine Hepburn dead to the world in more than one scene and Madeleine Carroll saying, "Let's get tight" every time a crisis came up.

A mother who cares.

MRS. CALVIN W. SHERMAN,
Clyde, N. Y.

I AM an American! That's why "Land of Liberty" thrilled me so tremendously! I have always loved our flag and the country it stands for, but they mean more than ever to me now, after seeing the struggle people have gone through to make them what they are. That sweeping panorama of the growth of our nation did something for me. And seeing those scores of stars, each doing his part magnificently but each subordinate to the real star—The United States of America—brings a lump to one's throat.

ADELINE SWANSON,
Boulder, Colo.

CONGRATULATIONS to somebody for discovering Dan Dailey Jr. Besides proving himself a good actor, he is handsome to the right degree. He has an appealing sincerity about him that makes you feel you know him intimately. He looks and acts like the boy next door or your college roommate might. His twinkling smile and flashing dimples can make the fans of Gable, Boyer and Taylor forget their idols.

FRANCES WAKELEY,
Rome, Ga.

What Ann Sheridan Learned in Exile

(*Continued from page 43*)

'name.' You see the ones who sympathize, perhaps, but are afraid to 'take sides' because it might hurt them with the Big Shots who might otherwise do something for them someday, some way. You see the ones who are just curious and after they've found out all they can about your affairs, toddle along on their own sweet way, forgetting all about you.

"And you see those who are really your friends. . . ."

AS she spoke, the phone rang and she went to answer it herself. When she returned to her chair by the living-room fire, it was to mention specifically one of those friends.

"That was George," she said, simply. Then, perhaps because we may have looked surprised (Hadn't everyone been saying that the Sheridan-Brent romance was "off"?) she grinned.

"Sure . . . We see each other often. You didn't think George had run out on me, did you?" she demanded. And laughed out loud at our guilty look because we *had* thought just that.

"We just didn't go around to night clubs and such, where we were 'seen'," she explained. "Until all this salary business was settled, I preferred not to be on parade. You can understand that, can't you?

"But I had a grand time for myself," she went on, "for the reason that so many people were so perfectly wonderful to me! Besides George, there were Ida Lupino and Louis Hayward, Ann Sothern and Roger Pryor, the Jimmy Cagneys, the Pat O'Briens, the Humphrey Bogarts, Big Boy Williams and George Tobias, the Jerome Cowans and a lot of others who showed themselves 'friends indeed!' That also includes the entire Hollywood press and I'll never forget it. And total strangers were wonderful, too.

"You know," she confided, "I didn't exactly have it easy, those first five years I spent in Hollywood. There were times, as you may know, also, when I wasn't quite sure where my next meal was coming from. And there were plenty of snubs and double-crossings. In fact, I learned then so much about hurt and disillusionment that I expected the worst when this happened. I was sure I would be kicked around for fair. At least—" she shrugged expressively "—I thought I might be. Well, I soon found out 'what gave' pro and con, good and bad.

"On the bad side of the ledger there was, of course, that certain Hollywood hostess. Maybe you'd better spell it with a capital 'h'; she's that kind of a hostess. Anyway, she used to invite me to her parties regularly, even though I had never met her. Always, she'd be cordial as anything. Well, I never accepted her invitations because I really didn't want to since I didn't know her. But during this interlude—" she laughed —"I couldn't have if I wanted to because I wasn't asked any more. Annie with a job was one thing, as far as she was concerned. Annie without was another."

There was also, it seems, the episode of the Ardent Swain, or perhaps it should be the Would-Be Ardent Swain. He was a young Hollywood actor trying to get along and being only partially successful at it. He began to be ardent—but *ardent!* —about the time "Torrid Zone" was released. He gave Ann the rush of her life. Or tried to. He'd call up and say, "I'm going to beat Brent's time, you know"—joking, but in earnest. Ann liked him all right and she'd laugh at his sallies, but she never went out with him. Obviously, "Brent's time" was difficult to beat.

And then came the mix-up with Warners. Ann went on her enforced "vacation." Rita Hayworth became "The Strawberry Blonde." And the Ardent Swain, like the Arab, "folded his tent and silently stole away."

"He needed to be 'seen' with a bigger fish than I was then. He couldn't waste time on me. So I was 'all alone by the telephone.'"

Ann laughed without malice. You learn tolerance along the rough, tough road she has travelled. You learn not to judge too sharply because people kind of get what's coming to 'em, anyway.

BESIDES, for Ann, there were those other things—those items on the good side of the ledger—to offset the bad. Like the way in which a certain famous woman columnist who is a dear friend of hers inveigled her on shopping expeditions and then insisted on paying all the bills.

"You see," Ann explained, "here in Hollywood when you don't work for some time, most people assume that you're rapidly going broke. And I guess that a good many people out of a job do go broke. It was natural, therefore, that Lillian (that's not her name, but I'll call

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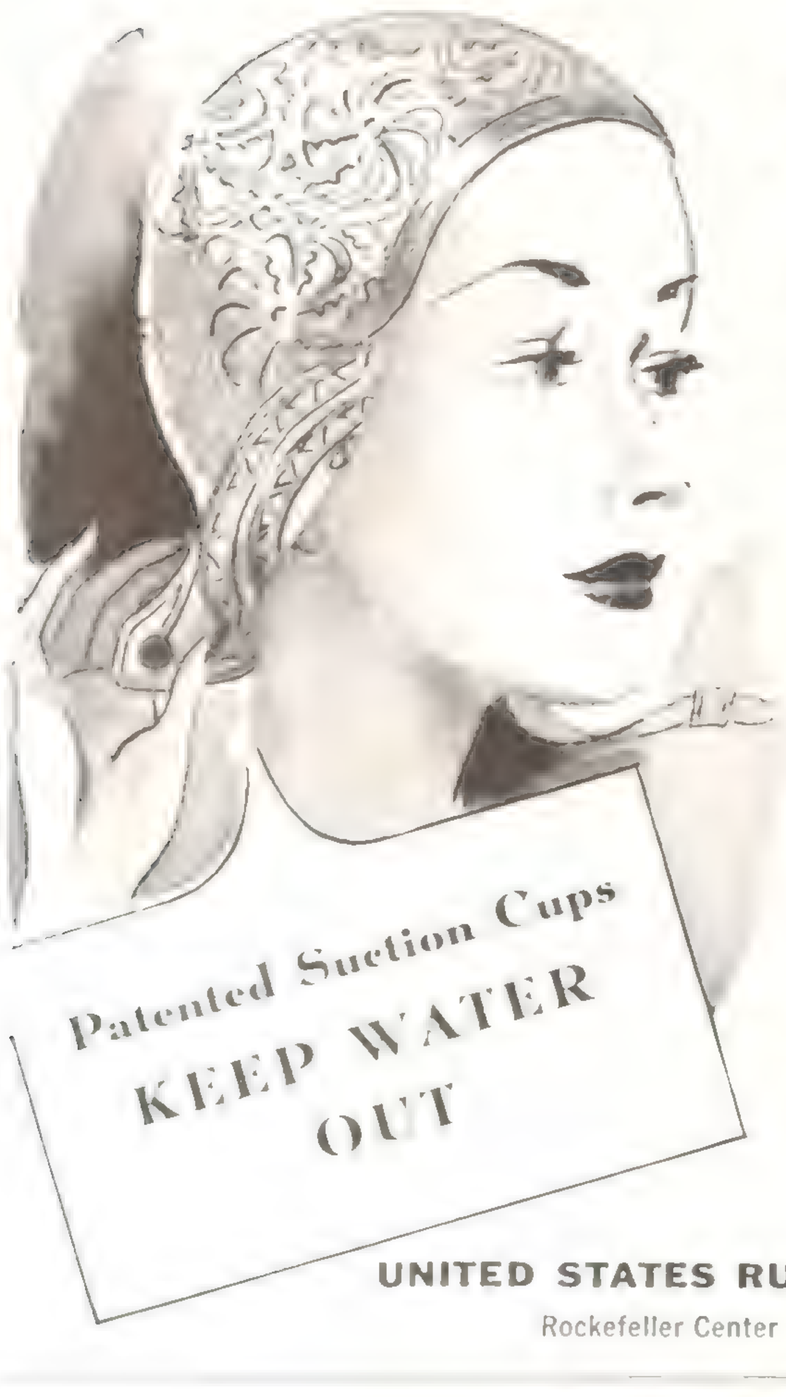
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Joan Blondell and Dick Powell, co-stars of the Universal picture "Model Wife."

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her that) should figure that my own finances were not exactly top-hole. So, being one of the most generous people in the world, she'd get me to try on things—hats, dresses, shoes, whatever I happened to need—and if I liked 'em, she would manage to pay for them before I knew what was going on. And she would be so sweet about it; so pleased at what she was doing that unless I wanted to be a perfect boor, I'd just have to let her have her own way.

"I wasn't broke, though," she confided. "The lessons I learned through those years when I had it so tough in Hollywood taught me to prevent that. I've saved something out of every pay check I have ever earned. And for the last couple of years I've had a crackerjack business manager who has kept me on a rigid budget. So, I shouldn't have starved for a long, long time."

NOT that Ann's friends would have let her, anyway, and that's what is so swell about this whole thing. Take what Big Boy Williams, George Tobias and Jerome Cowan did at Christmas. Sure. It was a gag. But there was a point to it, too.

"They came around Christmas morning," Ann recounted. "I answered the doorbell and there they were. 'Come on outside and see what Santa Claus has brought you,' they said. So I did . . . and Santa Claus had brought a truckload of groceries. I mean a *truckload!* We all laughed fit to kill, but I took the groceries, just as they meant me to, bless their hearts."

Or take what the man at the filling station did, down San Juan Capistrano way, that day Ann and George Brent were driving to San Diego.

"It was shortly after Warners had suspended me," Ann said. "We were in my car and I was driving. We stopped for gas at a station which sold the kind of gas that I had happened to endorse through an advertising tie-up arranged by Warners. Of course, though, this contract had long since been terminated. Even so, when I asked the man, 'How much?' and started to reach for my purse, he cut me off short.

"'Not a thing, Miss Sheridan,' he said. 'You're going to need your money!' And he wouldn't take anything, either!"

Of course, the postscript to this is that Annie took the price of the fifteen gallons of gasoline, put some more with it and bought the man a nice Christmas present. But that doesn't spoil the story of his consideration for her. Ann was in a spot, he figured, and he wanted to help her out . . . just as a lot of other people have wanted to in a lot of other ways she will never forget.

A far more important postscript to this story of Ann's "Hollywood exile" is that the differences between her and the studio have now been ironed out. Her return to the home fold in "Navy Blues" ought to mark the dissolution not only of the Navy's blues but Annie's also. For she has come back with $20,000 of back pay in her jeans plus a bump in salary reported to make her weekly stipend $1,000. So much we can personally assure you: The new figure is *no less* than that amount, though it does represent a compromise. (Ann asked for $2,000 a week, you recall.) But isn't compromise the happy ending for all strikes?

Thus the redheaded youngster who hooked her heels over the rails of the fence and listened while the "Boss Man" said, "You have to do what you have to do," has made a practical—and profitable—demonstration of the truth of that lesson learned so long ago.

The Man Who Lost Himself

(*Continued from page* 47)

Scott. I'm another man."

"Yes, sir," blandly, "you always are, sir."

"Always?" John said bewilderedly.

"Yes, sir. You always say you are a new man and that the old Malcolm Scott is dead."

John was losing patience. "Hey, wait a minute—" he snapped, then memory returned. Malcolm Scott! Why, that was the name of the chap he'd met last night when, after finishing his multiple Scotch and sodas, he had turned away from the bar and bumped into a man so like him in every way that it was like running into a mirror. They might have been twins.

"I'm Malcolm Scott," the other man had said abruptly when for a few moments they had stared at each other in mutual amazement. "We've probably broken the all-time record for look-alikes and I think that calls for a drink. Will you join me?"

They had had a drink, then another and another. John remembered it clearly now and he let out a whoosh of relief. "You and Scott got yourselves a couple of brannigans," he told himself cheerfully, "and he brought you home and put you to bed. Probably his idea of a joke."

"YOUR bath is ready, Mr. Scott," Paul announced.

"Now look, Paul," John said firmly. "I'm not Mr. Scott. Mr. Scott and I did a little serious drinking last night and apparently he brought me here and tucked me in. He must be quite a practical joker."

"Yes, sir," Paul agreed. "But," firmly, "you came home alone, Mr. Scott. The taxi driver rang the bell and I let you in and—and helped you to bed, sir." That left John speechless for the moment and Paul said again, "Your bath is ready, Mr. Scott."

"I'm not—" John began the denial automatically, then his devil-may-care love of adventure got the upper hand. Why not, he argued, stick around, pretend to be Mr. Scott until he found out what the real Scott's game was? A little luxury wouldn't be hard to take for a while and there was no reason why Scott should have all the fun. No reason at all, he decided impetuously, and threw himself into the masquerade with light-hearted enthusiasm. Whistling cheerfully, he bathed, shaved and put on the strange but miraculously well-fitting clothes which Paul laid out for him. He was a little reluctant about accepting the well-filled wallet and keys which Paul handed him, but reflected that there was no point in halfway measures and pocketed them. After a superb breakfast he dawdled over a cigarette until Paul asked if he wasn't going to take his usual morning walk.

"The very thing I had in mind," he said. Paul handed him a hat and setting it on his head at a slant John started off at a longlegged stride down Fifth Avenue, wondering what was going to happen next.

What happened was that he forgot all about traffic lights and stepped off the curb right in front of a limousine which was just rounding the corner. Horns hooted and brakes snarled and John, instead of being crushed under the car, as for a hair-raising instant he expected to be, found himself on his hands and knees in the gutter.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" The voice, low-pitched and furious, came from the car which had drawn close to the curb. John looked up. The speaker was a girl. More than that, she was beautiful, with the vivid intoxicating beauty of gleaming dark hair and eyes, ivory satin skin and warm lips.

"Yes," John said. "Why yes, it is, isn't it?"

"I might have known it," the girl snapped. Exasperation added sparkle to her dark eyes and John relaxed against the curb the better to watch her face. "Well," she demanded, "haven't you anything to say?"

"You're beautiful," John said in awe. "Even when you frown. You'd be more beautiful," he continued audaciously, "if you smiled. Why don't you smile?"

Surprisingly, she did smile, but it was a faint unwilling ghost of a smile which touched her lips for only an instant before she repressed it and said sharply, "For heaven's sake, get up."

Obediently, John stood up. "You're wonderful," he sighed.

HER face softened unexpectedly. "Why do you act this way?" she cried. "Why do you make such a spectacle of yourself—of me? I've tried," there was a hint of tears in her pleading, "you know I've stood by you through everything, Mal."

The realization that she thought he was Scott added impetus to John's masquerade. "Couldn't you," he suggested hopefully, "keep on standing by?"

Fury swept her again. "You are without doubt," she blazed, "the most conceited, inconsiderate—but," she broke off, "we can't talk here. I'll see you later, as we planned." She leaned forward, gave instructions to the chauffeur and before John could stop her the car was lost in traffic. It was only then that he realized that he didn't know who she was.

He was walking along, picturing her face, the proud lift of her chin, the way her dark hair lay against her smart cavalier hat, when a newsboy thrust a paper into his hand. Automatically he gave the boy money. But the next moment he was shocked into activity—for across one column of the paper he read: "John Evans, Porto Rican businessman, killed in subway accident."

Five minutes later John faced Paul in the library of Malcolm Scott's home. He knew instinctively that the dead man must be Scott and it was up to him now to establish his own identity and clear up the mistake.

"Bring me the papers that were in the suit I wore last night," he ordered.

"There weren't any papers, sir," Paul said. "I went through the pockets carefully before I sent the suit to the cleaner, Mr. Scott."

"Paul," John said authoritatively, "this is no longer a game. Mr. Scott," he lowered his voice, "is dead."

"How often I've heard you say that." The words came from the doorway behind him, but the low-pitched tones were unmistakable. and John, scarcely able to believe his good luck, wheeled to face the girl he had seen in the limousine. Her indignation was gone now, replaced by unhappiness which tore at John's heart. "How often," she repeated, sinking into a chair, "I've heard you say, 'The old Malcolm Scott is dead. I'm a different man.'"

"That's exactly what I mean," John said seriously. "I *am* a different man."

With a graceful shrug the girl slipped the furs from her shoulders. "You'll never be different," she said wearily. "I thought you might be. I thought, when you went to the sanitarium—"





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Mrs. Van Avery was determinedly blonde. "Malliekins," she cooed coyly, "did oo miss oor baby?" John winced

"Was Malcolm Scott in a sanitarium?" John interrupted. A light was beginning to break. If Scott was crazy that would account for his getting him drunk and taking his papers.

"Stop it, Mal," she ordered impatiently. "There's no sense in pretending that you've forgotten running away from the sanitarium last night, phoning me to meet you here this morning—what is it, Paul?" she added as the butler, who had slipped out of the room earlier, entered.

"There are two gentlemen to see Mr. Scott," Paul said. "They are from some insurance company."

"I haven't got any insurance and I don't want any," John snapped.

"They aren't selling insurance, sir," Paul said. "They want to talk to you about an accident."

The girl glanced at her wristwatch. "You might as well see them, Mal. You seem to have forgotten whatever it was you wanted to talk to me about and I have to leave anyhow. Tell the men Mr. Scott will be free shortly, Paul."

"Thank you, Mrs. Scott," Paul said, and withdrew.

The name hit John with all the force of a thunderbolt. "Are you—are you—" he asked in amazement "—Malcolm Scott's wife?"

Color flooded her face. She sprang out of her chair, her brown eyes sparkling wrathfully so that they sent little tingles along John's spine. "That," she cried furiously, "is the last straw. Since you can't even remember that we are married I shall take steps to see that we don't *stay* married—and this time I really mean it!" And paying no attention to John's frantic "Wait, let me explain" she caught up her furs and ran blindly out of the room

JOHN'S interview with the insurance men didn't last long, but it did turn the masquerade into a grim dilemma. Assuming that he was Scott, they told him they just wanted to check on the fact that he had spent the previous evening with John Evans in a hotel bar. They had made that discovery, they went on, while investigating Evans' death in connection with a $20,000 accident insurance policy payable to Harold Phillips. John carried no insurance of any sort and was about to blurt out this fact, along with his true identity. Then he recalled that accident policies, unlike life insurance, do not require physical examination, which made it entirely possible for his one-time partner—for some mysterious idea of his own—to have taken out such a policy without John's knowledge. If this were the case, John decided, he'd better get some more information from the investigators before he gave them any.

So he held his tongue and the next moment he realized how lucky it was that he had, for one of the men said that there was some doubt that the dead man was really Evans and that if Evans was alive he would face charges of working in collusion with Phillips to defraud the insurance company. Even while the man was talking, John was reflecting that it was darned lucky his attempts to convince Mrs. Scott and Paul that he wasn't Scott had failed. For there was only one thing to do now; keep on being Scott until it was safe for him to be John Evans again.

As soon as the men left, John rang for Paul. By pretending that he had forgotten past events, he led Paul to give him a pretty complete picture of Scott. It wasn't a pretty picture. The dissolute son of a millionaire department store owner, Scott had filled his life with escapades ranging from drinking and gambling to entanglements with one woman after another. His conduct had grown even worse after he had taken over the store following his father's death. His family would no longer associate with him. His wife, whose name John learned was Adrienne, had repeatedly threatened to divorce him and had in fact recently moved out of the house and taken an apartment of her own, although now she was working at the store in an effort to save it from the ruin which seemed inevitable under Scott's mismanagement. If Scott had been a poor man he would have been declared insane and clapped into an asylum; since he had money and position he was known simply as an eccentric and his only restraint

had been in the sanitarium from which he had escaped the previous evening.

The discovery that his double was such a thoroughgoing heel didn't make the future look any too bright and rosy, so John wasn't greatly surprised when he was visited by an unpleasant-looking man to whom Scott had been paying blackmail over some indiscreet letters he had written to a married woman, one Mrs. Van Avery.

BLUFFING, and making up his story as he went along, John accused the man, whose foreign accent was unmistakable, of being an alien, living in this country illegally.

He nearly fell off his chair in surprise when the man, jittering with fear, admitted that all this was true and returned not only the letters but the money Scott had already paid him in exchange for John's promise not to inform the immigration authorities.

His next caller, several hours later, was Mrs. Van Avery herself. She was determinedly blonde and heavily made up and her use of scent was generous rather than subtle.

"Malliekins, sweetie," she cooed, hurling herself at John. "Did oo miss oor baby?" John backed away, but Mrs. Van Avery pursued him, finally cornered him and perched herself coyly in his lap. Then she came to the point of her visit. "Oor baby is awfully broke," she pouted. "She needs some money. Not a lot of money—just a teeny, weeny little $2000—and," twining her arms around his neck, "she just knows her Malliekins will give it to her."

As John studied the avid face so close to his own, he wondered if it was only coincidence that she had found herself out of funds so soon after the blackmailer expected—and failed to receive—money, or if it indicated that the two were working together. It was only a hunch but he decided to act on it, so he said, "When I told your partner that I was through paying blackmail I meant that I was through paying blackmail. To anybody, to everybody."

"Why, the heel!" the woman screamed. "So he told you—"

John laughed exultantly. His hunch had worked! "He didn't tell me anything. I guessed—and you've just admitted that I guessed the truth. So, my dear Mrs. Van Avery," he bowed mockingly, "suppose we say—good-by."

PAUL, who, John had sensed by now, considered himself a member of the family with duties and privileges far greater than those of the average servant, was so jubilant over the blackmail and Van Avery victories that he reported them to the family lawyer and the lawyer, in turn, was so impressed with what he believed was Scott's reform that he begged Adrienne to give her supposed husband another chance and arranged a meeting between the pair at the store.

In her office at the store John found Adrienne with her dark head bent over a stack of papers. He wanted more than anything else in the world to kiss away the frown of worry from between her eyes, but he confined himself to a casual "Hello."

"Hello," she answered, just as casually.

John didn't know what to say after that and fumbled around in his mind wondering whether, since she thought he was Scott, she would expect him to refer to the Van Avery business or ignore it. Better ignore it, he decided, and said, gesturing at the papers on her desk, "How are things going?"

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She didn't answer and her silence told John more plainly than words how desperately she needed help.

"I'm sorry," he said contritely, "I didn't know things were so bad."

"You should have known," she said. "I've tried often enough to tell you."

John passed over that criticism. "Aren't sales holding up?" he asked, dropping into a chair.

Better than ever. But expenses—overhead—" she gestured helplessly. "Maybe we'd better sell to that syndicate as Mulhausen keeps urging us to do, although their offer is only about a quarter of what it should be."

Not daring to ask who Mulhausen was, John said gently, "I'd like to help. Suppose you show me the daily records."

"Records?" with obvious astonishment. "Why, I never see the records. Mulhausen keeps them."

"It seems strange," John mused, "that the wife of the president of the firm, officiating in his—his unavoidable absence, shall we say?—doesn't see the records."

"It certainly is," Adrienne retorted, "but what could I do? Sneak across the hall into his office and loot his safe? After all, he's an officer of the firm and he said he was acting under your orders."

John got up and began to prowl around the office. "I seem to smell a rat," he said thoughtfully. "I believe," starting toward the door, "I'd better have a talk with Mulhausen."

"Oh," the relief in her voice was unmistakable. "Oh, if you only would." In her eagerness she sprang out of her chair and laid her hand on his arm. Her nearness was too much for John. Impetuously he drew her into his arms and kissed her full on the mouth. At first she held herself tautly aloof, then he felt her lips melt beneath his own.

A moment later she pulled herself away. "Why, Mal," she breathed in amazement. Then as if afraid of the emotion his embrace had stirred within her she said coolly, "Don't forget that you were going to talk to Mulhausen. Now, march." And John, still dazed by her kiss, marched

Mulhausen wasn't in and, after making an appointment through his secretary for the following morning, John returned to Adrienne's office to discover that she, too, had gone. Disappointed, he left the store and walked slowly up Fifth Avenue. His thoughts were filled with Adrienne and it was like an answer to prayer, when he reached the house, to find her there.

SHE was dressed in a foamy rose-tinted housecoat which swirled about her as she sat at the piano. A fire burned on the hearth, near which stood a small table set for two.

Adrienne looked up happily when John entered. "Hello, dear," she called softly. The look and the greeting turned him limp, so that he leaned against the door for support. She went on playing for a moment. "The cigarettes are here, by the piano," she said at last. "Matches, too."

Everything," John walked slowly across the room, "seems to be here, by the piano."

I'm glad," she said meaningly, "you feel that way."

John gulped. "What's that you're playing?" he asked

Darling," Adrienne reproached him, that's our song. The one we always play when we've quarreled and—made up."

Oh," John said weakly

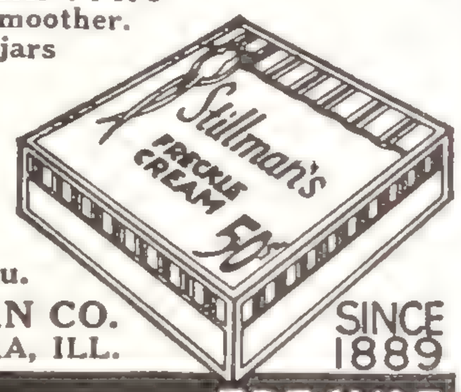
Adrienne brought the song to an end

Suppose," she suggested, indicating

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the table by the fire, "we have some dinner."

When they have finished eating, Adrienne said seriously, "You know, darling, you seem different, somehow. No," as he started to speak, "I don't mean the old 'I'm a different man' line of yours. I mean *really* different. More responsible—more capable. More," hesitantly, "tender and understanding."

"I'm not—" John began, but Adrienne, misinterpreting his words, laid her fingers across his lips.

"You are," she insisted. "I realized it this afternoon when you kissed me. I knew then that we really and truly love each other. That's why," she went on softly, "I moved back home tonight."

As the full significance of her words dawned in John's mind he felt himself go tense with consternation. Surely, he told himself, no man had ever before been in such a predicament—in love with a girl who, thinking he was her husband, was offering her love, herself—and he could neither accept nor give any decent reason for refusing.

"Adrienne," he managed at last to gasp, "you've got to let me explain."

Adrienne shook her head. "No explanations. The past is over. We have only the future. Oh, my dearest, it will be such a happy future."

Too dazed to reply, John let her lead him through the hall and up the wide stairway. When they'd gone a few steps John halted. "Got to go back," he muttered. "Left the lights on." He turned, prepared to bolt back down the stairs.

ADRIENNE'S pressure on his arm increased. "Paul will turn them out," she said, not stopping.

A few steps more, then John said, "I'm afraid I left a cigarette burning."

"Paul," Adrienne didn't pause and John was forced to stumble after her, "will empty the ash trays."

A few steps more, and John worked his cigarette case out of his pocket. It rolled down the stairs. "Dropped my cigarette case," he said brightly. "I'll go back and get it."

"*We'll* go back and get it," Adrienne corrected firmly and together they went down the stairs. Then, John's ingenuity for escape at an end, together they climbed the stairs again and entered the large bedroom on the second floor.

"Adrienne," John cried hoarsely then, "there's something I've got to tell you."

Adrienne faced him expectantly. "I know what it is, dear," she said. "I've been waiting all evening for you to tell me. Tell me now," she urged softly. "Take me in your arms and tell me you love me."

"Adrienne," he began, then, "Oh, Adrienne, I love you," he cried and swept her into his arms.

Their embrace lasted only a moment, then with, "I'll only be a minute, dear," Adrienne slipped into the dressing room.

When the door had closed behind her John impulsively started toward it. Then he forced himself to stop and with the furtiveness of an animal escaping from a trap he dashed through the opposite door, ran swiftly down the stairs and out of the house.

HE spent the night on a bench in the park, smoking innumerable cigarettes. Time after time he was tempted to return to the house, to Adrienne, but each time he beat down the temptation. By morning he had outlined a plan of action. His reasoning was almost in the form of a schoolboy's exercise, built up from premise to premise. First, he and Adrienne loved each other. Therefore,

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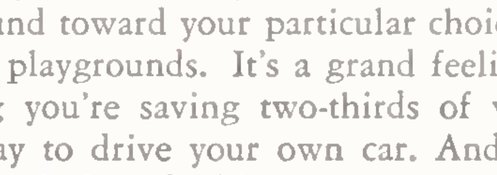
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they would be married. Therefore, Adrienne must be made to realize that he was John Evans and that Malcolm Scott was dead. He shuddered at what might be in store for him once the insurance investigators learned that Evans was alive, but with the confidence born of love he was sure this difficulty could be overcome.

Eagerly he started back toward the house, then he recalled his appointment with Mulhausen. Better to get that out of the way first, he decided and headed for the store.

Mulhausen greeted him matter-of-factly and with a cynicism and assurance which hinted at a long partnership in crime, he talked freely. Scott and Mulhausen, John learned, had for years mulcted the organization of many thousands of dollars. Scott had been in no position to protest, even if he had wanted to, not only because he had shared in the plunder but because Mulhausen had in his possession a check which Scott had forged. He had used the check as a club over the young man and, by refraining from turning it over to the authorities—which would have resulted inevitably in a prison sentence for Scott—he had gone on his merry, pilfering way with perfect confidence.

"And that's all you have?" John said incredulously when Mulhausen waved the check under his nose.

"That's all I have," Mulhausen agreed. "But," significantly, "I *have* it!"

"You mean you *had* it," John shouted triumphantly and before the startled Mulhausen could stop him he snatched the check.

Mulhausen lunged for it, but John held it out of reach with one hand and shoved him back with the other. They struggled wildly around the desk, John trying frantically to figure out a way of destroying the evidence that would require only one hand. At last, in desperation, he shoved it into his mouth. Then pinioning the now terrified Mulhausen against the wall he slowly chewed it to a pulp and, bit by bit, nearly choking in the process, he swallowed it. When the last scrap had safely passed his Adam's apple he released his victim and with a blithe "Thanks, Mulhausen, that's the best meal I've ever had," he strode briskly out of the office.

HIS victory over Mulhausen acted like a tonic on John. He rushed to Adrienne's office, expecting to overwhelm her with the news. She wasn't there. He phoned the house. Paul informed him reproachfully that Adrienne had moved back to her apartment. He called the apartment—time after time he called the apartment—but each time he called Adrienne refused to talk to him.

Desperate with the need to make everything clear to her he hit upon the idea of having Paul summon the members of Malcolm Scott's family—together with the family lawyer and the doctor from whose sanitarium Scott had escaped for a conference at the house. When he faced this group a little later, John expected them, with one voice, to denounce him as an impostor. But to his consternation each one thought he was Scott.

"I'm not Scott!" he shouted. "I am John Evans. Can't you understand? Scott is dead—I am Evans."

Nobody believed him.

"Too bad," the lawyer murmured.

"Definitely a bad case of split personality," the doctor announced.

The two men looked at each other, reached a wordless understanding, then they converged on John. A moment later, with the unhappy assistance of Paul, he had been bundled into the doctor's car and was on his way to the sanitarium.

Night had settled down when John climbed over the sanitarium wall and began glumly to trudge along the highway toward New York. Since the sanitarium was more like a hotel than a place of confinement he had found it surprisingly simple to escape from his room and to avoid the attendants scattered about, but short as his incarceration had been it had given him time for thought.

For one thing, Adrienne's refusal to talk to him, it was clear now, was no mere whim but the inflexible determination of a woman who had reached the breaking point, and had resolved not to risk further hurt. He had been the world's greatest egotist, this morning, to believe that she could ever love him; the world's greatest fool not to sense that his abrupt departure last night must have seemed to her to be deliberate humiliation. Whether he told himself wryly, she continued to believe he was Scott or eventually realized that he was not, her humiliation would remain as a barrier between them.

HE was so sunk in gloom that he didn't see the car which was speeding toward him, but suddenly there it was, almost on top of him, and John found himself on his hands and knees at the side of the road.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" As in a dream he heard again the first words Adrienne had ever addressed to him. But it wasn't a dream. Adrienne was peering out of the car window and Paul was at the wheel.

"Yes," John answered as he had at their first encounter. "Why, yes it is, isn't it?"



Brian Aherne gets a line on the confused love situation in "The Man Who Lost Himself": Studying the script for Universal's comedy with his co-star Kay Francis

"Well," Adrienne demanded, "are you going to stay here on the road all night?"

Bewilderedly John crawled in beside her and the car turned and started back toward New York. "Apparently," she remarked coolly, "you didn't care for the sanitarium."

"How," John asked, "did you know I was there?"

"Paul told me. He told me all about your little conference this afternoon. What," curiously, "did you think of the family?"

"I think they must be crazy," John replied shortly. "They believe I'm Malcolm Scott and I'm—"

"—John Evans," Adrienne finished calmly.

The unexpectedness of this after days of disbelief left John stunned. "How," he managed to gasp at length, "when—?"

"When did I find out? This afternoon."

"How?" John insisted.

"Those insurance investigators—the same ones you talked to the other day—came to see me," she explained. "When they asked me if I could swear that you were Mal Scott I thought they were crazy and said of course I could. Then I began to think things over—remembered how different you seemed when you kissed me, there in the office, how strangely you acted last night. I understood everything, then—that you are you, that Mal is—dead," her voice trailed off into silence.

Abruptly consciousness of his own predicament returned to John and he groaned aloud. "Since they know I'm Evans," he said morosely, "they'll probably have me jailed for trying to defraud the insurance company."

"No, they won't," Adrienne said confidently. "They said something about that, but the store carries a large policy with their company and when I said I'd cancel it if they bothered you they promised not to take any action against you. I told them," she continued firmly, "that I didn't intend to have my husband spend our honeymoon in jail."

"You — told — them — *what?*" John gasped incredulously.

"That I didn't intend," Adrienne began, but she didn't finish. She couldn't—and she didn't need to. For her lips were crushed against John's and his arms were holding her close to his heart.

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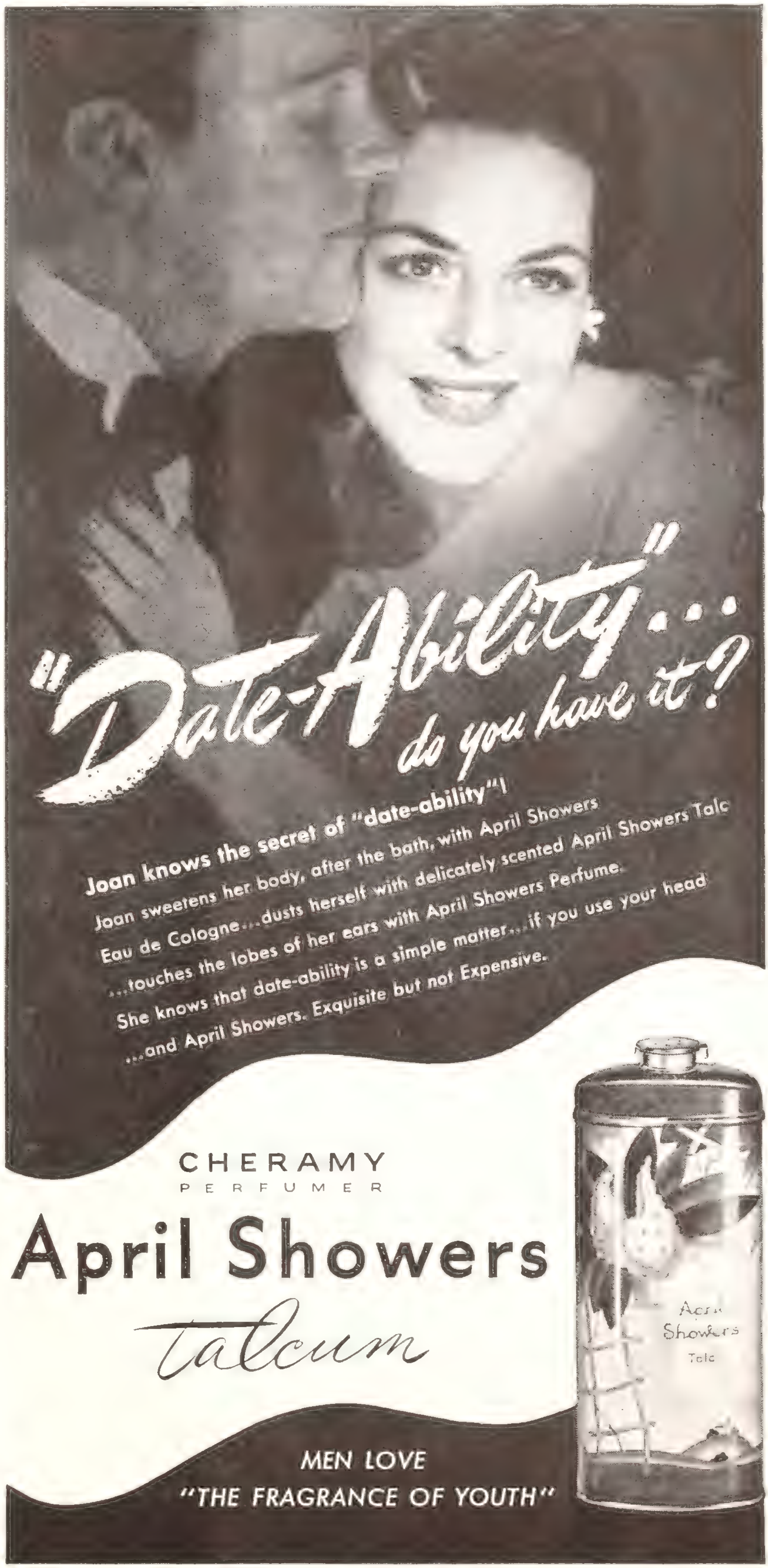
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July

Photoplay-Movie Mirror



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The Nicest Women in Hollywood—and Why!

(Continued from page 27)



One of the "nicest women": Ouida Rathbone, here with husband Basil. Reason: She does more with less fanfare than a lot of others who stand in the publicity spotlight

the camera and directs her in dumb show. It's quite a show and nothing dumb about it. I think it's plenty smart to have thought it out.

As to Frances Marion, I could devote a whole article to her. As you've probably read, she became through the years one of our leading screen writers. For eons she was getting a salary of $3,000 a week, spending most of it on everybody else but Frances. Even now, when her salary isn't $3,000 a week, she gives two big parties a year for the tubercular patients and the children's ward at the County Hospital.

From time to time various people have helped out with small contributions, but if Frances didn't have the price of a Christmas tree for her own two sons, she'd still carry on. She's helped more people to fame than almost any single person here. For years she wrote the stories that starred Mary Pickford. When sound descended upon us, her dialogue was adult when that of other writers was still wearing diapers.

She developed and wrote the stories for Fred Thompson, who was a chaplain in the Army in the last war, put him on the screen as a cowboy and got his salary up to $10,000 a week. She was the first one to write parts for Zasu Pitts, whose hands reminded her of ostrich plumes in a high wind

It was she who saw a lazy cowboy leaning up against Sam Goldwyn's window, when Sam was going mad trying to find a young actor to play with Ronnie Colman and Vilma Banky in "The Winning of Barbara Worth." He was called in. They made a test of him, he was put on the back of a horse. Frances kept him there—and he darned near stole the picture from Ronnie. That guy's name happens to be Gary Cooper. If a manicurist or a script girl needs an operation, Frances pays for it. She's a sucker for a sob story, and one of the nicest women I ever met

THEN there are others. For instance—

Una Merkel isn't one of the richest girls in town, but she's another of the generous ones. Donates money, clothing, jewelry, to Ann Lehr's Hollywood Guild, is very prodigal with her time and mighty sweet about personal matters. She's one of our most consistent letter writers. And sometimes a sweet compliment written at the psychological moment is more precious than jewels—even though Anita Loos' Lorelei maintains that a kiss on the hand is very nice but a diamond bracelet lasts forever!

Ouida Rathbone is known more for her party-giving than her good deeds, which is just too bad, because Ouida's done some extraordinarily nice things without wanting any publicity or fanfare. I know of one which I'd like to tell you about. An old actress, who was only a casual acquaintance of Ouida's, developed cancer. Ouida took care of all the hospital bills, went to see her every day. And when the actress started to feel a little better and became bored with the hospital, she furnished an apartment for her, took care of everything, including her funeral, after she had passed away. And there aren't ten people in our town who know anything about it.

Bette Davis, our twice Academy Award winner, has left word with our Motion Picture Relief Fund that if anybody drops out suddenly on the Screen Guild Show they can always get her to go on at the last moment. This show, as you probably know, pays our Fund $10,000 a week for the stars' services and the money goes to buy a home for less fortunate actors. Last year Bette went on twice, this year twice. And that means more than just donating her radio salary, which is $5,000 a performance, because each appearance bars her from any other radio deal for a month or two, as sponsors don't want air appearances of any particular star too close together. Bette gave up a recent Sunday to Ann Lehr, whom we call "the angel of Hollywood," and her Memento Mart. She helped sell, manage and make the day a success. For a long time she was president of our Tail Waggers' Club, and has helped gather thousands of dollars to train and buy Seeing Eye dogs for the blind. And, of course, her kindness



Another Hopper nominee is Bette Davis, in a concentrated pose with husband Arthur Farnsworth. It is in three special fields that she gives—and then gives some more



Honorable mention in the list of the nicest women goes to Rosalind Russell (with current escort Freddie Brisson). Full steam ahead, she gives pep talks to flagging spirits

in helping other less famous actors and actresses—notably Jane Bryan, now happily married and retired from the screen, and James Stephenson, who appeared with her in "The Letter"—is a story in itself.

OF our newcomers, Rosalind Russell has become very civic-minded and is into all kinds of enterprises. For instance, she mingles with the Los Angeles society crowd and she's about the only actress in Hollywood who really does. I went to a party not long ago at the Cocoanut Grove, which was to raise funds for re-equipping the kitchen at our Children's Hospital. Well, a thing like that doesn't seem very important when the world is tumbling to pieces and we're giving mammoth benefits for the English, the Greeks, the Finns, the Poles, infantile paralysis victims, the Salvation Army and what-not; but it's remembering little things like getting new pots for the kitchen that helps keep us on the right road in this democracy.

On the hottest Sunday last summer, when most stars would have been dipping in and out of their swimming pools, Roz was giving a pep talk to flagging spirits and whipping up a giant benefit at Pickfair for the Chinese. It was a great reflection on many of our most prominent, for, after promising to be present, they never showed up. But that doesn't discourage Roz. She goes full steam ahead, mixes kindness with pleasure and sees that everybody has a good time.

Last but not least is Hedy Lamarr, who hasn't a great deal to give because her salary is one of the smallest among the stars. But she's kindness itself when anyone is in trouble and needs anything, whether it's a pep talk or a helping hand. While Hedy's been turning in some mighty fine performances on the screen, the camera hasn't yet caught the keynote to her character—which is naturalness and a grand sense of humor. Most people won't believe it—and I'm sure you won't—but she'd rather stay home and play with her adopted child than go to the greatest party ever whipped up by an enterprising hostess.

Of course, I haven't said a word about the males of our village. I could tell you plenty, but I'll just have to save that for another time. Adios!



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Empty Bridal Suite

(*Continued from page 37*)

to talk to yourself when Cesar is working. Because the *Cisco Kid* is a working fool, having stepped from "Tall, Dark and Handsome" into "Ride on, Vacquero" and thence into "The Great American Broadcast" without time for a rhumba between reels.

You cannot be a Sweet Young Thing . . . "I wouldn't want any Sweet Young Thing around me all the time," he told me, "that would drive me crazy. I've certainly led no angel's life myself and don't expect it, or want it, in anyone else."

You must be able to dance well, enjoy a few drinks occasionally, like to entertain and know how to entertain. You must be able to give tasty dinners at home, enjoy Cesar's friends—the Fred MacMurrays, Ray Millands, Roger Pryors, Walter Langs, among others. You had better bone up on gin rummy if you are weak, for Cesar plays a mean gin rummy. You must like to write letters because Cesar doesn't. You must have a flair for Christmas shopping because it drives Cesar nuts. You must want, and expect to have, children. Quite a few children, because Cesar sees no sense in getting married unless you do have quite a lot of children.

You must like to take sudden, strange trips—into the desert, into the hills, down to the sea. You must like poetry and moonlight and talks that last the night through. But you must also have a streak of practicality and hard common sense, as Cesar has, in spite of the way he looks, as the unfinished bridal suite attests. For one remembers the problems experienced by the brides of other confirmed bachelors . . . how Joan Fontaine stewed and worried until she found a tactful way to suggest to bridegroom Aherne that she change this, alter that, do new color schemes here and there in the house he had bought and furnished, and thought perfect; how the bride of Nelson Eddy and the wife of Bill Powell had to use diplomacy in decoration suggestions. But there will be no such problems confronting the bride of Romero. The rooms she will occupy will be virgin to her hands, a conception practical as well as romantic.

FOR those empty, waiting rooms are the truth. We know. We ourselves peered into the windows of those vacant rooms, then quickly scuttled over to Twentieth Century-Fox and said in amazement to Cesar Romero, "What is this all about? Are you serious? Is it a gag?"

"No gag," he said. "I would like to be married, I want to get married. Very much."

"Why?" we asked.

"I get a little lonesome," he said simply. "When you finish on the set at five, eight or ten or whenever, it is not a very pleasant feeling to go home, eat dinner by yourself, read a book, go to bed. I imagine it would be nice to go home and find someone waiting for you."

"Why go home?"

"Because I like to be at home. I am tired of not being at home. I am tired of dates. I am tired of having to think whom to ask out. I am tired of reading and hearing, 'Now Romero is keeping company with Miss—' 'And now Romero is dating Miss—.' I am thirty-three now and that sort of thing begins to sound a little silly. What's more, it's unpleasant, especially for the girls. Publicity has nipped more than one delightful friendship in the pretty bud for me.

"I am tired of going to night clubs. Now I find myself not going out at all. I haven't been to Ciro's for eight months until the other night. When I drove in, the boy who parked my car greeted me with, 'Hulloa, Stranger!'

"I stay at home these days. I have little dinners for my friends. We talk or play gin rummy after dinner. But my friends come in couples, they leave in couples and leave me—alone. I am tired of that, too.

"However, my house was not designed and built only as a waiting monument for my sometime bride. She is still a dream and I have learned that dreams do not always materialize. I have sentiment, yes—but I have, also, practicality. The Latin Lover," grinned Romero, with a flash of humor and white teeth, "may have his head in the moonlight, close to some casement window, but his feet are liable to be planted firmly on the good solid earth.

"I BUILT my house, primarily, because I got tired of living in an apartment. I began to feel I had nothing to show for all my years of digging. I wanted a place in which to entertain my friends. Being a bachelor here, I have been invited to almost everybody's house and I had no place in which to reciprocate. Night-club hospitality is not home hospitality. It is the difference between an artificial flower and a garden flower.

"It is true, this house of mine is larger than I, a bachelor, need. It is true that I built the extra rooms and have left them unfinished and unfurnished because I have the hope I may get married. And when I do, I want the rooms unused and untouched so that my bride may fix them to please herself. I like the feeling, too, that no one will use them until she comes.

"I have told you that I know very well what I am looking for. It is a certain quality in a woman—I know exactly what it is, but to find a word for it is not so easy. Perhaps it is the quality of companionship. Perhaps it is the quality that fits in with you, the girl who fits into your life as snugly as she fits into your arms.

"I suppose," added Cesar, then, after a pause, "that I am looking, quite simply, for—the girl I love."

We said, "Perhaps you have not found her because you are confused by the too many beautiful girls and attractions here in Hollywood?"

"No," he said, "no, I am not confused. I know love when I see it. I was once in love. Only once. A long time ago. I was twenty-three at the time. She was thirty-three. There were other reasons why we did not marry. No, my heart did not break. Hearts do not break. They mend. But sometimes they take a long while mending.

"Since then . . . well, the first few years I was in Hollywood, I didn't feel I could marry. I wasn't at all sure of my career. I have a bit of a family to take care of and they came first.

"Now I am ready. Now I am waiting. Now I am looking. Now I want to find her. I want to find someone I can be sure of . . . I want to find someone that, if I don't see her for twenty-four hours, it will kill me.

"If I can't find her, I wish she would find me . . . and when I do, or when she does, then and only then will the unfinished bridal suite be finished and furnished; then will the lights shine in the windows of those two darkened rooms and—" Cesar smiled a little—"and in my heart."

The Truth About Screen Love-Making

(*Continued from page 67*)

of friends. But from the first moment Larry held the breath-taking Vivien in his arms those early days of the picture, theirs became a love story which defied society. "And Jacob served seven years for Rachel and they seemed unto him but a few days for the love he had to her . . ." Seven long years did Larry serve for Vivien, years fraught with fame, ecstasy and the bitter dregs of public censure, curiously paralleling the loves of Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson in their current picture, "That Hamilton Woman!" At the end of that time they two, with heads bloody but unbowed, took the hard way to happiness. Vivien let her husband divorce her (she could not under English law divorce him), even though it meant losing custody of her child. Likewise Olivier did not defend the suit brought against him by his wife.

Laurence and Vivien were free, though at the cost of another blare of pitiless publicity. Then on a night in Santa Barbara last August Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier became man and wife and a great love story was consummated.

IN contrast, you may recall the warmly discussed Davis-Brent romance of two years ago. Certainly Bette Davis and George Brent didn't meet in each other's arms, as has often happened in the quaint Hollywood business procedure. Theirs was anything but love at first sight. George was one of the first stars with whom Bette had played when she arrived years ago on the Universal lot. Subsequently, when Bette signed with Warner Brothers, George's home studio, they did little more than greet each other going to and from sound stages or at studio gatherings. Along their separate courses his career climbed while hers zoomed.

Bette considered him with impersonal interest, watched him as the case of a man endangering his career because of the bitterness of an unhappy marriage he couldn't forget.

Little did she know that in less than a year's time she would be in the same marital boat and still less did she dream that George would be the one to pull her out of it. But so it was destined. There came an October day when, after the final break with her ex-husband, Harmon O. Nelson, Bette ran from her Coldwater Canyon house, sick with shock and heartache, never to set foot in it again, not even to get her clothes. At the studio plans were under way for the shooting of "Dark Victory" and executives worried as to whether she would show. Oh, yes, she showed—even through the terrible days when her suit—or rather, Ham's suit—was up in court. But the eyes were haunted, the face drawn and the hands clenched.

It was George, then, who took her under his wing, guided her along a path he knew too well, a path which lost some of its bitterness through the understanding he gave her. And presently they came to the memorable scene where *Judy* in "Dark Victory" threw herself into the arms of the doctor, played by Brent, and sobbed out her love and despair; a scene of high emotional content, beautifully played by both. Something vivid between them came to life there before the very eyes of the camera. We were permitted to gaze upon two deeply moved souls and such revelations



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spell box-office.

It will be interesting to note whether they can recapture a semblance of the same feeling in their latest picture, "The Great Lie," now that the romance which began with that moment has been buried beneath Bette's marriage to Arthur Farnsworth and George's devotion to Ann Sheridan.

FOR the classic example of hot love and real, no one has ever been able to top the Greta Garbo-John Gilbert idyl. Those were the days when there was no Hays Office and a kiss could run its natural course instead of being limited to five seconds by the best make of stopwatch. Clarence Brown, director of "Flesh and the Devil," became the man of destiny in this case when he introduced his tall, blonde Swedish star to her tall dark leading man on the set. Gilbert, screen dream of the nation's women, took one look at the glorious Garbo and romantic history was in the making. Brown rubbed his hands in glee. Here was fire before the lens the likes of which had never been approached since the Valentino era. Their love scenes became the talk of the town. Presently their own love affair was likewise. Gilbert begged Garbo to marry him, offering to sign over to her half of his worldly goods. So impetuous were his pleas that he finally got her as far as the Mexican border—object, elopement—before she gave him the slip and returned to Hollywood alone, not a bride.

Less publicized than the all-time Garbo-Gilbert classic, but one which nonetheless continues to prove our point, albeit in milder fashion, was the instance of Leslie Howard and Norma Shearer when they filmed "Romeo and Juliet." In this case, a full-blown romance would have been out of the question—Norma was the happily wedded wife of Irving Thalberg, then living, and mother of two beautiful children, while Leslie was a proud husband and father in his own right. Nevertheless, *Romeo* and *Juliet*, the world's greatest lovers, cast their spell upon these two, as they have done with so many others who were moved by the lyric eloquence of Shakespeare.

Different in nature but alike in effect was the highly unpublicized never-never romance of Olivia de Havilland and Errol Flynn when they were both newcomers. I say "never" because it never had a chance to become a real romance. There was Errol's marriage to the glamorous Lili Damita. Even if the laws of the land had not stood between, Lili herself would have spelled competition in the highest of filmtown's high-voltage circuits, let alone what she must have meant to a shy little "country girl," as Livvie called herself.

To cast her into the arms of Flynn, who had swashbuckled his way to stardom in "Captain Blood" and later "Robin Hood," was enough to upset many a maid's sentimental equilibrium. But for once Hollywood ganged up to protect the newcomer. Given a breathing space free from spotlight publicity, Livvie's poise pulled her through the storm, as you'd know it would, if you knew Livvie. In "Santa Fe Trail," where they were cast together once more, you sensed that Olivia was the one who had the situation in hand.

All in all, I'm afraid that so long as our actors and actresses are creatures of flesh and blood there can be no blanket guarantee that a spark will not be generated by contact. Unless, of course, some bright brain were to invent an emotionally insulated suit which could be donned before stepping into an electric embrace.

But would the stars like it?

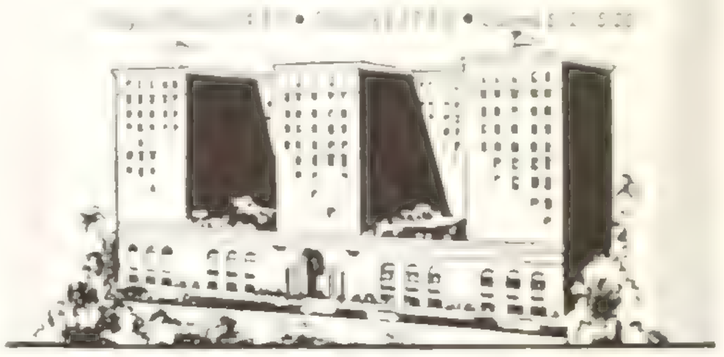
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Brief Reviews

(*Continued from page 23*)

rather complicated, but Mary Martin is very cute. Rochester steals half the show and the Merry Macs are seen too little. (Mar.)

✔ *MAD DOCTOR, THE*—Paramount: One of the best horror films we've seen in some time. Basil Rathbone is wonderful as the mad doctor who marries rich women and leaves them dead. When Ellen Drew falls under his spell, her fiancee John Howard suspects the worst. Brrrr! (May)

✔ *MAISIE WAS A LADY*—M-G-M: When playboy Lew Ayres causes Ann Sothern, as the hard-boiled *Maisie* with a heart of gold, to lose her job, she's given the job of maid in his home and what she doesn't do to that family! For sheer down-to-earth comedy, you can't beat this *Maisie* series, and this is one of the best. (Apr.)

MEET THE CHUMP—Universal: Ridiculously funny, this silly little dilly, with Hugh Herbert having himself declared insane because he's swindled his nephew, Lewis Howard, out of $5,000,000 and wants to avoid explanations, as who wouldn't? The whole things gets battier by the minute, but it's full of laughs. (May)

✔ *MELODY RANCH*—Republic: Gene Autry is a radio cowboy star who goes back home to build up his Crossley rating in this comedy Western. Add Jimmy Durante's clowning and Ann Miller's dancing and you get a lot of fun. (Mar.)

✔ *MICHAEL SHAYNE, PRIVATE DETECTIVE*—20th Century-Fox: Another first in a new series about a private detective, with Lloyd Nolan doing a swell job as the smart detective who outwits a bungling police captain to solve a murder mystery. Marjorie Weaver is very pretty as the girl who is addicted to gambling. (Apr.)

MONSTER AND THE GIRL, THE—Paramount: Another horror tale, incredible and unbelievable but still pretty fascinating. A man's brain is transplanted into a gorilla's skull in order that the beast may avenge the man's murder. Ellen Drew, Robert Paige and Paul Lukas are very good. (May)

✔ *MR. AND MRS. SMITH*—RKO-Radio: Happily married Carole Lombard and Robert Montgomery discover they aren't legally wed so Bob starts in to court her all over again. Gene Raymond, his law partner, is his rival. It's pretty trite, but there are enough comedy moments to keep you amused and give you much fun. (Apr.)

✔ *NICE GIRL?*—Universal: Although there are several gay moments, this is the weakest Durbin film to date. Deanna is a small-town nice girl who throws herself at Franchot Tone and then rebounds to Bob Stack, the boy next door. Bob Benchley is Deanna's father and Ann Gillis her cute kid sister. (May)

NIGHT AT EARL CARROLL'S, A—Paramount: Earl Carroll's Hollywood restaurant, with its beautiful girls and musical numbers, is the background against which a thin little story is told. Ken Murray is the Club's press agent and Rose Hobart is Carroll's assistant. Brenda and Cobina do their manhunt routine for laughs. (Feb.)

✔ *PLAYGIRL*—RKO-Radio: Smart and gay is this fresh comedy with Kay Francis as a sophisticated gold digger who uses pretty Mildred Coles as a decoy to attract millionaires Nigel Bruce, George P. Huntley and James Ellison. But Kay's plans are spoiled when Mildred falls in love with Ellison and runs out on the deal. Nigel Bruce is especially funny. (Mar.)

PRIDE OF THE BOWERY—Monogram: A C.C.C. camp in Arizona is the background for this latest picture of New York's East Side boys. Leo Gorcey is tricked into joining the camp and causes everyone a lot of trouble. Despite its low cost, it's good film fare. (Apr.)

RIDIN' ON A RAINBOW—Republic: Gene Autry joins a showboat troupe in order to track down a gang of bank robbers, but we prefer Gene back on his horse and riding the prairie. Smiley Burnett, Mary Lee and Carol Adams help Gene along. (May)

ROAD SHOW—Hal Roach-U. A.: John Hubbard, eligible young millionaire, joins Carole Landis' broken-down carnival, with some amusing moments as the result. Adolphe Menjou as a harmless lunatic and Patsy Kelly are fairly funny. (May)

ROAD TO ZANZIBAR—Paramount: Bob Hope and Bing Crosby are a couple of sideshow lads in Africa who take Dorothy Lamour for a trek through the jungles. The story doesn't matter because of the gay antics of Hope and Crosby and the gags and ribbing between the two are the whole show. Bing's and Dorothy's songs are tuneful and Eric Blore is fun. (May)

ROMANCE OF THE RIO GRANDE—20th Century-Fox: In this episode of the adventures of the *Cisco Kid*, Cesar Romero pretends to be the son of a rich ranch owner in order to bring a gang of thieves to justice and there's quite some excitement. Patricia Morison and Lynne Roberts are very pretty. (Apr.)



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✓ *[illegible]TTERGOOD BAINES*—RKO-Radio: Guy [illegible]

[illegible]

✓✓ [illegible]

✓ [illegible]

SOUTH OF SU[illegible]—[illegible] talents are pretty [illegible] little B about South [illegible] [illegible] Marsh[illegible] [illegible] the silly story but even they can't make it good entertainment. (Mar.)

✓✓ *STRAWBERRY BLONDE, THE*—Wa[illegible] This picture of the Gay Nineties has a nostalgi[illegible] charm that will delight you. Jimmy Cagney [illegible] excellent as the to[illegible] he loves the Strawberry Blonde, Rita Hayworth, only to find real happiness with Olivia de Havilland. Olivia is sparkling and gay in her role. (May)

TALL, DARK AND HANDSOME—20th Century-Fox: Softhearted gangster Cesar Romero locks up his rivals in his private prison, while pretending to have rubbed them out. Virginia Gilmore, night club dancer, falls hard for him, and Milton Berle and Charlotte [illegible] (Apr.)

✓ [illegible] Another of th[illegible] lifting picture which deals hilariously with a pl[illegible]tonic marriage between Melvyn Douglas and R[illegible]lind Russell that rapidly gets out of boun[illegible] Secretary Binnie Barnes add[illegible] Roz and Melvyn are riotously funny. (Mar.)

✓ [illegible]

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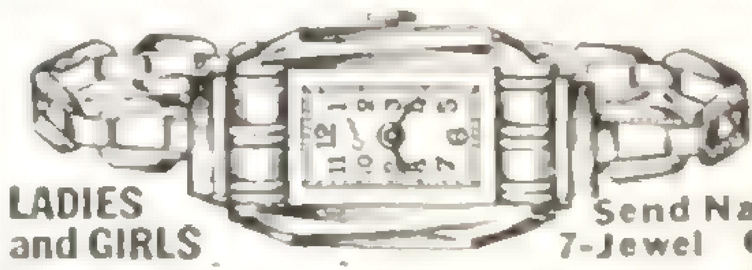
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The Shadow Stage

(*Continued from page 8*)

✓ That Uncertain Feeling (Lubitsch-U. A.)

It's About: *A husband who tries to win back his wife's love.*

THE justly famed Ernst Lubitsch touch is again evident in this entirely gay, frothy comedy of marriage. Directed with his sly humor, it brings fresh life to its slightly shopworn plot. Merle Oberon has never been so lovely or so beautifully gowned as in her role of the wife who, bored with her businessman husband, Melvyn Douglas, becomes attracted to pianist Burgess Meredith. Douglas thereupon tries to force her upon Meredith in an effort to cure her of her infatuation.

Burgess Meredith as the erratic uninhibited musician has his best role to date and he makes the most of it, even stealing a couple of scenes from Melvyn Douglas, although Douglas, too, does excellent work.

Your Reviewer Says: A "must see" for adults.

Footsteps In The Dark (Warners)

It's About: *A man who leads a double life—and murder.*

A BIT too involved for light comedy or good mystery, "Footsteps In The Dark," which combines both, presents Errol Flynn in his first modern story in three years. We advise the handsome Mr. Flynn to get back to his swashbuckling roles in a hurry and stay there, for the actor is far more effective in tights and action dramas.

The story, which has been crudely worked out, deals with Errol's attempt to lead a double life; one as a wealthy investment broker, the other as an amateur detective and mystery writer. When he runs headlong into a real-life murder, our hero almost loses his life, his wife and his amateur standing.

Brenda Marshall is pretty as the wife. Ralph Bellamy, Alan Hale and Allen Jenkins mull around through the cumbersome proceedings that produce some gay, light moments—and some very dull ones.

Your Reviewer Says: Heavy comedy.

✓✓ That Night in Rio (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: *Double-dealing in South America.*

LAVISH color; risqué dialogue that leaves one laughing and gasping; songs in the Carmen Miranda manner; dancing and whoop-la; Don Ameche in a double role in a double bed; blonde Alice Faye as the wife of a South American baron —these are all a part of the gorgeous musical that will have the customers in a box-office stampede.

Successor to "Down Argentine Way," this new Latin alliance has everything its sister movie had but one good smash song hit. That, unless one counts the "Chica Chica Boom Chic" number, is sorely needed.

However, that's a small matter compared to the story of a young American

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• A lovely, clear, smooth complexion is a *"must"* to every actress and photographer's model. Their very jobs may depend on it!

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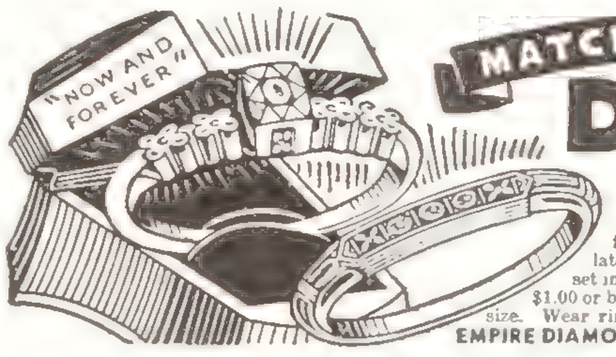
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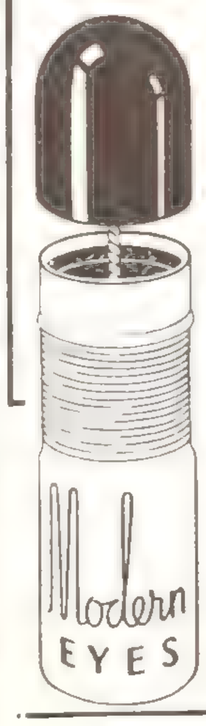
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AT 5c & 10c—DRUG and DEP'T STORES

actor, Don Ameche, who so closely resembles a South American baron (also Ameche) that he is hired to impersonate the baron for business reasons that run into monkey business most of the time.

Miranda is a riot, Ameche is peachy (he'll kill us for that), Faye too luscious and the whole doggone thing a wow.

Your Reviewer Says: Si, si, see, see, tee, hee.

✓✓ Meet John Doe (Warners)

It's About: *A small-time out-of-work ball player who becomes a great humanitarian.*

FRANK CAPRA has done it again. To his long list of brilliant successes he has added still another masterpiece in "Meet John Doe."

At a most propitious time, with the world filled with fear and suspicion, writer Robert Riskin and Director Capra have catapulted us into a theme of tremendous power—the power of love over hate. kindliness over bitterness—that mounts and sweeps along like a mighty river.

Gary Cooper gives his best performance since "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" and gives the lie to those who have accused the lanky "Coop" of being a personality rather than an actor. His scene before the microphone, in the hotel room, and on the convention platform, are among the finest bits of acting we've ever seen.

Absolutely right for the role of the newspaper girl who invents a *John Doe* is Barbara Stanwyck. Barbara's performance is of Academy Award merit, strong, sure, telling in every scene.

Two actors, Regis Toomey and James Gleason, emerge into the limelight with outstanding performances. Edward Arnold, as the newspaper publisher, fairly exudes heelishness even in his most affable moments.

Walter Brennan as Cooper's sidekick is, as usual, terrific. There may be some controversy over the climax in the final scene but there can be none over the quality, feeling and magnificence of this picture.

Your Reviewer Says: An outstanding hit of the year.

✓ A Girl, a Guy and a Gob (Harold Lloyd—RKO-Radio)

It's About: *The sailor and a civilian run a close race for the girl.*

HEAVE HO for another bright amusing comedy that clicks in every department. It packs chuckles like a squaw does a papoose and creates no end of good cheer and good will toward Producer Harold Lloyd, who leaves off his prop spectacles to become producer

George Murphy is a gob to set the gals in every port out of their minds. He more than upsets Lucille Ball, daughter of a zaney family, who is being courted by a smug Mr. Prissy, played and played well by Edmond O'Brien. Who gets the fair Lucille will never be told by the likes of us. That's for you to find out and in that finding you'll benefit by some of Hollywood's cutest entertainment.

Your Reviewer Says: A smile, a laugh, a guffaw



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Mr. Dynamite (Universal)

It's About: *A baseball pitcher who becomes involved with spies and murder.*

LLOYD NOLAN'S persuasive performance as a baseball pitcher who is tossed headlong into strange occurrences is the bright spot of this rather corny little mystery melodrama. While out for an evening of fun he runs across a sabotage plot that develops into a murder charge and from then on things happen rapidly. His amateur detective work also involves him with Irene Hervey, secret-service agent working for Canada.

Ann Gillis plays with much charm and verve the role of a young girl who's crazy about baseball and J. Carrol Naish is also very good as an astrologer. The story's none too well constructed, but it's acceptable entertainment.

Your Reviewer Says: Not - so - thrilling thriller.

The Penalty (M-G-M)

It's About: *A criminal who pays, and his son who escapes, the penalty.*

A CAST that would lift any story above the average gives this drama of a regenerated boy the solidity and firmness it needs.

Edward Arnold is the cold ruthless criminal who teaches his young son, Gene Reynolds, to follow in his hasty footsteps. The lad is trapped, however, and after a period in reform school, is released to a young farmer and his grandfather, Lionel Barrymore.

Slowly but surely reformation takes place and finally the boy refuses any longer to be influenced by his father, who eventually meets his just deserts.

Veda Ann Borg, in her comeback role, gives an outstanding performance as the moll.

Your Reviewer Says: A sturdy, dignified movie.

Sleepers West (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: *Detective Michael Shayne sleuthing on a fast train.*

A TRAINFUL of cops, criminals, gal reporters and such, speeding to make up lost time, fails to give this little drama a really swift pace, although sure-fire Lloyd Nolan's expert detecting as *Michael Shayne* (for the second time in a new series), Lynn Bari's gal reportering and Mary Beth Hughes' defense-witnessing go far toward sustaining interest.

A clown detective, Edward Brophy, and a standout villain detective, Don Costello, together with a suppressed husband fleeing unhappy home life, played by Louis Jean Heydt, further complicate an already complicated plot. Nolan, in his effort to save from possible death penalty an innocent man, is soooo good.

Your Reviewer Says: A grand little filler-in.

✓ Rage In Heaven (M-G-M)

It's About: *A paranoiac who plots the perfect crime.*

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path from the boy-meets-girl theme, but intelligently keen entertainment for all its brooding morbidness. And Robert does a swell job of it, too

A man who seems normal, but is in reality an escaped psychopathic case, marries a refugee girl, Ingrid Bergman, and eventually involves his wife and their best friend, George Sanders, in a murder scandal. We shan't say more lest we reveal the climax of the story

It's deep, somber, exciting and decidedly novel. If that meets your motion-picture requirements, there it is

Sanders and Bergman are also outstanding.

Your Reviewer Says: Gripping, unhappy fare.

✓ Topper Returns (Hal Roach-U. A.)

It's About: *The ghost of Topper solves a crime.*

ONE third mystery, two thirds comedy, this newest "Topper" story is inescapably amusing. It has *Cosmo Topper*, still ghosted by Roland Young, aiding Joan Blondell, a blonde from beyond, in solving the mystery of her death. By so doing they prevent still another murder.

Young is priceless in his role of a departed soul who materializes and dematerializes at will. He has a capable partner in Joan Blondell and the pair are the nicest, coziest, departed souls we've ever met.

Billie Burke is still the bewildered *Mrs. Topper*. Dennis O'Keefe and Carole Landis have the romantic leads.

Your Reviewer Says: Out of this world.

✓ Sis Hopkins (Republic)

It's About: *A Hoosier gal who goes to college.*

JUDY CANOVA, she of the barnyard voice and corn-husk personality, takes the center of the spotlight and fairly sweeps this musical on to success. Punch and Judy are synonymous and without Judy there would be no picture—so let's face it.

The story, as full of gags as a dog is [illegible] Judy, the crossroads queen, going to college with her wealthy cousin Susan Hayward, financed by her uncle, Charlie Butterworth, a plumber de luxe. Susan is jealous of *Sis*, who grows on people like warts and things, and frames her into a fine mess of trouble. But *Uncle Horace* leaps to the rescue and extricates Judy from her woes in time to wow audiences in the college show. Bob Crosby and his Bob Cats add the music and Jerry Colonna the nitwit comedy.

It's as corny as Judy's barnyard glamour and slow-paced in story tempo, but somehow Judy and the splendid story cast literally lift it by its boot straps into pretty gol'-darned good entertainment. You'll forget about the war for a couple of hours, anyway.

Your Reviewer Says: And nuts for you, Mr. Audience.

✓ The Sea Wolf (Warners)

It's About: *A half-mad and sadistic sea captain who terrorizes his crew.*

ONCE again (and for the third time, we believe) Jack London's immortal sea story "The Sea Wolf" comes to the screen, this time with Edward G. Robinson playing the bestial captain who rules his crew with a brutality that borders on the psychopathic.

In fact, this version deals less with action and probes more into the psychological reasons that prompts the sea beast's actions.

For our money (and we're not too squeamish, either) this picture is far too brutal to be entertaining. Unless one



Invasion of Hollywood: The Army treks to the West Coast, makes Twentieth Century-Fox's Darryl Zanuck a Lieutenant Colonel and talks turkey about the part of films in national defense. Above, at the big-time banquet: Zanuck, Col. Nathan Levinson and Will Hays in the background

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enjoys seeing humans suffer, we doubt if you'll find that perfect hour's relaxation you're seeking through movies.

However, we do admit it's a realistic gem with Robinson turning in a great performance. Ida Lupino, as a derelict, and John Garfield as the crew member who rescues her, are tops, of course.

Your Reviewer Says: Stark and brutal.

The Roundup (Paramount)

It's About: *The eternal triangle—out West.*

WE think Richard Dix is one of the best Western actors in the business. In this latest Harry Sherman movie, another version of the old play "The Roundup," Dix again proves himself a bang-up he-man of the old Out-West variety.

Preston Foster, as the old flame of Richard's wife (Patricia Morison), who returns to create doubt, jealousy and heartache, gives a sound stolid performance. Miss Morison is very beautiful and Don Wilson, who is not so beautiful, steps from radio to movies with considerable ease, considering his jolly bulk.

Little Betty Brewer and Ruth Donnelly, along with the singing of the King's Men, add to the big-time doings of a gosh-darned good Western movie.

Your Reviewer Says: For city slickers and small-towners alike.

✓ The Man Who Lost Himself (Universal)

It's About: *A stand-in husband.*

NEVER in a hundred years will we believe two absolutely strange men can look, talk and think alike to the point where a wife, living in the same house, can't tell them apart. But then, that's the movies for you!

It's Hollywood's favorite farcical theme and Brian Aherne as the wealthy psychopathic who gets himself killed, is, need we say, very good. As the double who has been established in the psychopathic's home prior to his death, Brian is good again. Incidentally, here is an actor who can take a picture and do things with it. Kay Francis is the wife—or thinks she is—and S. Z. Sakall is the scene-stealer of all time, the rascal.

Your Reviewer Says: Don't think; just enjoy it.

The Bad Man (M-G-M)

It's About: *A Mexican bandit who plays an outsized cupid.*

FANS of Wallace Beery—and they are legion—will be sadly disappointed in this story of a Mexican bandit who undertakes to straighten out the lives of certain people to his own satisfaction. The story, taken from the stage play "Bad Man," rambles all over a Mexican rancho and gets almost nowhere. Failure of Beery to play his incredible role with subtlety and good humor throws the whole story out of gear and despite the tiptop cast it remains a fair-sized dud.

Lionel Barrymore, Ronald Reagan and Laraine Day dress up the tale in fine style, but fail to lift it from plain old mediocrity. Tom Conway is a slick city slicker.

Your Reviewer Says: Bad picture.



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The Lone Wolf Takes a Chance (Columbia)

It's About: *A detective who wagers he can keep out of trouble twenty-four hours.*

IF you enjoy these series, there is no reason not to see this one. It has the *Lone Wolf* (Warren William) becoming embroiled in a mail robbery, a killing, a kidnapping and all sorts of mayhem that precipitates hairbreadth escapes, after he has just made a bet no trouble will touch him for twenty-four hours. It not only touches him, but grabs him all over the place.

Eric Blore is a comical butler, isn't he?

Your Reviewer Says: Fair-to-middling.

Double Date (Universal)

It's About: *Two young people who try to prevent the marriage of an older couple.*

ALMOST every possible laugh-getter has been brought into this gay little offering and you'll find that even those that have the most hokum are still funny.

When Edmund Lowe, Rand Brooks' father, and Una Merkel, Peggy Moran's aunt, decide to marry, the two youngsters rush home from school to try and break it up. When Peggy aids a crook to escape and then is believed by the police to be a gun moll, the plot becomes slightly frenzied; but you'll enjoy the mix-up.

Peggy and Rand, as the brash, busybody kids, give appealing performances; and Edmund Lowe and Una Merkel play their roles to the hilt for comedy.

Your Reviewer Says: Lighthearted humor.

Murder Among Friends (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: *Sudden deaths of beneficiaries to an insurance policy.*

ONE by one they die, suddenly and mysteriously. From suspect to corpse, John Hubbard and Marjorie Weaver race like mad in an attempt to prevent more murders and solve the ones that have already been committed. Not until the twenty men who hold a huge multiple insurance policy are reduced to one does the mystery unfold and then—but that would be telling.

Now don't get the idea it's horrible, gloomy and morbid. What's twenty or so deaths to Hollywood movie-makers? They send that number off with a merry ha-ha.

John Hubbard does his best work. Marjorie Weaver is a honey of a dumb bunny.

Your Reviewer Says: Snappy murder mystery.

A Man Betrayed (Republic)

It's About: *A young lawyer who uncovers graft and crime.*

JOHN WAYNE is a personable young man we admire and like on the screen. We like him in this, too, although he's had many a better movie in his day.

Frances Dee is the beautiful girl Wayne meets when he arrives in town to discover who murdered his friend in a gambling joint. He finds out more than that. He uncovers crooked politics, grafters and cheaters. He discovers Miss Dee, too.

Your Reviewer Says: Fair to middling.



Jane Withers puts her hair up, swings some earrings and tries all the tricks of the feminine trade for benefit of William Tracy in Columbia's "Her First Beau"

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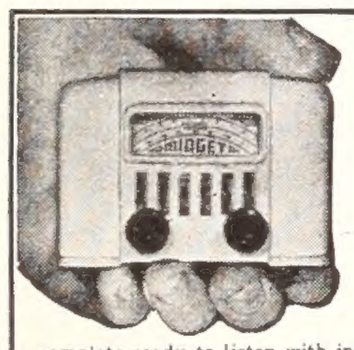
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Casts of Current Pictures

"BAD MAN, THE"—M-G-M. Screen play by Wells Root. Based on the play by Porter Emerson Browne. Directed by Richard Thorpe. Cast: *Pancho Lopez,* Wallace Beery; *Uncle Henry Jones,* Lionel Barrymore; *Lucia Pell,* Laraine Day; *Gil Jones,* Ronald Reagan; *Mr. Hardy,* Henry Travers; *Pedro,* Chris-Pin Martin; *Morgan Pell,* Tom Conway; *"Red" Giddings,* Chill Wills; *Angela Hardy,* Nydia Westman; *Venustiano,* Charles Stevens.

"DOUBLE DATE"—Universal. Screen play by Scott Darling, Erna Lazarus and Agnes Christine Johnston. Original story by Scott Darling and Erna Lazarus. Cast: *Roger Baldwin,* Edmund Lowe; *Aunt Elsie,* Una Merkel; *Penny Kirkland,* Peggy Moran; *Jerry Baldwin,* Rand Brooks; *Lilac,* Hattie Noel.

"FOOTSTEPS IN THE DARK"—Warners. Screen play by Lester Cole and John Wexley. From the play by Lazlo Fodor, Bernard Merivale and Jeffrey Dell. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. Cast: *Francis Warren,* Errol Flynn; *Rita Warren,* Brenda Marshall; *Dr. Davis,* Ralph Bellamy; *Inspector Mason,* Alan Hale; *Blondie White,* Lee Patrick; *Wilfred,* Allen Jenkins; *Mrs. Archer,* Lucille Watson; *Hopkins,* William Frawley; *Monahan,* Roscoe Karns; *Carruthers,* Grant Mitchell; *June Brewster,* Maris Wrixon; *Fissue,* Noel Madison; *Ace Vernon,* Jack Larue; *Ahmed,* Turhan Bey.

"GIRL, A GUY AND A GOB, A"—Harold Lloyd-RKO-Radio. Screen play by Frank Ryan and Bert Granet. Story by Grover Jones. Directed by Richard Wallace. Cast: *Coffee Cup,* George Murphy; *Dot Duncan,* Lucille Ball; *Stephen Herrick,* Edmond O'Brien; *Abel Martin,* Henry Travers; *Pet Shop Owner,* Franklin Pangborn; *Pokey,* George Cleveland; *Jawme,* Kathleeen Howard; *Cecilia Grange,* Marguerite Chapman; *Pigeon,* Lloyd Corrigan; *Cora,* Mady Correll; *Pankington,* Frank McGlynn; *Eddie,* Doodles Weaver; *Salty,* Frank Sully; *Mrs. Grange,* Nella Walker; *Recruiting Officer,* Richard Lane; *Mr. Merney,* Irving Bacon; *Ivory,* Rube Demarest.

"I WANTED WINGS"—Paramount. Screen play by Richard Maibaum, Lt. Beirne Lay Jr. and Sig Herzig. Directed by Arthur Hornblow Jr. Cast: *Jeff Young,* Ray Milland; *Al Ludlow,* William Holden; *Tom Cassidy,* Wayne Morris; *Capt. Mercer,* Brian Donlevy; *Carolyn Bartlett,* Constance Moore; *Sally Vaughn,* Veronica Lake; *"Sandbags" Riley,* Harry Davenport; *Jimmy Masters,* Phil Brown; *President of the Court,* Edward Fielding; *Judge Advocate,* Willard Robertson; *Flight Commander,* Richard Lane; *Flight Surgeon,* Addison Richards; *Mickey,* Hobart Cavanaugh; *Lieut. Hopkins,* Douglas Aylesworth; *Lieut. Ronson,* John Trent; *Lieut. Clankton,* Archie Twitchell; *Cadet Captain,* Richard Webb; *Radio Announcer,* John Heistand.

"LONE WOLF TAKES A CHANCE, THE"—Columbia. Story and screen play by Earl Felton and Sidney Salkow. Based upon a work by Louis Joseph Vance. Directed by Sidney Salkow. Cast: *Michael Lanyard,* Warren William; *Gloria Foster,* June Storey; *Frank Jordan,* Henry Wilcoxon; *Jamison,* Eric Blore; *Inspector Crane,* Thurston Hall; *Sheriff Haggerty,* Don Beddoe; *Evelyn Jordan,* Evalyn Knapp; *Dickens,* Fred Kelsey; *Vic Hilton,* William Forrest; *Dr. Hooper Tupman,* Walter Kingsford; *Johnny Baker,* Lloyd Bridges; *Conductor,* Ben Taggart; *Brakeman,* Richard Fiske.

"MAN BETRAYED, A"—Republic. Screen by Isabel Dawn. Original story by Jack Moffitt. Directed by John H. Auer. Cast: *Lynn Hollister,* John Wayne; *Sabra Cameron,* Frances Dee; *Tom Cameron,* Edward Ellis; *Casey,* Wallace Ford; *Floyd,* Ward Bond; *Morris Slade,* Harold Huber; *T. Amato,* Alexander Granach; *George (Butler),* Barnett Parker; *Prosecutor,* Ed Stanley; *Mr. Wilson,* Tim Ryan; *Langworthy,* Harry Hayden; *Pringle,* Russell Hicks; *Governor,* Pierre Watkin; *Mayor,* Ferris Taylor.

"MAN WHO LOST HIMSELF, THE"—Universal. Screen play by Eddie Moran. From the original novel by H. DeVere Stacpoole. Directed by Edward Ludwig. Cast: *Malcolm Scott,* Brian Aherne; *John Evans,* Brian Aherne; *Adrienne Scott,* Kay Francis; *Paul,* S. Z. Sakall; *Mortimer Collins,* Henry Stephenson; *Peter Ransome,* Nils Asther; *Mrs. Van Avery,* Dorothy Tree; *Voles,* Marc Lawrence.

"MEET JOHN DOE"—Warners. Screen play by Robert Riskin. Based on a story by Richard Connell and Robert Presnell. Directed by Frank Capra. Cast: *John Doe,* Gary Cooper; *Ann Mitchell,* Barbara Stanwyck; *D. B. Norton,* Edward Arnold; *The Colonel,* Walter Brennan; *Mrs. Mitchell,* Spring Byington; *Connell,* James Gleason; *Mayor Lovett,* Gene Lockhart; *Ted Sheldon,* Rod La Rocque; *Beany,* Irving Bacon; *Bert,* Regis Toomey; *Sourpuss,* J. Farrell Macdonald; *Angelface,* Warren Hymer; *Mayor Hawkins,* Harry Holman; *Spencer,* Andrew Tombes; *Hammett,* Pierre Watkin; *Weston,* Stanley Andrews; *Bennett,* Mitchell Lewis; *Charlie Dawson,* Charles Wilson; *Governor,* Vaughan Glaser; *Dan,* Sterling Holloway; *Radio Announcers,* Mike Frankovich, Knox Manning, John B. Hughes; and the Hall Johnson Choir.

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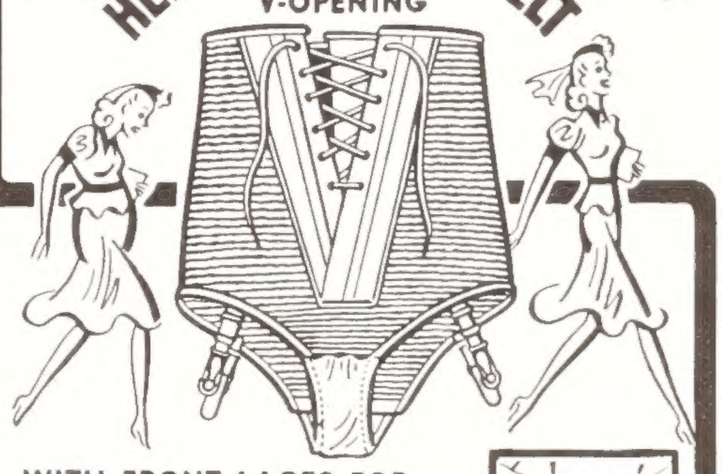
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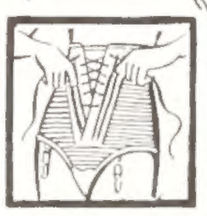
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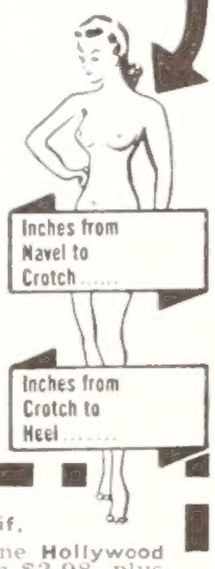
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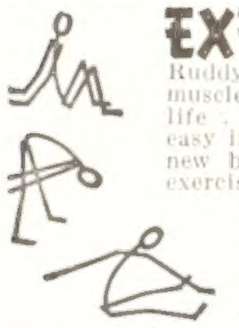
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screen play by Stanley Crea Rubin. Directed by Jack Rawlins. Cast: *Mr. Dynamite,* Lloyd Nolan; *Vicki Martin,* Irene Hervey; *Paul,* Robert Armstrong; *Joey,* Ann Gillis; *Professor,* J. Carroll Naish; *Valla,* Frank Gaby; *Achilles,* Elizabeth Risdon.

"MURDER AMONG FRIENDS"—Twentieth Century-Fox. Original screen play by John Larkin. Directed by Ray McCarey. Cast: *Mary Lou,* Marjorie Weaver; *Dr. Thomas Wilson,* John Hubbard; *Jessica Gerald,* Cobina Wright, Jr.; *Claire Turk,* Mona Barrie; *Carter Stevenson,* Douglas Dumbrille; *Mr. Wheeler,* Sidney Blackmer; *McAndrews,* Truman Bradley; *Dr. Fred Turk,* Lucien Littlefield; *Dr. James Gerald,* Bill Halligan; *Ellis,* Don Douglas; *Douglass,* Milton Parsons; *Proprietor,* Eddie Conrad.

"PENALTY, THE"—M-G-M. Screen play by Harry Ruskin and John C. Higgins. Based on a play by Martin Berkeley. Directed by Harold S. Bucquet. Cast: *Martin "Stuff" Nelson,* Edward Arnold; *"Grandpop" Logan,* Lionel Barrymore; *Katherine Logan,* Marsha Hunt; *Edward McCormick,* Robert Sterling; *"Roosty,"* Gene Reynolds; *"Ma" McCormick,* Emma Dunn; *Julie,* Veda Ann Borg; *Craig,* Richard Lane; *Anne Logan,* Gloria DeHaven; *Judge,* Grant Mitchell; *Hobo,* Phil Silvers; *Jay,* Warren Ashe; *Van,* William Haade; *Brock,* Ralph Byrd; *Burns,* Edgar Barrier.

"RAGE IN HEAVEN"—M-G-M. Screen play by Christopher Isherwood and Robert Thoeren. Based on the novel by James Hilton. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke II. Cast: *Philip Monrell,* Robert Montgomery; *Stella Bergen,* Ingrid Bergman; *Ward Andrews,* George Sanders; *Mrs. Monrell,* Lucile Watson; *Dr. Rameau,* Oscar Homolka; *Mr. Higgins,* Philip Merivale; *Ramsbotham,* Matthew Boulton; *Clark,* Aubrey Mather; *Solicitor-General,* Frederic Worlock; *Bardsley,* Francis Compton; *Mr. Black,* Gilbert Emery; *Durand,* Ludwig Hart.

"ROUNDUP, THE"—Paramount. Screen play by Harold Shumate. Based on the story by Edmund Day. Directed by Lesley Selander. Cast: *Steve,* Richard Dix; *Janet,* Patricia Morison; *Greg,* Preston Foster; *Slim,* Don Wilson; *Polly,* Ruth Donnelly; *Mary,* Betty Brewer; *Capt. Lane,* Douglas Dumbrille; *Wade McGee,* Jerome Cowan; *Ed Crandall,* Dick Curtis; *Frane Battles,* William Haade; *Parenthesis,* Morris Ankrum; *Mrs. Wilson,* Clara Kimball Young; *Trooper,* Douglas Kennedy.

"SEA WOLF, THE"—Warners. Screen play by Robert Rossen. From the novel by Jack London. Directed by Michael Curtiz. Cast: *"Wolf" Larsen,* Edward G. Robinson; *Ruth Webster,* Ida Lupino; *George Leach,* John Garfield; *Dr. Louise,* Gene Lockhart; *Cooky,* Barry Fitzgerald; *Humphrey van Weyden,* Alexander Knox; *Johnson,* Stanley Ridges; *Svenson,* Francis McDonald; *Harrison,* Howard da Silva; *Smoke,* Frank Lackteen; *Young Sailor,* David Bruce; *Helmsman,* Wilfred Lucas; *Sailor,* Louis Mason; *Agent,* Ralf Harolde.

"SIS HOPKINS"—Republic. Screen play by Jack Townley, Milt Gross and Edward Eliscu. Original story by F. McGraw Willis. Cast: *Sis Hopkins,* Judy Canova; *Jeff Farnsworth,* Bob Crosby; *Horace Hopkins,* Charles Butterworth; *Professor,* Jerry Colonna; *Carol Hopkins,* Susan Hayward; *Clara Hopkins,* Katherine Alexander; *Ripple,* Elvia Allman; *Cynthia,* Carol Adams; *Phyllis,* Lynn Merrick; *Vera de Vere,* Mary Ainsley.

"SLEEPERS WEST"—Twentieth Century-Fox. Screen play by Lou Breslow and Stanley Rauh. Based on a novel by Frederick Nebel; and the character "Michael Shayne" by Brett Halliday. Directed by Eugene Forde. Cast: *Michael Shayne,* Lloyd Nolan; *Kay Bentley,* Lynn Bari; *Helen Carlson,* Mary Beth Hughes; *Everett Jason,* Louis Jean Heydt; *George Trautwein,* Edward Brophy; *Carl Izzard,* Don Costello; *Pullman Porter,* Ben Carter; *Tom Linscott,* Don Douglas; *McGowan,* Oscar O'Shea; *Conductor Lyons,* Harry Hayden; *Meyers,* Hamilton MacFadden; *Old Lady,* Ferike Boros.

"THAT HAMILTON WOMAN!" — Korda-U.A. Original screen play by Walter Reisch and R. C. Sherriff. Directed by Alexander Korda. Cast: *Emma, Lady Hamilton,* Vivien Leigh; *Lord Nelson,* Laurence Olivier; *Sir William Hamilton,* Alan Mowbray; *Mrs. Cadogan-Lyon,* Sara Allgood; *Lady Nelson,* Gladys Cooper; *Captain Hardy,* Henry Wilcoxon; *A Street Girl,* Heather Angel; *Reverend Nelson,* Halliwell Hobbes; *Lord Spencer,* Gilbert Emery; *Lord Keith,* Miles Mander; *Josiah,* Ronald Sinclair; *King of Naples,* Luis Alberni; *Queen of Naples,* Norma Drury; *Gavin,* Olaf Hytten; *Lady Spencer,* Juliette Compton; *Captain Troubridge,* Guy Kingsford.

"THAT NIGHT IN RIO"—Twentieth Century-Fox. Screen play by George Seaton, Bess Meredyth and Hal Long. Based on a play by Rudolph Lothar and Hans Adler. Directed by Irving Cummings. Cast; *Baroness,* Alice Faye; *Larry Martin* and *Baron Duarte,* Don Ameche; *Carmen,* Carmen Miranda; *Penna,* S. Z. Sakall; *Machado,* J. Carroll Naish; *Salles,* Curt Bois; *Pierre,* Leonid Kinskey; *The Banda Da Lua,* Carmen Miranda's Orchestra; *Pedro,* Frank Puglia; *Luiza,* Lillian Porter; *Inez,* Maria Montez; *Ambassador,* Georges Renavent; *Alfonso,* Edward Conrad; *Pereira,* Fortunio Bonanova; *Specialty Trio,* Flores Brothers.

"THAT UNCERTAIN FEELING"—Lubitsch-U.A. Original screen play by Donald Ogden Stewart. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch. Cast: *Jill Baker,* Merle Oberon; *Larry Baker,* Melvyn Douglas; *Sebastian,* Burgess Meredith; *Dr. Vengard,* Alan Mowbray; *Margie Stallings,* Olive Blakeney; *Attorney Jones,* Harry Davenport, *Sally,* Eve Arden.

"TOPPER RETURNS"—Hal Roach-U. A. Original screen play by Jonathan Latimer and Gordon Douglas. Based on the fictional characters conceived by the late Thorne Smith. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. Cast: *Gail Richards,* Joan Blondell; *Cosmo Topper,* Roland Young; *Ann Carrington,* Carole Landis; *Mrs. Topper,* Billie Burke; *Bob,* Dennis O'Keefe; *Maid,* Patsy Kelly; *Mr. Carrington,* H. B. Warner; *Chauffeur,* Eddie (Rochester) Anderson; *Dr. Jeris,* George Zucco; *Sgt. Roberts,* Donald MacBride; *Lillian,* Rafaela Ottiano; *Rama,* Trevor Bardette.

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